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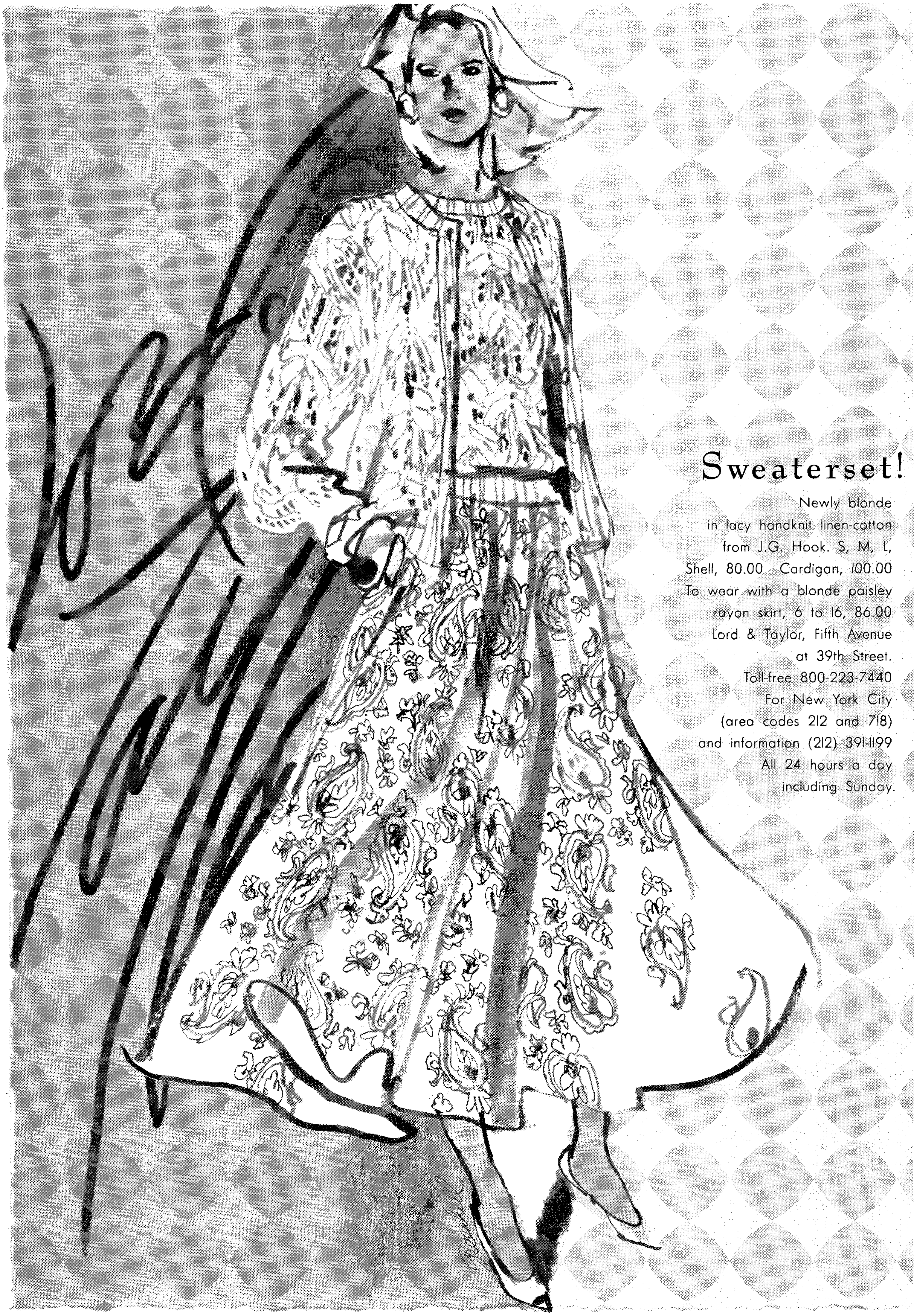

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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17	18	19	20			

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Another Antigone—A play by A. R. Gurney, Jr. With George Grizzard; directed by John Tillinger. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 12-13. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 14. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Anything Goes—Under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks, this exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The libretto, as revised from the original by Timothy Crouse and John Weidman, is consistently entertaining. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, Anthony Heald, and Kathleen Mahony-Bennett, does more than justice to the words and score. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/2/87.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Boys Next Door—A play by Tom Griffin. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Breaking the Code—Derek Jacobi gives an accomplished performance as the English mathematician Alan Turing, who helped crack the German Enigma code during the war, but Hugh Whitemore's script is more vehicle than play. Michael Gough, Rachel Gurney, and Jenny Agutter are among the good supporting actors. Clifford Williams was the director. (11/30/87) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Burn This—Lanford Wilson's play can be considered an occasion for an astonishing performance by John Malkovich, as a foulmouthed restaurant manager who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. The supporting actors—Joan Allen, Jonathan Hogan, and Lou Liberatore—are also good. Marshall W. Mason was the director, and the distinguished setting was designed by John Lee Beatty and lighted by Dennis Parichy. (10/26/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cabaret—This tasteful revival of the 1966 musical by John Kander and Fred Ebb (directed by Harold Prince) has a gloriously muted Joel Grey re-creating his role as the Emcee and a sterling performance by Alyson Reed, who plays Sally Bowles as she was always meant to be played. (11/2/87) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Day Room—If this metaphysical farce (a first play by the novelist Don DeLillo) is significantly more entertaining and provocative than it is pretentious, it's largely owing to the brilliant cast and design, and the expert direction of Michael Blakemore. (1/11/88) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 17.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the 1977 musical revue **side by side by sondheim** is the fourth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 31. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Flora, the Red Menace—John Kander and Fred Ebb have written additional songs for this revised version of their 1965 musical; the completely new book, based on Lester Atwell's novel "Love Is Just Around the Corner," is by David Thompson. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 3. Closes Saturday, Jan. 23.)

Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune—Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue in the Fifties. Kathy Bates and Kenneth Welsh give remarkable performances, under the direction of Paul Benedict. (11/9/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Into the Woods—The new musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The amusing first half is like a musical staging of Bruno Bettelheim's "The Uses of Enchantment." The rather nasty second half degenerates into cheap philosophy. The costumes (by Ann Hould-Ward) and sets (by Tony Straiges) are pretty to look at, and the songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. The superb cast, led by Bernadette Peters and Joanna Gleason, is directed by Mr. Lapine. (11/16/87) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mademoiselle Colombe—Tammy Grimes in a musical with a score by Michael Valenti, lyrics by Edwin Dulchin, and a book by Mr. Valenti, Mr. Dulchin, and Albert Harris, who also directed. Based on Jean Anouilh's 1954 play of the same name. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556. Tuesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 17.)

Man and Superman—David Birney stars in Shaw's 1905 play. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—Shakespeare's play, with F. Murray Abraham, Carl Lumbly, Elizabeth McGovern, and Geoffrey Owens. Directed by A. J. Antoon. Opens Tuesday, Jan. 12. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Penn & Teller—Back with an even tighter version of their wonderful 1985 show, this two-

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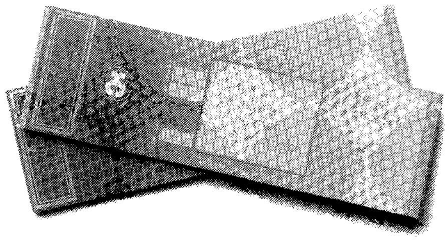

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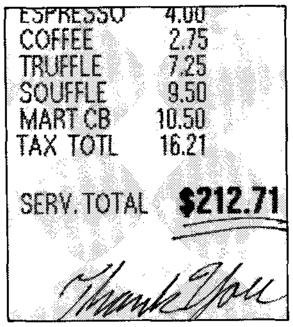

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man team of stage-magic farceurs is probably the hippest thing in high culture since Springsteen and Talking Heads went mainstream. Directed by Art Wolff, with cameo appearances by Director of Covert Activities Marc Garland. (12/21/87) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Psycho Beach Party—A romp through early-sixties beach-blanket movies, written by Charles Busch and starring Mr. Busch as a Gidget-like figure with a Marnie-like problem. (8/10/87) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Real Estate—A woman in her late thirties, unmarried and pregnant, returns after a twenty-year absence to her mother's house in a suburb near London. Louise Page's play, about strong, matching feelings of daughter and mother, doesn't amount to much, but it does give us the opportunity to see some excellent acting by Roberta Maxwell and Sada Thompson, as the protagonists, and by Charles Cioffi and Lewis Arlt, as their men. Brian Murray was the director. (12/14/87) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 758-8770. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The River—A musical with a score and lyrics by Peter Link. Preview Tuesday, Jan. 12. Opens officially on Wednesday, Jan. 13. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

A Shayna Maidel—A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson and is enhanced by two extraordinary performances: one from Gordana Rashovich as a concentration-camp survivor and the other from Paul Sparer as the father who failed to get her and her mother out of Poland. The year 1946 is perfectly evoked by William Barclay's setting. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (11/30/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Symphony of Rats—A play written and directed by Richard Foreman. A production of the Ontological-Hysteric Theatre and the Wooster Group. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Tamara—A participatory theatrical encounter, in which the audience must literally follow the characters as they move from room to room in what is supposed to be Gabriele D'Annunzio's villa. Pre-happening cocktails and a buffet at intermission are included in the rather hefty ticket price ($85 to $135). (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. 307-7171. Nightly, except Thursdays, at 8; cocktails at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2; cocktails at 1:30. After Sunday, Jan. 17, no performances until Tuesday, Feb. 2.)

Teddy & Alice—Len Cariou gives a powerful, subtle, and joyous performance in the title role of this musical about Theodore Roosevelt and his daughter, and the glorious score by John Philip Sousa, as adapted by Richard Kapp (who wrote some additional songs), is surprisingly varied and charming. The costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, the lighting by Tharon Musser, the settings by Robin Wagner, and the choreography by Donald Saddler are all admirable, as is the direction by John Driver. Nancy Opel, Ron Raines, and Beth Fowler do especially well in supporting parts. (11/23/87) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

York Theatre Company—A revival of **THE VINEGAR TREE**, Paul Osborne's 1930 play. Previews Friday evening, Jan. 15, and Saturday matinée, Jan. 16. Opens officially on Saturday evening, Jan. 16, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 31. (York Theatre, 2 E. 90th St. 534-5366. Friday, Jan. 15, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 16, at 3 and 8; Sunday, Jan. 17, at 3 and 7; and Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

Eve Olitsky

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Long Runs—**BROADWAY BOUND:** Neil Simon retains his accustomed skill at comedy but has wisely suppressed his weakness for surefire gags in a touching and unexpectedly serious study of a family—presumably the playwright's—as it begins to fall apart in Brooklyn in the nineteen-forties. Gene Saks directed. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Score by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur, is given a fine performance by Dana Ivey and Morgan Freeman, under Ron Lagomarsino's direction. Starting Tuesday, Jan. 19, Frances Sternhagen replaces Miss Ivey. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,536 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FENCES:** August Wilson's powerful play is given a triumphant performance by James Earl Jones, Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, and Charles Brown. Directed by Lloyd Richards. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Judd Hirsch and Cleavon Little star in Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 17.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** A silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. With Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Gary Morris and Anthony Crivello star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE NERD:** This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. With Peter MacNicol, in the title role, and Robert Joy. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STARLIGHT EXPRESS:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Ping Chong and the Fiji Company—Presenting **MARAYA—ACTS OF NATURE IN GEOLOGICAL TIME**, a new theatrical work. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 13. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 14, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 31. (Apple Corps Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. For information about tickets, call 966-8682.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Franz Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW.** (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

The No-Frills Revue—A musical revue conceived and directed by Martin Charnin. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oil City Symphony—Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Debra Monk, and Mary Murfitt, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny, very musical musical. Mr. Hardwick and Miss Monk, by the way, are alumni of the beguiling "Pump Boys and Dinettes" of blessed memory. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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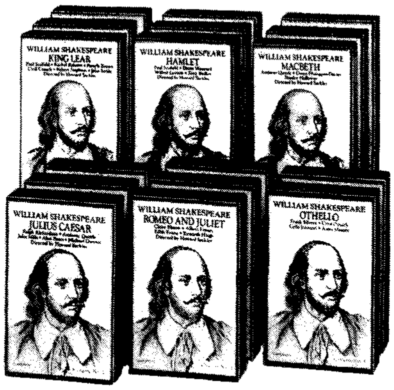

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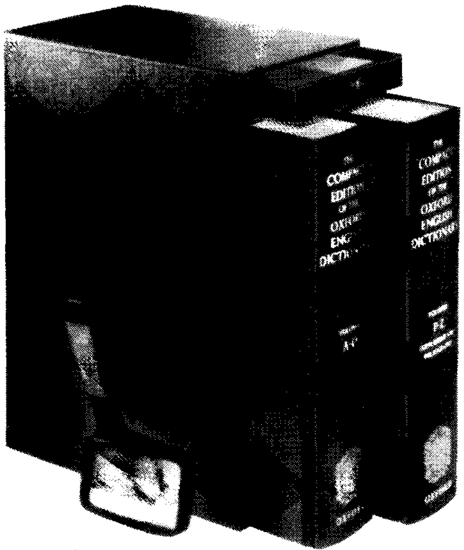

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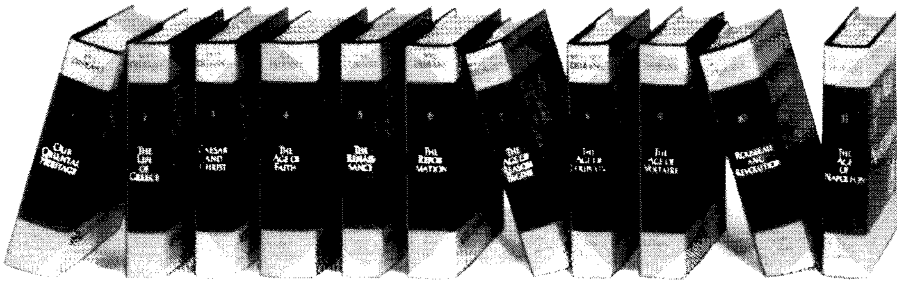

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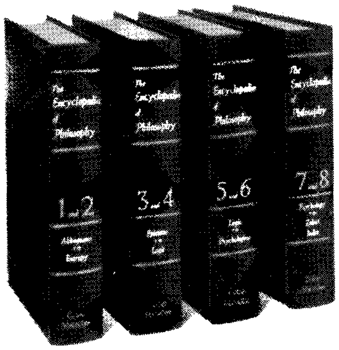

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and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 13: "Concerto Barocco," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 14: "Gounod Symphony," "The Cage," "Other Dances," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 15: "Square Dance," "The Cage," "Pas de Deux," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 16: "Les Petits Riens," "Piano Pieces," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 16: "Les Petits Riens," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 17: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 17: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Piano Pieces," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 19: "Fanfare," "Concerto Barocco," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 20: "Jewels." (A benefit performance; for information about tickets, call 877-7635.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 21.)

Nikolais Dance Theatre and Murray Louis Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement—Tuesday, Jan. 12, at 8: "Arc en Ciel," "Blank on Blank," and "Porcelain Dialogues.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 8: "Crucible," "Bach II," "Tensile Involvement," and "Four Brubeck Pieces.". . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8: "Imago," "Aperitif," "Tensile Involvement," and "Four Brubeck Pieces.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 15, at 8: "Porcelain Dialogues," "Arc en Ciel," "Blank on Blank," and "Bach II.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 17, at 2: "Bach Suite," "Asides," "Odyssey," and "Four Brubeck Pieces.". . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 17, at 7:30: "Imago," "Aperitif," "Tensile Involvement," and "Four Brubeck Pieces." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Virsky's Ukrainian State Dance Company of the U.S.S.R.—A company of a hundred and twenty dancers and musicians in a two-week engagement. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesday, Jan. 12, at 7:30; Wednesdays through Fridays, and Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 8; Saturdays at 2 and 8; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 24.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of the Forty-fourth Street Chowder and Marching Club (which used to meet here) and of the Thanatopsis Club (which also used to meet here) and of **MARGARET WHITING,** who sings here, in the candlelit mead hall called the Oak Room. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A neat-as-a-pin cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. **BLOSSOM DEARIE** is here Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight, making a fine art out of her wee voice. Helen Schneider sings an all-Sondheim program Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine; Judith Cohen sings Thursdays through Saturdays at eleven.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this club, there is a neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. The **MODERN JAZZ QUARTET**, a thirty-five-year-old institution that has flourished by carefully balancing opposing forces (the flowing vibraharp of **MILT JACKSON** and the concise piano of **JOHN LEWIS**), will be here Tuesday through Sunday, Jan. 12-17. Starting Tuesday, Jan. 19, **ROSEMARY CLOONEY** sings with a band of neo-swingers associated with the Concord record label. Music from nine.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Music for many kinds of people, including unreconstructed folkies, rock-and-roll fundamentalists, Village bopcats, and followers of **RICHARD LLOYD,** the former Television guitarist, whom a local scribe (see in the men's room here) ranks above Fred Frith and Jimi and on a par with God. Lloyd and his band perform on Saturday, Jan. 16. The rest of the schedule: Wednesday, Jan. 13, folk and blues guitarists **JOHN RENBOURN** and **STEFAN GROSSMAN;** Friday, Jan. 15, gentle folk-rocker **RICHARD BARONE;** and Sunday, Jan. 17, singers Lonette McKee and Annie Golden, with Off Broadway composer Marc Shaiman. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

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Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where pianists and bassists compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. **LARRY WILLIS** and **RAY DRUMMOND** are on duty through Saturday, Jan. 16; on Monday, Jan. 18, **STEVE KUHN** and **EDDIE GOMEZ** take charge. First set at nine-forty-five. Dining.

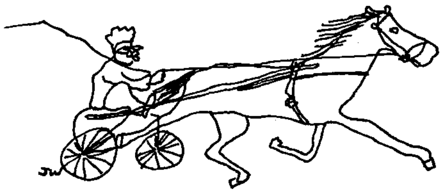
Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this club is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. **HARRY (SWEETS) EDISON,** the great Swing-era trumpeter who spent thirteen years (1937-50) with Count Basie and then migrated to California and the studios, where he played obbligatos behind singers such as Frank Sinatra and Nat Cole, works with a trio led by pianist **RAY BRYANT** Tuesday through Sunday, Jan. 12-17. **JIMMY WITHERSPOON,** another singer Edison has accompanied, comes in on Tuesday, Jan. 19. Music from nine. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**GEORGE SHEARING** is in the little principality known as the Café Carlyle, transmitting Porter and Parker and Weill and himself ("Lullaby of Birdland") through his fingertips and his swaying shoulders. **LYNN SEATON** is his bassist. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** sings and plays the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding that you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte*. **KENNY BARRON,** the pianist in the Monk-inspired quartet Sphere and a smooth one compared with the original, pilots a quintet Tuesday through Sunday, Jan. 12-17. Music from eight. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Once a truck warehouse, this SoHo establishment now provides space for palm trees to mature in and for non-trucking types to eat and drink and listen to good pianists. They are **HAL SCHAEFER** Tuesday through Saturday, Jan. 12-16, and **MICHAEL WEISS** on Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 19-20. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, pleasant, quirkily constructed corner bar that features a jukebox stocked with Swing-era tunes, darkness to ruminate in, and a view of the traffic surging north and west. It's been here sixteen years, but it'll be gone after February; the landlord wants a tenant who can pay major Manhattan bucks. Mondays belong to singer Stan Edwards' trio, and Tuesdays to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** threesome. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 13-16, Kitt Moran sings with backing from her husband, pianist Mike Moran; starting Wednesday, Jan. 20, **BOB DOROUGH** will be at the upright and **BILL TAKAS** will be on bass. Music from ten.



J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A room where the tenth letter of the alphabet (uncapped and disguised as a quarter note) turns up often: on doors, window shades, matchbooks. It's also a room with a view (of Broadway) and with jazz (mostly of the mainstream type). The lineup: Monday, Jan. 11, pianist **DICK HYMAN;** Tuesday, Jan. 12, the Joe Derise duo; Thursday, Jan. 14, guitarist **JOHN PIZZARELLI'S** trio; Friday, Jan. 15, singer-pianist Richard Rodney Bennett; Saturday, Jan. 16, pianist Chuck Fowler's trio; and Monday, Jan. 18, pianist **NIELS LAN DOKY** and guitarist Ronald Jackson. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Jan Wallman's, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A cozy room for singers and their followers, cheek by jowl with the Iroquois Hotel. **BARBARA LEA,** a wonderful singer and no mean whistler, either, is here on Sundays, with pianist **WES MC AFEE.** Monday, Jan. 11, belongs to Richard Rodney Bennett; Wednesday, Jan. 13, to Cynthia Adler; Thursday, Jan. 14, to Julienne Marie Scanlon; Friday, Jan. 15, to Jimmy Webb; and Saturday, Jan. 16, to Yvonne Constant. Shows at nine and eleven Mondays through Saturdays, and at six and eight on Sundays. Dining.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. **DON FRIEDMAN** and **HARVIE SWARTZ** play piano-bass duets Tuesday through Saturday, Jan. 12-16. Sundays and Mondays, New Orleans whiz kid **HARRY CONNICK, JR.,** is on duty. Music from about nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Probably the only place in town that features avant-garde jazz, advanced rock, Breathe Easy medicinal tea, homemade yogurt, and smoothies. Mondays, Jan. 11 and 18, a quartet led by former Coltrane drummer **RASHIED ALI;** Wednesday, Jan. 13, guitarist **BILL FRISELL** and drummer Doug Bowne; Thursday, Jan. 14, tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN'S** quartet; Friday, Jan. 15, Danny Mydlack and saxophonist **JEMEEL MOONDOC'S** Just Grew Orchestra; Saturday, Jan. 16, Curlew; and Sunday, Jan. 17, Mercy Seat, a gospelly spinoff of the punk-rock band the Violent Femmes. Music after nine.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas-like in significant respects, though not in the open-spaces-and-clear-sight-lines department, in which it is New York-like. Monday, Jan. 11, Chicago bluesman **JAMES COTTON;** Tuesday, Jan. 12, ex-Stones guitarist Mick Taylor; Wednesday, Jan. 13, Lucky 7 and Ned Sublette; Saturday, Jan. 16, the **SUN RHYTHM SECTION,** a rockabilly outfit made up of veteran Memphis studio hands; and Wednesday, Jan. 20, piano thumper **PINETOP PERKINS** and blues guitarist **HUBERT SUMLIN.** Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub for well-heeled gents and their high-heeled foxes. A quintet led by the young guitarist **FRANK VIGNOLA** is re-creating the Old World sounds made by the Quintette du Hot Club de France, the all-string ensemble headed up by Django Reinhardt and Stéphane Grappelli. **MICHELE BAUTIER** is the guest singer. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Up-to-the-minute rock in a half-century-old ballroom. It's a place for people who don't mind taking their rock standing up; the few seats that

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exist—in the balcony—are reserved for the usual suspects. The **FEELIES,** the studiously unglamorous New Jersey band that played at the high-school reunion in "Something Wild," perform here on Friday, Jan. 15. **THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS,** two wags (plus a boom box) whose rock-and-roll shoes are (as one of their songs says) "laced with irony," visit on Saturday, Jan. 16. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, painted a light tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. Ample seating for the contemplative. Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 12-13, Culture, a Jamaican vocal trio; Thursday, Jan. 14, **MARIO RIVERA & THE SALSA REFUGEES;** Friday, Jan. 15, Osibisa; Saturday, Jan. 16, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Sunday, Jan. 17, Zapp, an Ohio funk band; Tuesday, Jan. 19, Cuban conga drummer **DANIEL PONCÉ** and his band; and Wednesday, Jan. 20, Brazilian trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Mondays.

SPEAKEASY, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—Outside, on the boulevards of Greenwich Village, heedless local youths and tourists from New Jersey make mad music; inside, dulcimers are hammered, fiddles are fiddled, folk songs are sung, and Professor Irwin Corey sometimes pops his head in to explain what a light bulb is (a thing that sucks up darkness until it goes out). Frank Christian, a blues-leaning folksinger, holds forth on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 15-16; and Joe Miller, a California guitarist who was recently crowned national finger-picking champ at a contest in Winfield, Kansas, gives a solo recital on Thursday, Jan. 21. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club—but not so crowded, as Yogi Berra said of another night spot, that nobody comes here anymore. **GIL EVANS,** the wispy white-haired pianist and arranger, directs his orchestra on Mondays. The band has been souped up with electronics, and it sometimes gets stuck in a funk rut, and the dreamy, cloudy Evans sound of old has thickened and become less mysterious—but the band isn't stuffy and it's often quite enjoyable. **MC COY TYNER,** a pianist whose thundering, rhythmically powerful style works like an incantation on many people, will be here with his trio Tuesday through Sunday, Jan. 12-17. **CEDAR WALTON,** a versatile pianist who, like Tyner, came to the fore in the sixties (they both passed through the Farmer-Golson Jazztet), comes in with bassist **RON CARTER** and drummer **BILLY HIGGINS** on Tuesday, Jan. 19. Shows from ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A low-ceilinged, plain-but-functional blues and rock outpost. The decorative flourishes include pictures of Big Joe Turner, a Mets pennant, roadhouse neon, and a fiddle-footed black cat, which roams the premises looking for a seat better than the one it just abandoned. Shows nightly from nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Pop-jazz pianist **RAMSEY LEWIS** will be down in the rumpus room Friday through Sunday, Jan. 15-17. Sets at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, where business and conversation are often at boom level, pianist **SY JOHNSON** communes with bassist **MIKE RICHMOND** Tuesday through Sunday, Jan. 12-17. Music from ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—One of the few places below the surface of New York that deserves landmark status. It's also one of the few places anywhere that has a notable (if that's the right word) light fixture—one that Charles Mingus K.O.'d while trying to reason with the proprietor and that the proprietor, a preservationist as well as a businessman, decided to leave in Mingus-ized condition. **DON CHERRY,** the skinny, spiky-haired pocket trumpeter and Ornette Coleman ally, leads his quartet Tuesday through Sunday, Jan. 12-17; **MICHEL PETRUCCIANI,** a young French-born pianist who has a very rich style, brings in his trio on Tuesday, Jan. 19. The **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA** works out on Mondays. Music after ten.

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WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding logical positivist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. Wednesday through Sunday, Jan. 13-17, tenor saxophonist **HAROLD OUSLEY** leads a group that features singer Olivia Ward; **GAIL WYNTERS,** a Kentucky-born belter whose influences include Aretha Franklin and the revival tent, sings with guitarist Bill Wurtzel's trio starting Wednesday, Jan. 20. Music from about nine. Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Pasta and jazz. The latter emanates from a passageway between a front-room bar and a back room reserved for trenchermen. **JOHN HICKS,** a pianist who served as Betty Carter's accompanist and works with fleet modern folk such as Arthur Blythe and David Murray, teams up with bassist **BOB CRANSHAW** through Saturday, Jan. 16, and with bassist **CECIL MC BEE** starting Monday, Jan. 18. The piano gets a rest on Sunday, Jan. 17, when **GENE BERTONCINI** and **GARY MAZZAROPPI** play guitar-bass duets. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—Bucky Pizzarelli, Sol Yaged, Marty Napoleon, Jack Lesberg, and Panama Francis and his Savoy Sultans. (Loeb Student Center Auditorium, New York University, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 998-4949. Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

JUSTIN PAGE QUARTET—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8.

GREGG SMITH SINGERS—With the Dave Brubeck quartet and the Long Island Symphonic Choral Association. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

BOB WILBER AND HIS BIG BAND—With Joanne Horton, Doc Cheatham, Panama Francis, Buddy Tate, and others, in a tribute to Benny Goodman. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

PETER BOOTH—Works on paper. Through Jan. 30. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

NANCY FRIED—Bronze and terra-cotta self-portraits. Through Jan. 30. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

NANCY GRAVES—Recent sculptures, complementing her show at the Brooklyn Museum. Through Jan. 28. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.) . . . ¶ Prints. Through Jan. 30. (Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St.)

CAROLE ROBB—A series of paintings entitled "Achilles on Location." In one of the works, Achilles is seen as Eric Clapton. Through Feb. 6. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

LAURA SHECHTER—Precisionist still-lifes. Through Jan. 30. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

GROUP SHOW—Sixty-two paintings by thirty-four artists constitute a survey of Puerto Rican painting since the turn of the century. Through Feb. 28. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

MILTON AVERY (1893-1965)—Still-life paintings. Through Feb. 6. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JOE BASCOM—Geometric paintings with glossy finishes. Through Jan. 23. (Gallery 84, at 30 W. 57th St.)

JACK BEAL—Paintings, including "The Sense of Sight" and "The Sense of Smell," the first two in a series about the five senses. Also, drawings. Through Feb. 6. (Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

LOUISE BOURGEOIS—Drawings from 1939 to the present. Through Jan. 30. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

PAUL CADMUS—Recent figure paintings, plus drawings and prints. Through Jan. 30. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

RICHARD CHIRIANI—The artist perches on top of Manhattan's bridges to paint these panoramic landscapes. Through Feb. 3. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD CROZIER—Large-scale paintings of New England landscapes, including one based on Asher B. Durand's "Kindred Spirits." Through Jan. 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

JAN GREEN—Encaustic paintings with figures borrowed from Renaissance painters. Through Jan. 28. (ACA, 41 E. 57th St.)

KAREN GUNDERSON / HARVEY GORDON—An elaborate installation of shaped canvases depicting cumulus clouds. / Still-lifes and interiors painted on Plexiglas. Through Feb. 3. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

JOHN HUBBARD—Abstract paintings and drawings based on floral subjects. Through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

KÄTHE KOLLWITZ (1867-1945)—Prints and drawings. Through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN / HANS HOFMANN (1880-1966)—New cutout paintings. Through Jan. 30. / Paintings and drawings that date from 1949 to 1951. Through Jan. 23. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

ALICE TRUMBULL MASON (1904-71)—Paintings from throughout the long career of this abstractionist. Through Feb. 6. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

ANDRÉ MASSON (1896-1987)—Paintings and works on paper, mostly from the forties, when he was living in the United States. Through Jan. 28. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

PIET MONDRIAN (1872-1944)—Approximately forty paintings and drawings, including a 1918 self-portrait, on loan from the Gemeentemuseum, The Hague. Through Feb. 13. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—A new series of wall reliefs composed of found metal parts. Through Jan. 30. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

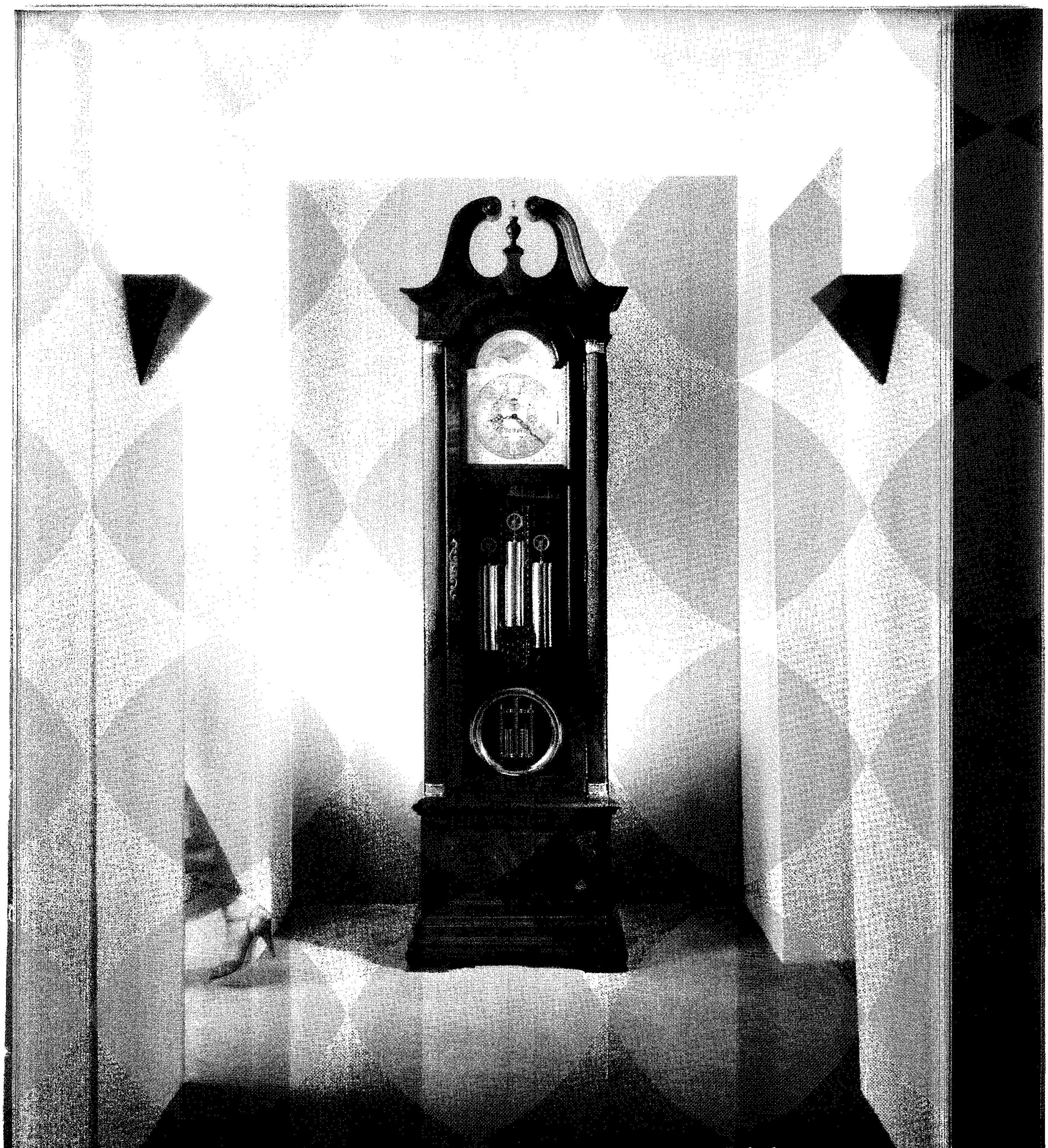
EPHRAIM RUBENSTEIN—Recent paintings by a realist. Through Jan. 30. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD STANKIEWICZ (1922-83)—Sculptures from the fifties and sixties. Through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ALTOON SULTAN / HOWARD KANOVITZ—Plein-air landscapes of Vermont and upstate New York, and still-lifes. / Freestanding window frames with painted landscapes instead of glass, among other works. Through Jan. 30. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GÉRARD TITUS-CARMEL—Abstract paintings reflecting an architectural influence. Through Jan. 23. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

TODT—Threatening-looking sculptures and wall reliefs made of gleaming steel tubing



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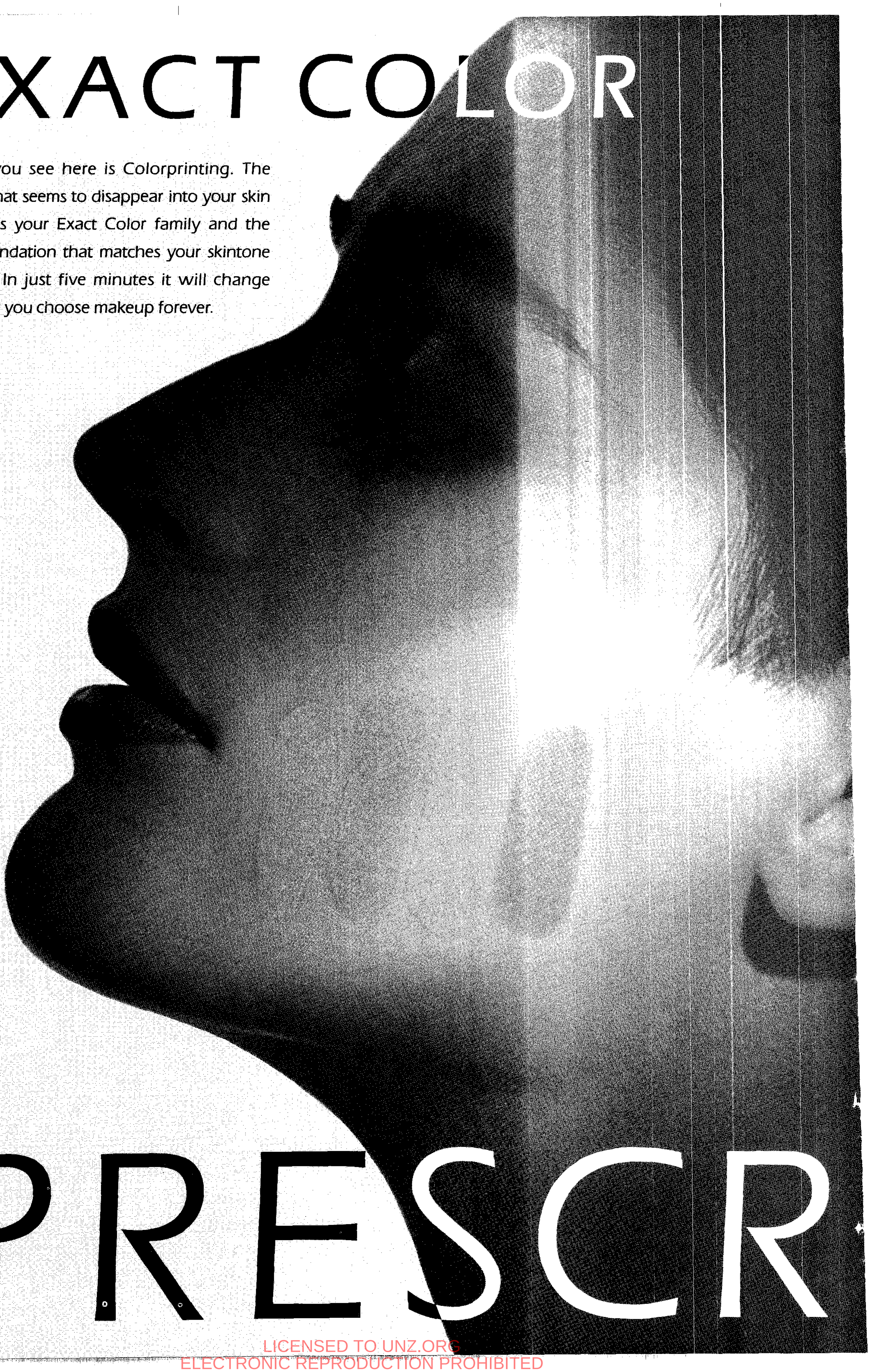

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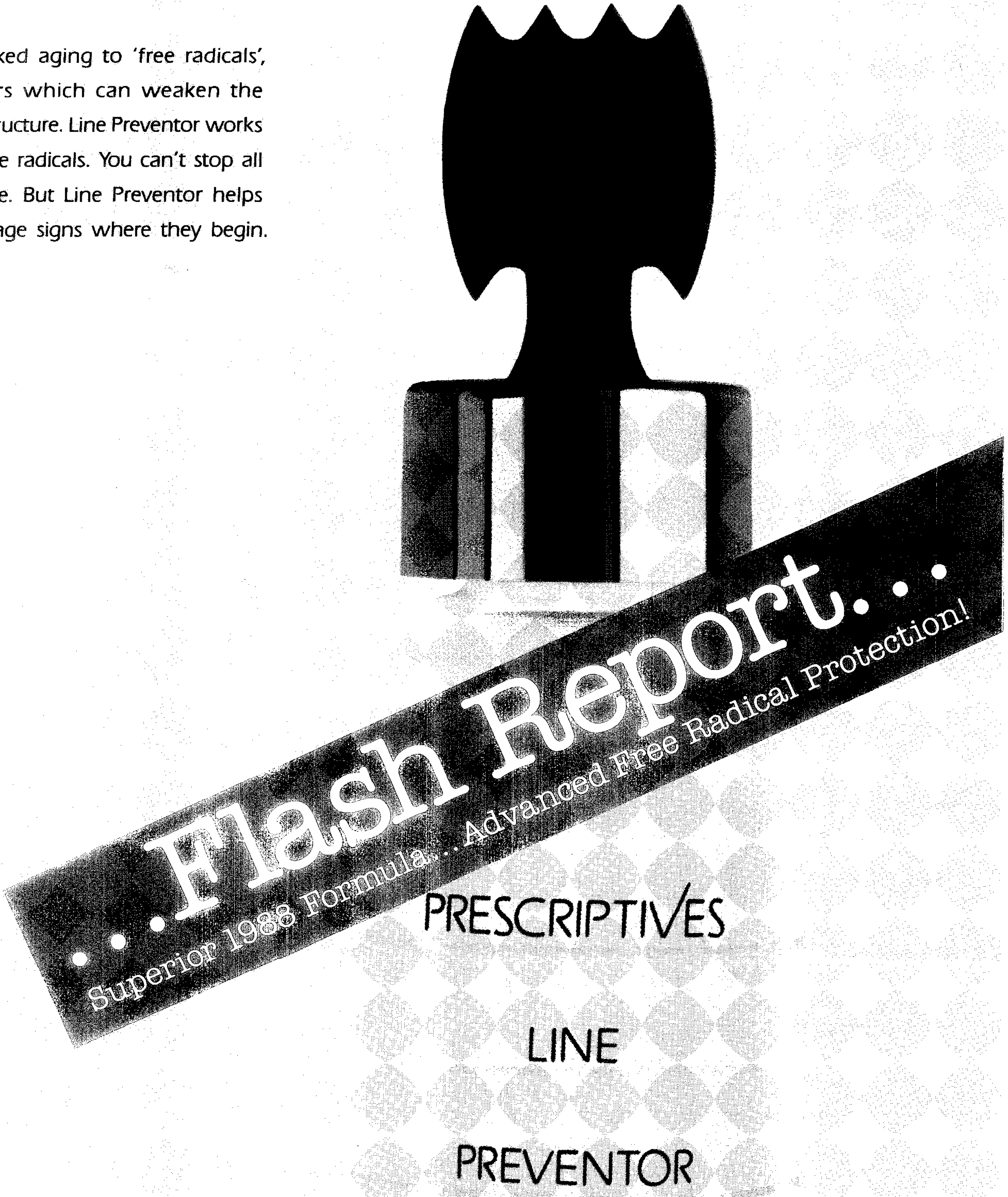
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UNITED AIRLINES

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and a varied arsenal of machine parts. Through Jan. 30. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

Cy Twombly—Works on paper dating from 1955 to 1985. Through Jan. 30. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **french,** 41 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures in an exhibit titled "The Feminine," by Ann McCoy, Judy Rifka, Faith Ringgold, Stephen Tanis, and others. Through Jan. 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **holly solomon,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Abstract works by European and American artists, including Judy Pfaff, Elizabeth Murray, and Marianne Eigenheer. Through Feb. 13. (Open Mondays.)

Sculpture—Abstract works by Richard Stankiewicz, Gabriel Kohn, and Jenny Lee. Through Jan. 30. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Tony Bevan—Portrait paintings and other works; first one-man show in New York. Through Feb. 6. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Stan Brodsky and Karin Batten—Abstract Expressionist paintings by both artists. Through Jan. 30. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

Pier Paolo Calzolari—Early sculptures by a founder of the Arte Povera movement. Through Jan. 30. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Bert Carpenter—Flower paintings and figurative drawings. Through Jan. 30. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Jane Dickson—Paintings of demolition derbies in her characteristic dark palette. Through Feb. 3. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Suzan Etkin—Conceptual works. Through Jan. 30. (Audiello, in a new location, at 142 Greene St.)

Edward Finnegan—Abstract sculptures. Through Feb. 6. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Dale Frank—Abstract mixed-medium paintings; a few have small pillows attached to the canvases. Through Feb. 6. (Shainman, 560 Broadway.)

Willy Heeks—Abstract paintings on paper. Through Jan. 30. (Beitzel, 113 Greene St.)

On Kawara—Five paintings, each with its date of execution depicted on the canvas. Through Jan. 30. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Barbara Londin—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through Jan. 30. (Phoenix, 568 Broadway.)

Ludwig Mies van der Rohe (1886-1969)—Drawings from the thirties, including sketches for furniture and the Hubbe House. Through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

John Monti—Abstract painted wood wall reliefs and related works on paper. Through Jan. 30. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Robert Morris—A two-gallery exhibit of large-scale painted and silk-screened wall sculptures. Through Jan. 30. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway, and Castelli, 142 Greene St.) . . . ¶ The Castelli Gallery is also showing Mike Bidlo's series of exact reproductions of Picasso paintings of women.

Reuben Nakian (1897-1986)—Bronzes, terracottas, and maquettes for large outdoor pieces. Through Feb. 13. (DiLaurenti, 383 West Broadway.)

Alan Shields—Framed handmade-paper wall reliefs. Through Jan. 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Kes Zapkus—Abstract paintings. Through Jan. 30. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At **exit art,** 578 Broadway: Paintings by Komar & Melamid, Ida Applebroog, Robert Colescott, May Stevens, and others. Through Feb. 13. . . . **gibson,** 568 Broadway: Paintings by six Swiss artists; John M. Armleder was the curator. Through Jan. 30. . . . **nolan,** 560 Broadway: Drawings and watercolors from the twenties by German artists, among them Karl Hubbuch and George Grosz. Through Feb. 13. . . . **plumb,** 81 Greene St.: Works on paper that incorporate texts by, among others, Jean-Michel Basquiat, Marcel Broodthaers, and Bruce Nauman. Through Jan. 23.

OTHER GALLERIES

Austé—Black-and-white caricatures of women painted on unstretched canvases. Through Jan. 30. (56 Bleecker Street Gallery.)

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Tom Bills and David Row—Symmetrical sculptures and paintings, respectively. Through Jan. 30. (Good, 39 Great Jones St.)

Denise Corley—Portraits painted on linen-covered corrugated plastic. Also, drawings. Through Feb. 13. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St.)

David Finn—Small figures modelled with newspaper and wire, in an installation evoking a playground. Through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Al Hansen—The Venus of Willendorf was the inspiration for Hershey-wrapper collages ("Chocolate Venuses") and assemblages made of cigarette butts. Through Jan. 31. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Ken Lum—Signlike paintings with indecipherable messages, plus an installation of a modular sofa facing a large mirror. Through Jan. 31. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Livio Saganić / Kazufumi Homma—Steel-and-brass tablelike structures. / Paintings with all-over patterns of gold-leaf dots. Through Jan. 31. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

"Elvis: The King Is Gone but Not Forgotten"—An installation by Joni Mabe containing her (very large) collection of Elvis memorabilia, including a pair of powder-blue fuzzy slippers with plastic Elvis heads on the toes, and her own work inspired by Elvis. Through Feb. 6. (Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. Opens at noon.)

Group Show—Paintings, sculptures, and photographs that contain references to pop- and high-culture interpretations of romantic love. Artists include Kathe Burkhart, John Franklin, and Josie Robertson. Through Feb. 6. (Neale, 320 Lafayette St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Jimmy de Sana—Large-scale Cibachrome prints of photocollages. Through Feb. 7. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

David Levinthal—Photographs of miniature models simulating Second World War battles. Through Sunday, Jan. 17. (303 Gallery, 513 E. 6th St., near Avenue A. Open Wednesdays through Sundays.)

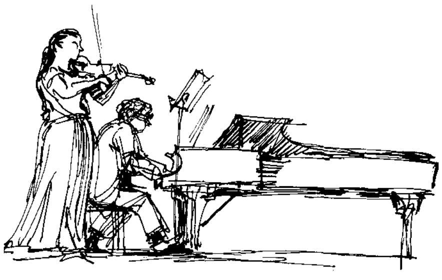
Norman Parkinson—The National Academy of Design has mounted a retrospective of his works. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

William Wegman / Ralph Eugene Meatyard (1925-72)—Color Polaroids of his dog, Fay. / Vintage surreal prints. Through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of more than two hundred objects from the court of Sultan Süleyman the Magnificent. Through Sunday, Jan. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of works on paper by Robert Motherwell, among them a drawing made to illustrate a poem by Harold Rosenberg, from the artist's series called "Elegies to the Spanish Republic." Through Feb. 23. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)



Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A fiftieth-anniversary show of works from the permanent collections in New York and Venice fills all the galleries. Postwar Latin-American paintings have a separate installation through Jan. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Charles Demuth (1883-1935). Through Sunday, Jan. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of sculptures by Nancy Graves. Through Feb. 29. Complementary shows are at M. Knoedler & Co., 19 E. 70th St., and Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Artifacts from Carthage, including seventeen pictorial mosaics. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The popularization of decoratively printed fabric in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is the subject of an exhibit of textiles, original designs for them on paper, and such artifacts as a salesman's sample card showing thirty-six different block- and roller-printed fabrics. Through March 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—Breakthrough paintings by Paris-influenced Japanese artists of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, who were among the first to test modern international styles. Through Feb. 7. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Fifty drawings and watercolors by fifty contemporary American realists, including William Bailey, Martha Mayer Erlebacher, April Gornik, and Walter Hatke. From the collection of Rita Rich. Through Feb. 28. . . . **photography:** Prints by Norman Parkinson. Through Jan. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—Photographs, sculptures, drawings, and videotapes tracing the career of Ana Mendieta, who died in 1985, at the age of thirty-six. Through Jan. 24. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Karen Finley (performance), Friday through Sunday, Jan. 15-17, at 9. . . . ¶ Jan Munroe (performance), Fridays at 10, and Saturdays and Sundays at 8; through Jan. 31.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Monday, Jan. 11, at 8: "Macbeth," with Elizabeth Connell, Frederick Burchinal, Vyacheslav M. Polozov, and Samuel Ramey; conducted by Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 12, at 8: "Das Rheingold," with Mari-Anne Häggander, Helga Dernesch, Siegfried Jerusalem, and Hans Sotin; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 8: "Die Fledermaus," with Marilyn Mims, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, Allan Glassman, and Thomas Allen; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Frederica von Stade, Anthony Rolfe Johnson, José van Dam, and John Macurdy; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 15, at 8: "Macbeth," with Elizabeth Connell, Frederick Burchinal, Vyacheslav M. Polozov, and Samuel Ramey; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 16, at 2: "Das Rheingold," with Mari-Anne Häggander, Helga Dernesch, Siegfried Jerusalem, and Hans Sotin; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8: "Die Fledermaus," with Marilyn Mims, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, Allan Glassman, and Thomas Allen; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 18, at 8: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Frederica von Stade, Anthony Rolfe Johnson, José van Dam, and John Macurdy; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 8: "Macbeth," with Elizabeth Connell, Frederick Burchinal, Vyacheslav M. Polozov, and Samuel Ramey; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 8: "Luisa Miller," with Silvia Mosca, Mignon Dunn, Carlo Bergonzi, and Wolfgang Brendel; Nello Santi. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

"Cinderella / Cendrillon"—An adaptation of Massenet's 1899 opera "Cendrillon." Conceived and directed by Anne Bogart; a production of the Music-Theatre Group. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; through Friday, Feb. 5. For information about tickets, call 924-3108.)

Mannes Camerata—Dongsok Shin conducting a fully staged production of "Venus and Adonis," an opera by John Blow, court musician to Charles II. The work originally starred Moll Davis, the King's mistress, as Venus. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Wednesday, Jan. 13, and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 15-16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 595-1747.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8; Friday, Jan. 15, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8; and Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 7:30: Zubin Mehta conducting a Wagner-Beethoven-Reich program, with Maria João Pires, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Klaus Tennstedt conducting Mahler's Symphony No. 9. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

New York Chamber Symphony—Maxim Shostakovich conducting a program of music by Elgar, Beethoven, and Dmitri Shostakovich, his father. With Carol Webber, soprano; John Cheek, baritone; and Sergei Edelmann, piano. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 17, at 3.)

Concerto Soloists of Philadelphia—Marc Mostovoy conducting a small orchestra. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sunday, Jan. 17, at 2.)

Orchestra of St. Luke's—Julius Rudel conducting. With Samuel Ramey, bass, who will sing Handel and Rossini arias. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

RECITALS

New York Woodwind Quintet—With Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Playing an all-Brahms program. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 12, at 8.) . . . ¶ In a Haydn-Hindemith-Beethoven program. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Chamber Music at the Y—With Jaime Laredo and Carmit Zori, violin; Daniel Phillips, viola; Sharon Robinson, cello; Julius Levine, double bass; Harold Wright, clarinet; Frank Morelli, bassoon; and David Jolley and Stewart Rose, horn. (92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 12-13, at 8.)

André Watts—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

Marc-André Hamelin—Piano, making his New York recital début. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—With Gary Graffman, piano, and Bernard Greenhouse, cello, in a Beethoven-Korngold-Schubert program. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

Audubon Quartet—With Scott Nickrenz, viola. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

Trio Musica Hispana—With Harold Coletta, viola. (Americas Society, Park Ave. at 68th St. 249-8950. Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Sylvia Rosenberg—Violin, playing, among other works, the New York première of George Perle's Sonata No. 2. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—Performing music from the time of Eleanor of Aquitaine: songs and hymns from medieval Paris, battle songs from the second and third crusades, laments for Richard Coeur de Lion, and other works. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 14, and Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Alan Mandel—Piano. (Weill Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 15, at 7:30.)

Dawn Upshaw—Soprano, in a program of works by Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Mahler, and Bruckner. With assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

Karine Georgian—Cello, with Sahan Arzruni, piano, in a program that features the American première of Tigran Mansurian's Sonata No. 2. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

Beethoven Society—Five pianists (Jacob Lateiner, Lee Luvisi, Ursula Oppens, Seymour Lipkin, and Ralph Votapek) playing five popular sonatas. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 3.)

Spoleto Festival Chamber Music at BAM—With the Emerson String Quartet; Judith Mendenhall, flute; Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; and Sara Thompson, double bass. The second in a series of seven concerts. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

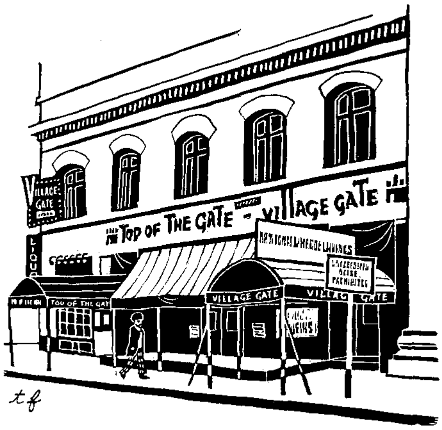
Laura Oltman—Classical guitarist, with John Danke, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Presenting three performances of a program that will feature the première of Peter Lieberson's "Ziji." The composer will conduct. With Robert Routch, horn, Laurie Smukler, violin, and artists of the society. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 6. Tickets at the door one hour before the concert. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 17, at 5, and Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 7:30.)

New Sounds—The first in a series of four concerts, this one of works by six composer-performers who play Persian flutes, synthesizers, electronic zithers, and other, more traditional instruments. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Jan. 17, at 2.)

North / South Consonance—Max Lifchitz conducting chamber works by six contemporary composers. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Jan. 17, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Music Before 1800—Presenting the New York Consort of Viols and the Boston Viol Consort. (Corpus Christi Church, W. 121st St., just east of Broadway. Sunday, Jan. 17, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)



Benjamin Verdery—Classical guitarist. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Sunday, Jan. 17, at 5. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Mitsuko Shirai—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

New York Philomusica—Chamber music by Haydn, Shostakovich, and Mozart. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

Katia Ricciarelli—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—Contemporary chamber music, with Christine Schadeberg, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

S.E.M. Ensemble—Playing a piece by Richard Teitelbaum for electronic instruments, and a piece by Gordon Monahan for concert grand. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 9. For information about tickets, call 674-0766.)

New York University Chamber Music Society—Presenting the first of three concerts, this one devoted to the music of Gabriel Fauré. With Gregory Haimovsky and Ronald Sadoff, piano, and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—The first in a five-concert series of all sixteen Beethoven string quartets. (92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Nets vs. Sacramento Kings, Thursday, Jan. 14. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Boston Celtics, Saturday, Jan. 16. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Phoenix Suns, Monday, Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Golden State Warriors, Wednesday, Jan. 20. (Games begin at 7:30.) . . . **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Philadelphia 76ers, Saturday, Jan. 16, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Atlanta Hawks, Monday, Jan. 18, at 1.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Monday, Jan. 11, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Sunday, Jan. 17, at 7:35. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Devils vs. Quebec Nordiques, Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 7:45. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Friday, Jan. 15, at 7:45. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Quebec Nordiques, Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Devils, Saturday, Jan. 16, at 5:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 8:05.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30.

Trotting—At **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 7:30. . . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY:** Nightly at 7:30; through Tuesday, March 15.

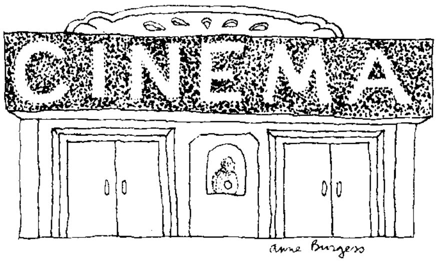
ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—James Earl Jones reading from the sermons of Martin Luther King, Jr. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Jan. 18, at 8.) . . . ¶ Richard Howard, Cynthia Macdonald, and Katha Pollitt discussing Walt Whitman's influence on women poets and reading illustrative works. (Murphy Center Theatre, 555 E. 90th St. Monday, Jan. 18, at 8. Admission by contribution.) . . . ¶ Joyce Carol Oates reading from her most recent novel. (Donnell Library, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 6. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Stephen McCauley and Sonia Pilcer reading from their own fiction. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

National Boat Show—More than a thousand sail and power boats—from racers and cruisers to dinghies and sailboards—and an equally impressive number of marine accessories are on view. (Jacob K. Javits Convention Center, Eleventh Ave. between 34th and 39th Sts. Monday through Friday, Jan. 11-15, from noon to 10; Saturday, Jan. 16, from 10 to 10; and Sunday, Jan. 17, from 11 to 7.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 17.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Jan. 12-13: At 5:45, "Identification Marks: None" (1964; directed by Jerzy Skolimowski; in Polish); at 7:15, "Sorekara (And Then)" (Yoshimitsu Morita; in Japanese); and, at 9:45, "Word Is Out" (1978), a documentary based on conversations with twenty-six homosexual men and women.
Jan. 14: At 5:30, "The End of Summer" (1961; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); and, at 7:30, "The Idiot" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
From Jan. 15: "Stacking" (Martin Rosen), with Megan Follows, Frederic Forrest, and Christine Lahti.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Wall Street" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 14: "Empire of the Sun" (†). From Jan. 15: "For Keeps" (John G. Avildsen), with Molly Ringwald.
Theatre 3: "The Last Emperor" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Broadcast News" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Jan. 14: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.
From Jan. 15: "Good Morning Vietnam" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Moonstruck" (Norman Jewison), with Cher and Nicolas Cage.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 14: "Overboard" (Garry Marshall), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell. From Jan. 15: "The Couch Trip" (Michael Ritchie), with Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 3: "Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Empire of the Sun" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Fatal Attraction" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Moonstruck" (Norman Jewison), with Cher and Nicolas Cage.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Wall Street" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Manon of the Spring" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 14: "Three Men and a Baby." From Jan. 15: "Rent-a-Cop" (Jerry London), with Burt Reynolds and Liza Minnelli.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 2: "Broadcast News" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "The Dead" (†).
Theatre 2: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 14: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy. From Jan. 15: "For Keeps" (John G. Avildsen), with Molly Ringwald.
Theatre 2: "Overboard" (Garry Marshall), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Empire of the Sun" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 14: "Batteries Not Included" (Matthew Robbins), with Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy. From Jan. 15: "The Couch Trip" (Michael Ritchie), with Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 2: "September" (Woody Allen).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Ironweed" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Jan. 14: "Batteries Not Included" (Matthew Robbins), with Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy.
From Jan. 15: "Return of the Living Dead Part II" (Ken Wiederhorn).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.
Theatre 2: "Eddie Murphy Raw" (Robert Townsend), a concert film.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 14: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss. From Jan. 15: "Moonstruck" (Norman Jewison), with Cher and Nicolas Cage.
Theatre 2: "Wall Street" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 19: A two-week program of six new films from Europe, South America, and Asia. The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone the theatre for titles and time schedules. From Jan. 20: "Three Strange Loves" (1949; directed by Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Birger Malmsten and Eva Henning.
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Matewan" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tampopo" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 14: "Dirty Dancing" (†). From Jan. 15: "Patti Rocks" (David Burton Morris).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Eddie Murphy Raw" (Robert Townsend), a concert film.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 14: "Barfly" (†). From Jan. 15: "Good Morning Vietnam" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 14: "September" (Woody Allen). From Jan. 15: To be announced.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 2: "Anna" (†).
Theatre 3: "Housekeeping" (†).
Theatre 4: "Hope and Glory" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 14: "Fatal Attraction" (†). From Jan. 15: "Return of the Living Dead Part II" (Ken Wiederhorn).
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 14: "Batteries Not Included" (Matthew Robbins), with Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy. From Jan. 15: "Rent-a-Cop" (Jerry London), with Burt Reynolds and Liza Minnelli.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Jan. 14: "Cry Freedom" (†).
From Jan. 15: "Good Morning Vietnam" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Eddie Murphy Raw" (Robert Townsend), a concert film.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Last Emperor" (†).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Dirty Dancing" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Housekeeping" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Ludwig" (1973; Luchino Visconti), with Helmut Berger, Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano. The 268-minute version.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Maurice" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Glass Menagerie" (Paul Newman), with Joanne Woodward, Karen Allen, and John Malkovich.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 14: "Jean de Florette" (†). From Jan. 15: "El Sur" (Victor Erice; in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 3: "Dark Eyes" (†).

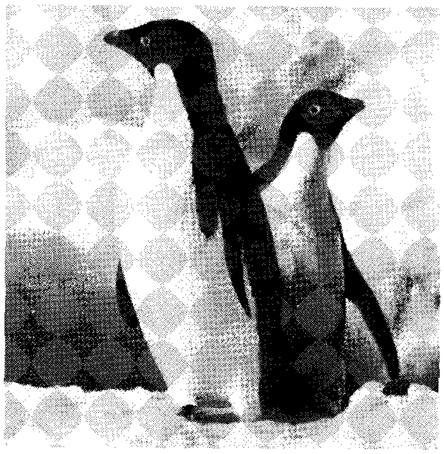
Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Repentance" (Tengiz Abuladze; in Russian).
Theatre 2: "Sammy and Rosie Get Laid" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Empire of the Sun" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Broadcast News" (†).
Theatre 2: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 2: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).
Theatre 3: "Moonstruck" (Norman Jewison), with Cher and Nicolas Cage.
Theatre 4: "September" (Woody Allen).
Theatre 5: Through Jan. 14: "Batteries Not Included" (Matthew Robbins), with Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy. From Jan. 15: "The Couch Trip" (Michael Ritchie), with Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 6: Through Jan. 14: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy. From Jan. 15: "For Keeps" (John G. Avildsen), with Molly Ringwald.

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 14: "House of Games" (David Mamet), with Lindsay



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Crouse and Joe Mantegna. From Jan. 15: "Rent-a-Cop" (Jerry London), with Burt Reynolds and Liza Minnelli.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 14: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson. From Jan. 15: "Return of the Living Dead Part II" (Ken Wiederhorn).

Columbia Cinema, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)
"Eddie Murphy Raw" (Robert Townsend), a concert film.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Fatal Attraction" (†).
Theatre 2: "Wall Street" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Fatal Beauty" (directed by Tom Holland), with Whoopi Goldberg, Sam Elliott, and Rubén Blades.
Theatre 2: "Wall Street" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.
Theatre 3: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 4: "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso.
Theatre 5: Through Jan. 14: "Flowers in the Attic" (Jeffrey Bloom), with Victoria Tennant. From Jan. 15: "Rent-a-Cop" (Jerry London), with Burt Reynolds and Liza Minnelli.
Theatre 6: Through Jan. 14: "Sign o' the Times" (Prince) with Prince. From Jan. 15: "For Keeps" (John G. Avildsen), with Molly Ringwald.

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Eddie Murphy Raw" (Robert Townsend), a concert film.
Theatre 3: "Eddie Murphy Raw."
Theatre 4: "Fatal Attraction" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
Through Jan. 14: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.
From Jan. 15: "The Couch Trip" (Michael Ritchie), with Dan Aykroyd.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Jan. 14: "Batteries Not Included" (Matthew Robbins), with Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy.
From Jan. 15: "Return of the Living Dead Part II" (Ken Wiederhorn).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Broadcast News" (†).
Theatre 2: "Empire of the Sun" (†).

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
Through Jan. 14: "Overboard" (Garry Marshall), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.
From Jan. 15: "Moonstruck" (Norman Jewison), with Cher and Nicolas Cage.

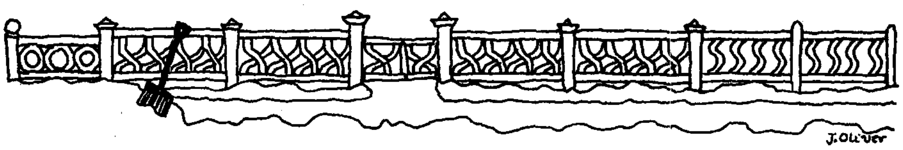
REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Jan. 12: "Death in Venice" (1971; directed by Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde and Bjorn Andresen; and "L'Avventura" (1959; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti, and Léa Massari.
Jan. 13-14: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian); and "Pigpen" (1969; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Pierre Clémenti and Jean-Pierre Léaud.
Jan. 15-16: "Dune" (†); and "Blue Velvet" (1986; David Lynch), with Kyle MacLachlan, Isabella Rossellini, Dennis Hopper, and Laura Dern.
Jan. 17: "Dersu Uzala" (1978; Akira Kurosawa; a Soviet-Japanese co-production, in Russian); and "Kagemusha" (†).
Jan. 18-19: "Comic Magazine" (1987; Yojiro Takita; in Japanese); and "I Go to Tokyo" (1985; Tomio Kuiyama; in Japanese).
From Jan. 20: "Fellini's Casanova" (1976; Federico Fellini), with Donald Sutherland.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Jan. 14: "Doulos—The Finger Man" (1962; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo.
Jan. 15-17: "The Red Shoes" (1948; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Moira Shearer and Léonide Massine; and "The Lovers of Teruel" (1962; Raymond Rouleau; in French), with Ludmilla Tcherina.
Jan. 18: "Bye Bye Birdie" (†); and "My Sister Eileen" (1955; Richard Quine), with Janet Leigh, Jack Lemmon, and Betty Garrett.
Jan. 19: "Merce Cunningham Filmdances" (1988; Charles Atlas), three dances created for the camera by Mr. Cunningham; and a program of early dance films.
Jan. 20: "Silk Stockings" (1957; Rouben Mamoulian), with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Janis Paige, and Jules Munshin; and "Daddy Long Legs" (†).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Jan. 11: "The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds" (1972; Paul Newman), with Joanne Woodward; and "The Hustler" (1961; Robert Rossen), with Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, Piper Laurie, Myron McCormick, and George C. Scott.
Jan. 12: "Angel Heart" (1987; Alan Parker), with Mickey Rourke, Robert De Niro, Lisa Bonet, and Charlotte Rampling; and "The Big Easy" (1986; Jim McBride), with Dennis Quaid, Ellen Barkin, and Ned Beatty.
Jan. 13: "Hearts of the West" (1975; Howard Zieff), with Jeff Bridges, Andy Griffith, Donald Pleasence, Blythe Danner, and Alan Arkin; and "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (1985; Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow and Jeff Daniels.
Jan. 14: "Shame" (1968; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "The Passion of Anna" (1970; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow, and Erland Josephson.
Jan. 15-16: "Full Metal Jacket" (1987; Stanley Kubrick), with Matthew Modine; and "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.
Jan. 17: "The Big Sleep" (1946; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers; and "To Have and Have Not" (1944; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan.
Jan. 18: "Raging Bull" (†) and "Lenny" (†).
Jan. 19: "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon; and "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts.
Jan. 20: "The Legend of Lylah Clare" (†) and "The Big Knife" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Jan. 11: "The Earrings of Madame de . . ." (1953; Max Ophuls; in French), with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica; and "Le Plaisir" (1952; Max Ophuls; in French), with Claude Dauphin, Daniel Gélin, Simone Simon, Madeleine Renaud, and Jean Gabin.
Jan. 12: "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner" (1962; Tony Richardson),



with Michael Redgrave and Tom Courtenay; and "The Loved One" (1965; Tony Richardson), with Robert Morse.

Jan. 13: "Murder She Said" (1962; George Pollock) and "Murder Ahoy" (1964; George Pollock), both with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Jane Marple.

Jan. 14: "Bus Stop" (1956; Joshua Logan), with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart; and "Niagara" (1953; Henry Hathaway), with Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten, and Jean Peters.

Jan. 15-16: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams.

Jan. 17: "Butterfield 8" (†); and "Daisy Kenyon" (1947; Otto Preminger), with Joan Crawford, Dana Andrews, and Henry Fonda.

Jan. 18: "Carnival in Flanders" (1936; Jacques Feyder; in French), with Louis Jouvet and Françoise Rosay; and "Toni" (1935; Jean Renoir; in French).

Jan. 19: "Morocco" (1930; Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper; and "Dishonored" (1931; Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich and Victor McLaglen.

Jan. 20: "From Here to Eternity" (1953; Fred Zinnemann), with Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr; and "The Caine Mutiny" (1954; Edward Dmytryk), with Humphrey Bogart, José Ferrer, Van Johnson, Fred MacMurray, Robert Francis, and May Wynn.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Jan. 11 at 2:30: "Excuse Me, My Name Is Rocco Papaleo" (1971; directed by Ettore Scola; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Marcello Mastroianni and Lauren Hutton. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 6: "Drama of Jealousy" (1970; Ettore Scola; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Marcello Mastroianni, Monica Vitti, and Giancarlo Giannini. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 2:30: "The Year of the Quiet Sun" (1984; Krzysztof Zanussi; in English and Polish, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 6: "Contract" (1980; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish, with English subtitles). Mr. Zanussi will be present. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 2:30: "Down and Dirty" (1976; Ettore Scola; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Nino Manfredi. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 6: "We All Loved Each Other So Much" (1974; Ettore Scola; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Vittorio Gassman, Nino Manfredi, and Stefania Sandrelli. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 2:30: "Passione d'Amore" (1981; Ettore Scola; in Italian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 6: "La Nuit de Varennes" (1982; Ettore Scola; in French, with English subtitles), with Marcello Mastroianni, Hanna Schygulla, and Jean-Louis Trintignant. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 2: "Le Bal" (1983; Ettore Scola). . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 5: "The Clockmaker" (1974; Bertrand Tavernier; in French, with English subtitles), with Philippe Noiret and Jean Rochefort. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 2: "Let Joy Reign Supreme" (1975; Bertrand Tavernier; in French, with English subtitles), with Philippe Noiret, Jean Rochefort, and Jean-Pierre Marielle. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 5: "The Judge and the Assassin" (1976; Bertrand Tavernier; in French, with English subtitles), with Philippe Noiret, Isabelle Huppert, and Michel Galabru. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 2:30: "Death Watch" (1979; Bertrand Tavernier), with Romy Schneider, Harvey Keitel, Harry Dean Stanton, and Max von Sydow. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 6: "Spoiled Children" (1977; Bertrand Tavernier; in French, with English subtitles), with Michel Piccoli, Christine Pascal, and Michel Aumont. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 2:30: "Clean Slate" (1982; Bertrand Tavernier; in French, with English subtitles), with Philippe Noiret, Isabelle Huppert, and Stéphane Audran. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 6: "A Week's Vacation" (1980; Bertrand Tavernier; in French, with English subtitles), with Nathalie Baye, Gérard Lanvin, and Michel Galabru.

THEATRE 2: Jan. 11 at 6:30: A program of films by Stuart Sherman, who will be present. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 3 and 6:30: "Yukon Journal" (1986; David Parry), a documentary. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 3: "Heartbeat" (1979; John Byrum), with Nick Nolte, Sissy Spacek, and John Heard. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 6:30: "True Stories" (1986; David Byrne), with Byrne and Swoosie Kurtz. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 2:30: "Conan the Barbarian" (1982; John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger, James Earl Jones, and Max von Sydow. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 5:30: "Das Boot" (1981; Wolfgang Peterson; in German, with English subtitles), with Jürgen Prochnow. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 2:30: "Girl" (1966; Paul Williams); and "Badlands" (1974; Terrence Malick), with Sissy Spacek, Martin Sheen, and Warren Oates. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 5:30: "Despair" (1978; Rainer Werner Fassbinder), with Dirk Bogarde, Andrea Ferreol, and Volker Spengler. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 3: "Phantom of the Paradise" (1974; Brian De Palma), with Paul Williams, William Finley, and Jessica Harper. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 6:30: "Out of It" (1969; Paul Williams), with Barry Gordon and Jon Voight.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—A retrospective of the films of Keisuke Kinoshita, all in Japanese, with English subtitles. Jan. 12 at 6:30: "The Ballad of Narayama" (1958), with Kinuyo Tanaka; and "Snow Flurry" (1959), with Keiko Kishi. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 6:30: "The Eternal Man" (1961), with Hideko Takamine; and "A Candle in the Wind" (1957), with Hideko Takamine. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 6:30: "Sun and Rose" (1956), with Katsuo Nakamura; and "Clouds at Twilight" (1956), with Shinji Tanaka.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Through Feb. 6: A retrospective of the television performances of Jackie Gleason. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Collective for Living Cinema, 41 White St. (925-2111)—Jan. 11 at 8: "Vengeance Is Mine" (1979; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Ken Ogata. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 8: "Accattone" (1961; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Franco Citti. . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 8: "Imitation of Life" (1959; Douglas Sirk), with Lana Turner; "Puce Moment" (1949; Kenneth Anger); and "Eaux d'Artifice" (1953; Kenneth Anger). . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 8: A program of four films under the title "The Gay and Lesbian Experimental Cinema." . . . ¶ From Jan. 15, showings at 8: "Anita: Dances of Vice" (1988; Rosa von Praunheim; in German, with English subtitles), with Lotti Huber.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

Anna—Sally Kirkland plays a Czech actress named Anna Radkova—once her country's leading film star, during the brief period of cultural freedom that ended in 1968, and now, in her forties, just another struggling actress in New York, desperate enough to take a job understudying all seven roles in an Off Broadway show. The conceit of the movie is that Anna has a kind of understudy in her own life, a lovely Czech country girl (played by the model Paulina Porizkova), who moves in with her and effortlessly achieves all the American-style success that has eluded the older woman. The script (by Agnieszka Holland, from a story by Holland and the director, Yurek Bogayevicz) occasionally suggests some sort of meditation on history and identity, though for the most part the film is content to be a vehicle for Kirkland, who laughs, cries, etc., in an accent that Meryl Streep would be proud of.—T.R. (Quad Cinema.)

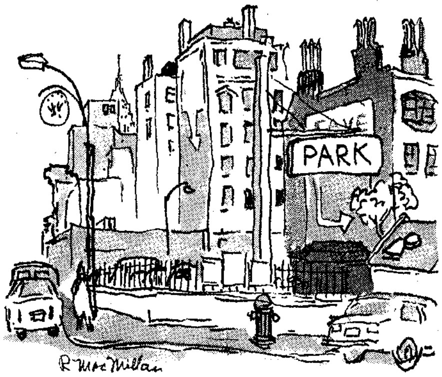
Barfly—The sixty-seven-year-old L.A. poet Charles Bukowski wrote this semi-autobiographical script about his heavy-drinking skid-row days just after the Second World War, when he was a scrappy young man, in his mid- to late twenties. But Mickey Rourke, who plays the role, imitates the tortoise movements of the battle-scarred survivor Bukowski, the writer-philosopher, the sage. This howler gives the movie a comic boost. Rourke twinkles with amusement at doing Bukowski, and the two principal women (Faye Dunaway as a burned-out drinker, Alice Krige as the wealthy publisher of a literary magazine) twinkle back. The movie, though, is big on life affirmation. The director, Barbet Schroeder, wanting to please the Master, inadvertently exposes Bukowski's messianic windbag sensibility at its most self-satisfied. You wouldn't guess at Bukowski's talent from this movie. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/2/87.) (Art Greenwich Twin; through Jan. 14.)

The Big Knife (1955)—It's in the same garish genre as "The Bad and the Beautiful," and you can't take your eyes off it. Rod Steiger gives a classic performance as a destructive, self-righteous Hollywood magnate; Jack Palance is surprisingly effective as the overwrought John Garfield-type star. With Wendell Corey, Shelley Winters, Everett Sloane, Jean Hagen, Ilka Chase, and Ida Lupino and Wesley Addy as sanctimonious characters who, regrettably, are the authors' mouthpieces. James Poe adapted Clifford Odets' play. Robert Aldrich directed, overdoing everything in sight; he just about turns hysteria into a style. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 20.)

Broadcast News—The writer-producer-director James L. Brooks puts us inside the world of a network's Washington bureau and sets up an adversarial relationship between the reddish-blond charmer Tom (William Hurt), who represents TV's corruption of the news into entertainment, and dark, broody Aaron (Albert Brooks), a near-genius newsman who, on the surface, at least, represents substance and integrity. The heroine, Jane (Holly Hunter), is a producer, and she and Aaron are supposed to be high-principled professionals, as well as close friends. The satirical, romantic-comedy dilemma is that Jane finds herself falling in love with Tom, who incarnates everything that she despises. It's fun to see a workaday world presented so that it moves and keeps you off balance and looks authentic, and the picture has some witty dialogue. But basically all it's saying is that beautiful, assured people have an edge over the rest of us, no matter how high our I.Q.s are. And it lacks any filmmaking excitement. With all the surface authenticity Jim Brooks gives us, he himself represents the corruption of movies into TV. The actors are vivid; they're like pop-up figures in a child's book, as they often are in sitcoms. (Albert Brooks is the only one who goes beyond that: he gives the picture its bit of soul.) With Joan Cusack, Lois Chiles, Robert Prosky, Peter Hackes, and, as the big cheese, the New York anchorman, Jack Nicholson, who's not listed in the credits. (1/11/88) (Gramercy, Coronet, Embassy 72nd St., and National Twin.)

Butterfield 8 (1960)—The John O'Hara novel that seemed perfect for the movies, plus the role that seemed perfect for Elizabeth Taylor —and this is the garish mess it became. Daniel Mann's direction is maybe even worse than the Charles Schnee–John Michael Hayes script. With Laurence Harvey; Dina Merrill, doing a noble wife to end all noble wives; and a vacuum on the screen that is said to be Eddie Fisher. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 17.)

Bye Bye Birdie (1963)—The satirical musical about a rock-and-roll idol who gets drafted sounds like a good movie idea, but the central character (played by Jesse Pearson) has been softened, the sitcom plotting is tedious, and the film aims for cornball zest rather than wit. Ann-Margret, playing a brassy sixteen-year-old with a hyperactive rear end, takes over the picture. The cast, which performs erratically, includes Dick Van Dyke, Janet Leigh, Maureen Stapleton, Paul Lynde, and



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Bobby Rydell. Directed by George Sidney. (Film Forum 2; Jan. 18.)

Cry Freedom—With Kevin Kline and Denzel Washington, directed by Richard Attenborough. (11/30/87) (Ziegfeld; through Jan. 14.)

Daddy Long Legs (1955)—This story of a May-December romance between an adorable orphan and her benefactor was published in 1912; by the time Leslie Caron and Fred Astaire made this musical version, the accumulated adorableness was overpowering. Astaire doesn't look comfortable in the balletic "Guardian Angel" dance he does with Caron, and her healthy gamine charm and feathery light-footedness call attention to the age difference between them. (He was about fifty-six, she perhaps twenty-four.) Jean Negulesco directed. With Thelma Ritter, Fred Clark, Larry Keating, and Terry Moore. (Film Forum 2; Jan. 20.)

Dark Eyes—Directed by Nikita Mikhalkov and shot in Italy and the Soviet Union, it amalgamates several short stories by Chekhov and is the kind of movie that is referred to as a "broad tapestry." It features obviousness and mugging—each in almost unprecedented amounts. Marcello Mastroianni is the weak, self-hating Romano, who tells the story of his wasted life: how he became the spoiled pet of his rich wife (Silvana Mangano), took mistresses (Marthe Keller is one of them), and at a spa was touched by the seriousness of Anna (Elena Sofonova)—Chekhov's woman with the little dog—and, on the pretext of opening a factory, followed her to Russia. Mastroianni won the best-actor award at Cannes for his performance in this massive hunk of Italo-Russian kitsch. When he's Romano, it's as if he were putting on a classroom exhibition of how to turn yourself into another person—he shows the class every bit of calculation. It's exemplary; it's horrible. The script is by Alexander Adabachian and Mikhalkov, with the collaboration of Suso Cecchi D'Amico. In Italian. (10/5/87) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Dead—Working in a mood of tranquil exuberance, the eighty-year-old John Huston made a great warm, funny movie out of the great story that James Joyce wrote at twenty-five. Huston never before blended his actors so intuitively, so musically. The party that the Morkan sisters and their fortyish niece give in their Dublin town house on January 6, 1904, the Feast of the Epiphany, suggests the Chekhov production of your dreams, or maybe one of Satyajit Ray's triumphs. The cast is glorious: Donal McCann is Gabriel; Anjelica Huston is Gabriel's wife, Gretta; Donal Donnelly is Freddy; Marie Kean is Freddy's mother; Cathleen Delany is Aunt Julia; Helena Carroll is Aunt Kate; Ingrid Craigie is Mary Jane; Dan O'Herlihy is the Protestant Mr. Browne; and Frank Patterson is the tenor who sings "The Lass of Aughrim." Screenplay by Tony Huston; cinematography by Fred Murphy; score by Alex North. (12/14/87) (Cinema I.)

Dirty Dancing—Set in a Catskills resort in the summer of 1963, this bright dance musical is about the role that dancing had in the embryonic counterculture. It's also a girl's version of that old phony: the-summer-I-grew-up-and-everything-changed. In the boys' version, the hero typically came down to earth with a jolt. But this is a girl's coming-of-age fantasy: the seventeen-year-old heroine, Baby (Jennifer Grey), ascends to spiritual and sensual perfection. For Baby, a doctor's daughter, the change occurs as the result of self-discovery through dancing and then through her sexual initiation and her full and open commitment to the resort's working-class dance instructor, Johnny (Patrick Swayze). Too many life lessons are learned in this bubble-headed, retro vision of growing up in the sixties, and its wish-fulfillment aspect makes Baby and Johnny and all their dirty-dancing friends pure of heart—it defuses any possible explosiveness in the material. But the director, Emile Ardolino, and the choreographer, Kenny Ortega, use the dancing to bring out the sensual dreaminess of the songs, and the screenwriter, Eleanor Bergstein, writes light, rumpled dialogue that helps you over the hooey. With Cynthia Rhodes, Jack Weston, Jerry Orbach, Honi Coles, Lonny Price, Kelly Bishop, and Jane Brucker. (8/24/87) (New Carnegie. . . . ¶ Waverly; through Jan. 14.)

Dune (1984)—David Lynch directed, and he did the adaptation of Frank Herbert's ecological sci-fi fantasy, but he doesn't make the story his own. Basically, this isn't a David Lynch movie—it's "Dune." He lays out Herbert's grandiose vision of a galactic system, and hordes of characters parcelled out over four planets, and a messiah who is preordained to lead the righteous in a holy war. And he brings on the giant man-eating worms that produce the consciousness-altering spice that holds this universe together. The movie is heavy on exposition, and the story isn't dramatized—it's merely acted out (and hurried through), in a series of scenes that are like illustrations. And despite the care that has gone into the sets and costumes and the staging, the editing rhythms are limp and choppy. Lynch's best work is in the comedy scenes that involve Kenneth McMillan, Sting, Brad Dourif, Linda Hunt, Leonardo Cimino, and the creepy eight-year-old Alicia Roanne Witt. Cinematography by Freddie Francis; production design by Anthony Masters; and creatures by Carlo Rambaldi. (Cinema Village; Jan. 15-16.)

Empire of the Sun—At the outset, this Steven Spielberg epic is so big and majestic you want to laugh in pleasure, and it stays that way for about forty-five minutes—Spielberg takes over Shanghai, and makes it his city. But then, first in brief patches and then in longer ones, his directing goes terribly wrong. The story, taken from J. G. Ballard's autobiographical novel, is set at the outbreak of the Second World War, and it's about Jim (Christian Bale), an eleven-year-old British schoolboy, who is separated from his parents when the Japanese Army invades the city, on December 8, 1941, and how he changes in order to survive three years of starving in a prison camp. It isn't told straightforwardly, though. Spielberg throws himself into bravura passages, lingers over them trying to give them a poetic obsessiveness, and loses his grasp of the narrative. For the sake of emotion—to have something to say, to give the picture some meaning—he pumps it full of false emotion. (That's what his poetry is.) John Williams' editorializing music swells and swooshes, trying to make you feel that something religious is going on. Christian Bale is a fine performer, directed superlatively; also with John Malkovich, Miranda Richardson, Nigel Havers, and Joe Pantoliano. The adaptation is credited to Tom Stoppard (it was also worked on by Menno Meyjes); the cinematography is by Allen Daviau. Spielberg had permission to shoot in Shanghai for only three weeks; the settings were matched up and constructed in Spain and London. 2 hours and 33 minutes. (12/28/87) (34th St. East, Beekman, Regency, and National Twin. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex; through Jan. 14.)

Fatal Attraction—A primer on the bad things that can happen if a man cheats on his wife. There's sometimes a fine line between sexiness and craziness, and the hero (Michael Douglas), a Manhattan corporate lawyer—a settled married man—isn't hip enough to catch the danger signals when he lets a woman book editor (Glenn Close) talk him into going with her to her loft. Once this woman begins behaving as if she had a right to a share in the lawyer's life, she becomes the dreaded lunatic of horror movies. But with a difference: she parrots the aggressively angry, self-righteous statements that have become commonplaces of feminist fiction, and they're so inappropriate to the circumstances that they're the proof she's loco. They're also the director Adrian Lyne's and the screenwriter James Dearden's hostile version of feminism. Basically, this is a gross-out slasher movie in a glossy format, and it enforces conventional morality (in the era of AIDS) by piling fear on paranoiac fear. With Anne Archer as the beautiful homebody wife, Ellen Hamilton Latzen as the bright little daughter, and Stuart Pankin as the clowning pal. Tip-top editing by Michael Kahn and Peter E. Berger. (10/19/87) (Eastside Cinema, Olympia, and Embassy. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through Jan. 14.)

Good Morning, Vietnam—It sounded like a first-rate idea: Robin Williams doing his manic free-association comedy as a disk jockey, Adrian Cronauer, on Armed Forces Radio in Saigon in 1965. But the picture makes the character out to be a vulnerable, compassionate, respectful-of-the-Vietnamese wonderful guy, and the director, Barry Levinson, has a numbing sense of rhythm. Williams' riffs are chopped short, and the film keeps cutting to soldiers breaking up over his spiel before it's out of his mouth. Throughout the movie, we're alerted to how terrific and how irreverent he is, even though he isn't so terrific and his irreverence sounds tinny. There is an Adrian Cronauer, and the movie is very loosely based on his exploits, but the way the story line (from the script by Mitch Markowitz) has been directed it's a clumsier version of the plots of fifties musicals. With Forest Whitaker, Bruno Kirby, J. T. Walsh, Uikey Kuay as the elderly student of English, and Richard Edson. (People who want to see Williams running wild within a character ought to take a look at Michael Ritchie's 1983 "The Survivors" or Roger Spottiswoode's 1986 "The Best of Times.") (1/11/88) (Cinema II, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, Art Greenwich Twin, and Ziegfeld; starting Jan. 15.)

Hope and Glory—A great comedy about the blitz. In this autobiographical film, the writer-director John Boorman has had the inspiration to desentimentalize wartime England and show us the Second World War the way he saw it as an eight-year-old—as a party that kept going day after day, night after night. Boorman lets his characters say the previously unsayable. Bored with crouching indoors during the nightly raids by the Luftwaffe, the dimply blond fifteen-year-old Dawn (Sammi Davis), the eldest of the three Rohan children, runs outside, watches the firefighters at work on a blazing house, and dances in the Rohans' postage-stamp-size front garden. "It's lovely!" she calls out. The large cast includes Sebastian Rice Edwards as the eight-year-old Bill, Geraldine Muir as his little sister, Sarah Miles as his mother, David Hayman as his father, Ian Bannen as his grandfather, and Susan Wooldridge, Derrick O'Connor, and Jean-Marc Barr as the Canadian jokester. (10/5/87) (Quad Cinema.)

Housekeeping—Marilynne Robinson's novel about two orphaned sisters and the nature-loving, itinerant aunt who arrives to keep house for them has a wonderful representation of a psychological state: Aunt Sylvie seems to spend her life falling into a non-verbal world—staring at nothingness. But the novel also has a bag-lady mystique—a poetic view of vagrancy. The idea seems to be that if you give up conventional values and material things you can wander the earth and lead a magical life. Bill Forsyth, who adapted and directed the movie version, doesn't make the material his own; he doesn't find his own rhythms. The early scenes are whimsical and promising, but the later ones have a clammy, awkward lyricism. Since Sylvie is always remote and has to wake up out of her basic trance to respond to a situation, Christine Lahti, who plays the part, can't call on her full resourcefulness. (12/14/87) (Quad Cinema, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Ironweed—The director, Hector Babenco, treats William Kennedy's Albany novel, set in 1938, as a joyless classic; the movie has no momentum—the running time (two hours and twenty-four minutes) is like a death sentence. As Francis Phelan, the alcoholic hobo hero who is torn by guilt over the family he deserted twenty-two years ago and sees the phantoms of men he has done violence to, Jack Nicholson seems to be in a slow-motion dream. He drops his voice down so heroically low he even has to talk slowly. And Meryl Streep, who is Francis's hobo crony Helen, forces her voice down deep, too. The only moments of reprieve from all the sombre artistry come when Streep sings "He's Me Pal" in the all-out, sentimental-Irish manner of a balladeer of a decade or two earlier; it's a spectacular re-creation of the old technique for "selling a song." Tom Waits, Hy Anzell, and Margaret Whitton provide brief changes of mood and emotion. Also with Carroll Baker, Fred Gwynne, Diane Venora, Michael O'Keefe, Laura Esterman, Priscilla Smith, and Black-Eyed Susan. The screenplay is by Kennedy. (1/11/88) (Loews Tower East.)

Jean de Florette—With Yves Montand, Gérard Depardieu, Elisabeth Depardieu, and Daniel Auteuil; directed by Claude Berri. In French. (7/13/87) (Lincoln Plaza; through Jan. 14.)

Kagemusha (1980; "The Shadow Warrior")—Warfare is treated dispassionately in this film in color by Kurosawa, which is set during the wars of the clans in sixteenth-century Japan (the period just before the country was unified). The film's style is ceremonial rather than dramatic; it's not battle that Kurosawa is interested in here but formations in battle regalia. He appears to see war as part of the turmoil of life, and he asks us simply to observe what he shows us. The film seems fixated on mountains, triangles, and threes. Tatsuya Nakadai plays the warlord known as The Mountain, and he also plays the thieving peasant who has been condemned to death but whose life is spared so that he can serve as the lord's double. In Japanese. (Cinema Village; Jan. 17.)

The Last Emperor—Bernardo Bertolucci tells the story of Pu Yi, who was not quite three when, in 1908, he was set on the Dragon Throne in Peking's Forbidden City and became the titular ruler of a third of the people on earth. After being deposed and then enthroned again in Japanese-occupied Manchuria, he was in Soviet custody for five years, and then spent ten years being "reëducated" in a Chinese war-criminals prison. The movie doesn't have the juicy absurdity that seems to pour right out of the historical story. And it suppresses the drama. But it has pictorial grace and a dull fascination. Bertolucci presents Pu Yi (John Lone) as a man without will or backbone who lives his life as spectacle—who watches his life go by. And so we're given a historical pageant without a protagonist. There's an idea here, but it's a dippy idea—it results in a passive movie. With Joan Chen and Peter O'Toole. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; the film shows the palaces and courtyards of the two-hundred-and-fifty-acre Forbidden City. 2 hours and 46 minutes. (11/30/87) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

The Legend of Lylah Clare (1968)—Heavy-handed camp about Hollywood—an attempt to fuse "Sunset Boulevard," "Vertigo," "The Barefoot Contessa," and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" Peter Finch plays a Svengali-like movie director. His great star, the glamorous foreigner Lylah Clare, died mysteriously a few hours after marrying him, and now he is turning a young American actress (Kim Novak) into Lylah. Maybe a halfway amusing macabre pastiche could have been made of it if the director, Robert Aldrich, hadn't been so clumsy; it's a static piece of filmmaking. With Coral Browne, Valentina Cortese, Michael Murphy, George Kennedy, and Ernest Borgnine, who has rarely been worse—he demonstrates his shouting range. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 20.)

Lenny (1974)—This earnest Bob Fosse film, starring Dustin Hoffman, is for those who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred only because he lived before their time. Fosse accepts the view that Bruce's motivating force was to cleanse society of hypocrisy, and, having swallowed that, he can only defuse Bruce's humor. So when you hear Hoffman doing Bruce's shticks you don't even feel like laughing. The picture is a later version of the one-to-one correlation of an artist's life and his art which we used to get in movies about painters and songwriters. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but his Lenny is a nice boy, whereas Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. With Valerie Perrine, Gary Morton, Jan Miner, and Stanley Beck. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 18.)

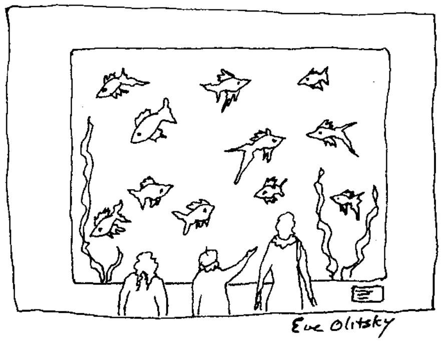
The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne—A spinster in spite of her sensual nature, Judy Hearne, who lives in Dublin, is all pretension. Everybody sees through her, and she knows it, but she can't get rid of her own mealymouthed phoniness: it's ingrained in her. Maggie Smith, who plays the part, lets you read every shade of feeling in Judy's face; she makes you feel the ghastliness of knowing you're a figure of fun. Taken from Brian Moore's 1955 novel (a work of surpassing empathy written when he was only twenty-seven), the movie, directed by Jack Clayton, is a phenomenal piece of work. It's about Judy's misunderstanding the attentions of her landlady's brother (Bob Hoskins) and thinking herself to be in the midst of a romance; it's about her isolation, her secret drinking, and her rage against the Church for her wasted life. Maggie Smith and Wendy Hiller (who plays Judy's tyrannical aunt) are magnificent together, and Ian McNeice, who plays the landlady's son, gives the film a baroque touch that helps offset the shallow, virtuous ending. The adaptation is by Peter Nelson. (12/28/87) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Manon of the Spring—Will Fate settle the hash of César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and his cretinous nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil), the Provençal farmers whose treachery caused the death of gentle, hunchbacked Jean de Florette? Of course it will. To keep us awake while we're waiting for the inevitable, this concluding half of Claude Berri's adaptation of the Marcel Pagnol novel "The Water of the Hills" serves up pretty much the same menu as "Jean de Florette": changing seasons (exquisitely shot by Bruno Nuytten), Montand looking sly, Auteuil gaping, wiry peasants and fat shopkeepers shouting at each other over bottles of vin ordinaire. With Emmanuelle Béart. Screenplay by Berri and Gérard Brach, with a credit for original dialogue by Pagnol. In French.—T.R. (Plaza.)

Matewan—This true story of a bitter, courageous strike by West Virginia coal miners in 1920 is almost stirring enough to survive the primitive and ponderous movie technique of its writer-director, John Sayles. The film aims for the simplicity and emotional purity of folk music—an effect that, in movies, is not so simply achieved. Sayles may be taking his populist, blue-collar aesthetic a bit too far: hard work and decent feeling, even in the service of a great subject, aren't always enough. "Matewan"—rousing as it sometimes is—would be a more convincing, even a purer, tribute to American labor if its honest sweat and blood were adulterated with more of an artist's cunning. With Chris Cooper, Will Oldham, David Strathairn, Kevin Tighe, Mary McDonnell, and James Earl Jones. Photographed by Haskell Wexler in the Left-lyrical style of his earlier work on "Bound for Glory."—T.R. (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Maurice—With James Wilby, Hugh Grant, and Rupert Graves; directed by James Ivory. (9/21/87) (Paris.)

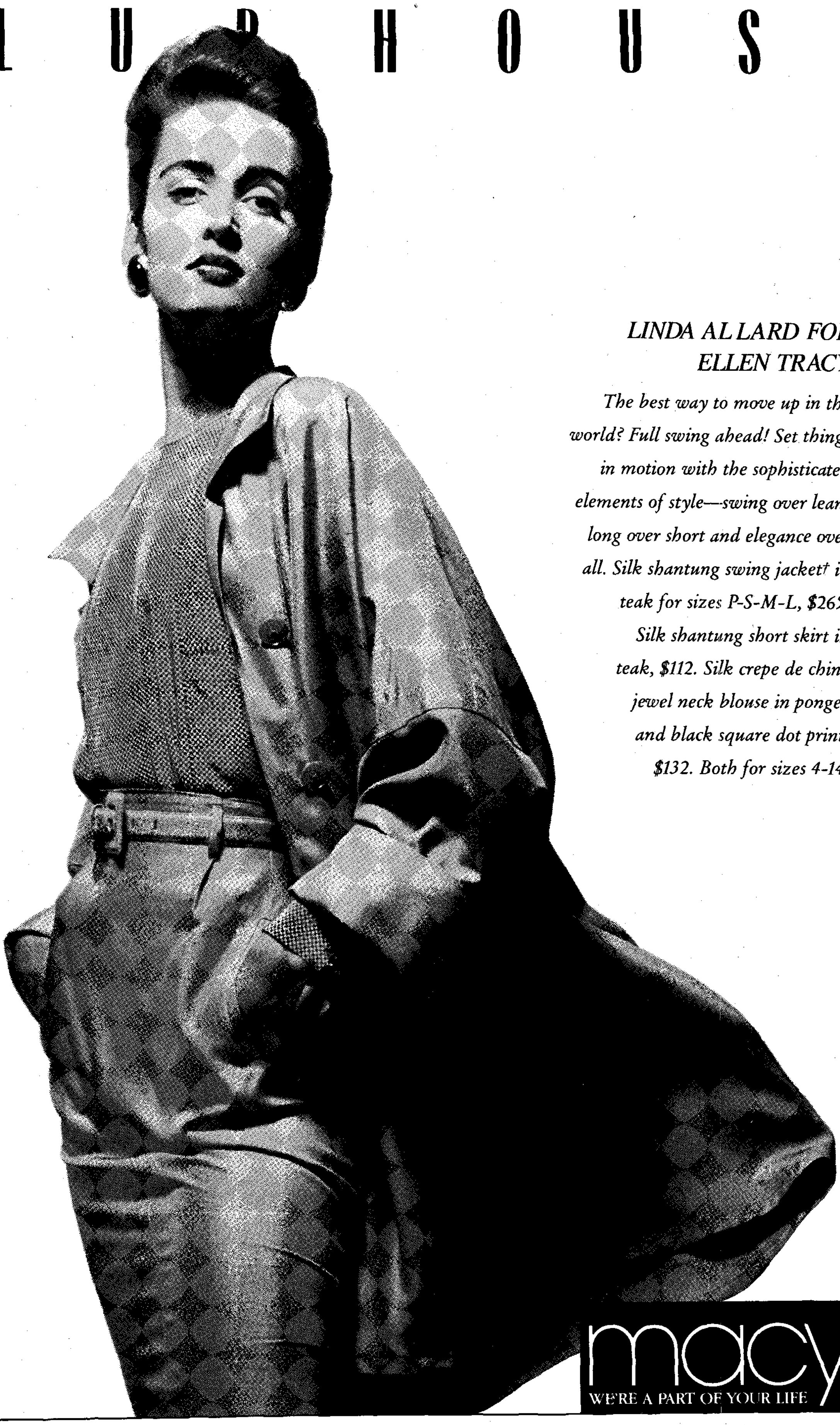
My Life as a Dog—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. With Tomas von Brömssen, Anki Liden, Ingmari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännstrom, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish.—T.R. (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)


Eric Olitsky

Raging Bull (1980)—Martin Scorsese's film based on the life of the former middleweight champ Jake La Motta (played by Robert De Niro) is a biography of the prizefight genre; it's also about movies and about violence, it's about gritty visual rhythm, it's about Brando, it's about the two "Godfather" pictures—it's about Scorsese and De Niro's trying to top what they've done and what everybody else has done. Scorsese puts his unmediated obsessions on the screen, trying to turn raw, pulp power into art by removing it from the particulars of observation and narrative. He loses the lowlife entertainment values of prizefight films; he aestheticizes pulp and kills it. De Niro put on more than fifty pounds to play the older, drunken La Motta; he seems a swollen puppet. With Cathy Moriarty, whose Vickie La Motta is a beautiful icon—a big, lacquered virgin-doll of the forties—and Joe Pesci as Joey La Motta. (De Niro won the Academy Award for Best Actor.) (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 18.)

Sammy and Rosie Get Laid—This second film by the director Stephen Frears and the writer Hanif Kureishi, who made "My Beautiful Laundrette," has so much going on that it keeps losing track of what it's about. Sammy (Ayub Khan Din) and Rosie (Frances Barber) and their friends are Third World bohemians who live in a decaying, racially mixed part of London. Sammy's father, Rafi (Shashi Kapoor), who was a minister in the repressive government of Pakistan and is fleeing threats on his life, thinks he can return to the courteous, law-abiding England he remembers from thirty years before. He comes from the airport straight into a race riot—the movie is his nightmare experience of the new London. What we see is an apocalyptic carnival that's like street theatre. At times, it's as if Swinging London had come back as a race riot. Made in a documentary manner as stylized as a Hollywood musical, the movie is hyperconscious of art, of politics, of itself, and at times it's exasperatingly affectless. At its best, it's playfully Godardian, as in the sequence with the screen split horizontally and three multiracial couples stretched out on top of each other, and the Ghetto Lites singing a reggae version of "My Girl." There are two marvellous performances: by Kapoor and by Claire Bloom, as a woman he deserted long ago. (11/16/87) (Cinema Studio.)

Tampopo—Written and directed by Juzo Itami, this understated farce has its own brand of dippy enchantment. It's about noodles, pleasure, and the movies. The title, which is Japanese for "dandelion," is the name of a fortyish widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) who is trying to make a go of a run-down noodle shop on the outskirts of Tokyo. A courtly truck driver (Tsutomu Yamazaki), who wears a dark-brown cowboy hat straight across his brow, like the righteous hero of a solemn Western, makes it his mission to help her become a real noodle cook. The film crosscuts between the story of Tampopo and her cowboy samurai and the culinary-erotic adventures of a pair of lovers: a gangster in a white suit and his ready-for-everything cutie. These two demonstrate that eating and sex can be the same thing. The movie is constructed like a comic essay, with random frivolous touches, and much of it is shot in hot, bright color that suggests a neon fusion of urban night life and movie madness. The subtexts connect with viewers' funnybones at different times, and part of the fun of the movie is listening to the sudden eruption of giggles—it's as if some kids were running around in the theatre tickling people. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

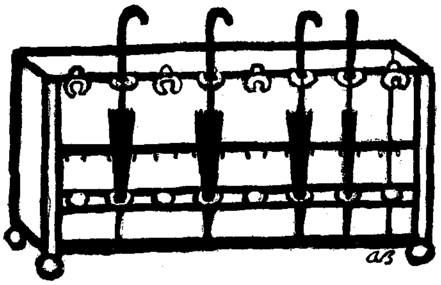
A FRIEND writes:

The Stones were the only people I've ever heard of who observed the arrival of the new year in total silence. Emma Bones Stone and Medad Elisha Stone were my father's maternal grandparents. (When they were married, newspapers all over the country picked up the squib "Bones Marries Stone.") They lived on Staten Island, in a Victorian house made of yellow brick. It was at the corner of St. Marks Place and Wall Street, on a hill overlooking the Staten Island Ferry Terminal and the Upper Bay, and they could see Manhattan in the distance. The house had a mansard roof; a spiral staircase cored three stories through the center of the house; and there was a chestnut tree in the front yard.

During the early part of the century, Medad Stone was a jobber of tools for the construction of the New York subways, and he was a big dealer in lock washers. He had an office in lower Manhattan. Each day, walking down the hill on his way to the ferry, Medad stopped at a bank and changed all the dollar bills in his pocket into brand-new dollar bills. That refreshed him. He featured a cane and a bowler hat, dove-gray spats, and piled white hair, which he groomed with water, never with Macassar oil.

Emma Bones Stone had beautiful red hair and was bilious. I have a piece of needlepoint that she made, on which she put her motto, "*Alta petens*"—"Seeking higher things"—and I've heard that in pursuing this goal she used to elbow people off the sidewalk on her way to church. In her later years, she fired the butler and the cook, Hjalmar and Linda, at least once a month. "You're fired!" she'd say to them. "Get out!" Hjalmar and Linda would get out, but an hour later they'd be back in the kitchen, preparing a soup or something for her, and nobody would mention their having been fired, for fear they'd quit. This was the house that my father's mother grew up in.

When my father was a boy, he used to go to Staten Island with his parents to celebrate New Year's. The family would sit in the parlor all evening, my father playing a little backgammon with his grandmother. "She would usually lose," he says. "She was not fond of losing. I was very fond of winning." A few minutes before midnight, the family would climb the spiral stairs to the third floor, seeking higher things. Medad would throw open the attic windows, letting cold air flow in, and a reek of coal smoke from the freighters, while Hjalmar uncorked the champagne. Then everybody would stand in silence, looking past the branches of the chestnut tree toward Manhattan, which to my father seemed to float in the bay like a tremendous ship. At midnight, they would hear the clock in the downstairs parlor begin to chime, and then through the open windows would come a rising sound, resembling distant surf, or a wind moving across the water, blended with screaming and a sound of horns, going on and on, for five minutes or longer, and gradually dying away. That was Manhattan. My father remembers how, when he was a boy, the power of a million voices awed him: the rich spectrum of the human condition projecting all the way to Staten Island. No doubt some of those voices belonged to people who in some minute way had benefitted from Medad's lock washers during the previous year.



I heard this story often when I was a kid, and I believed it until I grew up. Then I began to think that it was a little too symmetrical for history—better suited to fiction. I decided that perhaps on one occasion the Stones or my father had actually heard something through the open windows, and that the event had multiplied in the retelling. But still I wondered about that sound, and I often considered going to Staten Island to try to hear something at midnight on New Year's Eve. This year, I finally did it. I wasn't sure that the neighborhood would be entirely safe for a lone person, so I persuaded a friend to accompany me. We drove to the corner of St. Marks Place and Wall Street.

The house is gone, replaced by a small park. Emma Bones Stone ordered the house destroyed upon her death, because she was terrified that it might be divided into apartments and be filled with strangers. The park was illuminated by metal-vapor lamps and contained many tons of concrete cast into semicircular walls that enclosed small playgrounds and rows of benches. We found a chestnut tree growing through a hole in the concrete and encircled by a wall. "This park was built to be easily defended," my friend remarked. We couldn't see Manhattan—only a row of Victorian houses. They were in bad shape, covered with asphalt shingles. We got back in the car and headed for the waterfront.

We found an abandoned pier, guarded by a chain-link fence and signs that warned of danger. We climbed the fence. The pier was a thousand feet long, and there were holes in it, over black water. We picked our way around the holes, alert for rotten wood that a person could plunge through, and as we advanced we hit an impasto of seagull droppings that crunched underfoot. We sat down at the end of the pier, dangled our feet over the bay, and drank bourbon from a thermos.

The night was quiet and almost windless. Under a nearly full moon, Manhattan gleamed with tiny lights and appeared half drowned in the sea, so remote as to seem imaginary. We could hear water lapping, a siren in Brooklyn. The World Trade towers were lit on many floors, and the Empire State Building had a green-and-red cap on it from colored floodlights. A freighter rode at anchor in front of us. A mackerel sky moved in, cloaking the moon, and the tide swung the freighter around.

Two minutes before midnight, the colored lights on the Empire State Building winked off. There was a nattering sound at our backs, from Staten Island—a string of firecrackers—followed by a boom: somebody must have lit an M-80. Then we heard delighted screams behind us, and somebody banging on a pot. Church bells rang across the island. Somewhere in Brooklyn, a car's horn got stuck. Then a red carnation blossomed over Brooklyn—fireworks in Prospect Park—and fireworks went off over Manhattan. But the amateurs dominated the evening. We heard firecrackers going off in sheets and waves everywhere in New York. It sounded like automatic-weapon fire, ripping from place to place. We heard a police siren start near the Verrazano Bridge and course through Staten Island, apparently chasing someone. We also heard sirens in Brooklyn—they could have been police cars, ambulances, or fire engines. Precisely at the turn of the year, it seems, a small fraction of the people in New York City commit a crime of violence, get a fire going, or need an ambulance. Then somebody launched a parachute flare over Brooklyn. It hung and burned for half a minute. We heard deep music coming up the throat of the Kill Van Kull: the big container ships in Port Elizabeth were blowing their foghorns, and they sounded like the heavy pipes of a cathedral organ. A Staten Island Rapid Transit train rattled by. There were no passengers in it, but the driver was leaning on the horn. A party on an empty train.

We never did hear the Manhattan sound wave. Maybe the firecrackers drowned it out, or maybe the glass buildings that have grown up in the financial district blocked it, or maybe we weren't paying enough attention. The family story remains unconfirmed. Yet my father is still certain that he heard Manhattan more than once. "I was overwhelmed by the miraculous phenomenon of that sound coming from so far away, from such a distance," he said to me on New Year's morning. "We felt it was a sound of joy, sort of."

• •

Ball Drop

SIXTY-ONE seconds before midnight on New Year's Eve, the calmest place in Times Square was the north roof of One Times Square—the old Times Tower—where a team of seven people from the Artkraft Strauss Sign Corporation were just beginning the job of lowering the ball over Times Square, so that three hundred thousand people down in the streets and millions of television watchers around the country could bring in the new year together. The ball, which weighs more than two hundred pounds and has a tendency to sway, is still brought down a tall flagpole by hand, though these days the flagpole is stainless steel rather than pine, as it was in 1908, the year of the original ball drop.

The seven workers—a timekeeper, two sign hangers, and four electricians—were grouped in a tight circle around the base of the flagpole. We were standing next to them, and we couldn't see the crowds down below, or even much of the light from the signs in Times Square, because the north roof of One Times Square is like a small midair well or courtyard. Two-story white brick walls enclose both a real roof, at the twenty-third-story level, and a series of clanging metal gratings, or catwalks, up at what would be the twenty-fourth story if there were one. From the roof level one smallish catwalk heads up a few open metal stairs toward the front wall, past a metal-covered water tower on the left and air-conditioning equipment and vent stacks on the right. The base of the flagpole is at the head of this walkway, right near the wall. At sixty-one seconds before midnight, what light there was came almost entirely from a couple of incandescent bulbs covered, like so many bulbs outdoors in cities these days, with white glass jars that look sort of like baby bottles.

You could see Times Square if you climbed a ladder to the top of the water tower, and Peter B. Kaplan, a New York photographer, was up there, with a camera on a seventeen-foot pole, hoping to get a first-ever shot of people in the street seen from above the descending ball. You could also get a glimpse of the street from the south roof, which is at the twenty-fifth-story level, and this area was crowded with *Newsday* executives (*Newsday* was paying for the ball drop this year) and with revellers from Steven Israel's party (he owns the building).

The wall and the dimness and the cramped quarters seemed to isolate the ball-lowerers from everyone else in the building or in Times Square, and so did sounds that only our group could hear—the creaking and squealing of the ball as it slid down the pole. And then there was the smell—a blast of fumes from fried, baked, roasted, grilled, and sautéed garlic, curry, onions, red pepper, ginger, cumin, and coriander coming out of the Nirvana Restaurant's kitchen-vent stack, just to our right.

If you looked straight up, you could see cherry-red bulbs outlining the frame of the ball in vertical slices, and (an innovation) flickering strobe lights mounted on chicken wire in the middle of the ball. But no one in our group except us was looking up. Two of the electricians were looking at a box of switches. The two sign hangers were gripping what looked like two white clotheslines on either side of the flagpole—they were actually cotton-covered steel cables. Each line had been looped twice around one of the guardrails along the catwalk, and the remaining length of the line was coiled neatly below. The two other electricians now picked up these coils, ready to play them out. Slightly to one side stood the timekeeper—Tama Starr, the executive vice-president of Artkraft Strauss—looking alternately at a digital watch in her right hand and at a horizontal line of red tape on the flagpole at eye level. Just in front of the tape mark was a black electrical cable dangling from the ball. The cable had four other red tape stripes on it—one every sixteen feet—and one of them was supposed to pass the flagpole stripe every fifteen seconds during the descent.

Tama Starr, a poised and lively woman with chin-length black hair, was wearing tan boots, gray flannel slacks, a teal turtleneck sweater, sparkly earrings, a headset, and a short white fuzzy wool jacket that looked something like the pelt of a sheepdog. "Sixty seconds to ball drop," she said quietly, in a gentle, relaxed voice—almost an I-think-the-children-are-finally-falling-asleep voice.

Everything had been going well so far, and by Artkraft standards the job was a piece of cake—it certainly didn't call on the company's full range of skills. Artkraft works on a thousand signs a year in a plant on Twelfth Avenue that is part machine shop, part garment factory, part chemistry lab, and part sculptor's studio, and a master craftsman there, working from patterns, can in about a day make, say, a perfectly balanced four-foot-long, three-dimensional, multicolored neon parrot-and-swing out of a single piece of glass tubing. The company built most of the giant signs in Times Square, and also the Diamondvision scoreboard at Shea Stadium and the new bronze-and-glass marquee for Carnegie Hall.

There were a couple of new angles to the ball drop this year, though. WNSR, a New York "soft rock" FM station, was sponsoring a four-laser light show over Times Square—a first for the Square. Bright blue-green beams arced and danced and sizzled overhead before, during, and after the final minute of the year. This was why Tama was wearing a headset: so she could transmit time signals to the laser designer—Dick Sandhaus, from the Science Faction Corporation—who was holed up with two of his lasers, two computers, a telephone, and a plate of bagels, lox, onions, and tomatoes in a plastic tent on a setback on the seventeenth floor of the building. Also, there was the "leap second"—a second that astronomers had added to the calendar to compensate for a slowing in the earth's rotation. It was because of the leap second that the strobes had been added to the ball—by Mel Starr, Artkraft's president and Tama's father and the company's principal designer. The idea was that at the end of the countdown Tama would say, "Five, four, three, two, one, LEAP, *zero*," and that at "LEAP" the red lights would be turned out and the ghostly strobes would display the second that wasn't 1987 and wasn't 1988. Then, at "*zero*," the strobes would go out, too, and a sign on top of the wall at the spot where the ball had stopped would flash "1988." But the strobes made the ball a lot heavier than it had ever been before, and it was possible that its weight might be bending the flagpole slightly. Would this interfere with steady, hand-over-hand lowering?

The team started its work. The men looked like acrobats supporting a swaying human pyramid or like sailors hauling down a huge piece of wet canvas.

"Fifty seconds to ball drop.

"Looking good.

"Very good.

"Twenty-five, twenty-four, twenty-three . . .

"A little faster, faster.

"Now slow it a little.

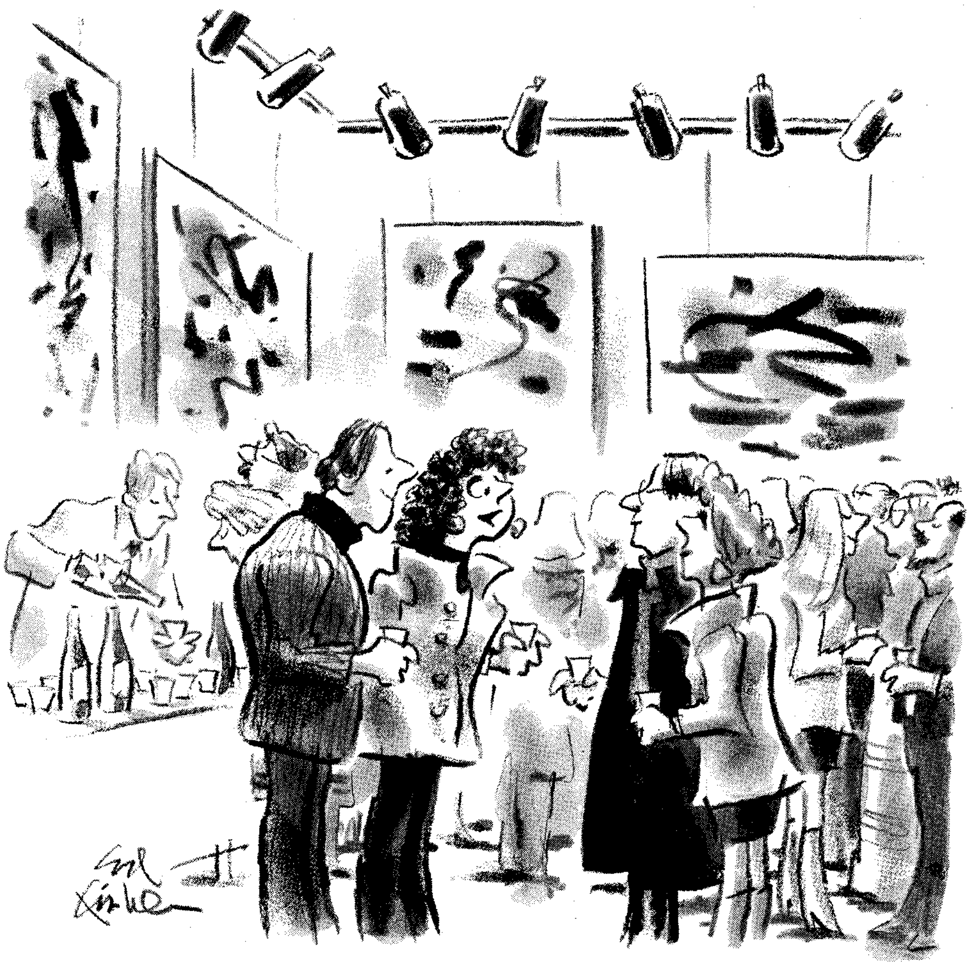
"Sixteen, fifteen . . .

"Hold on!

"Three, two, one, LEAP! *Zero!*

"Happy New Year! Good show!"

Laughs, hugs, sighs, thumps on the back. Bottles of champagne. Red light



"We go to these things hoping to discover either a terrific new artist or a good, cheap, drinkable California white."

• •

bulbs unscrewed to give to friends. Once again, everything had gone without a hitch.

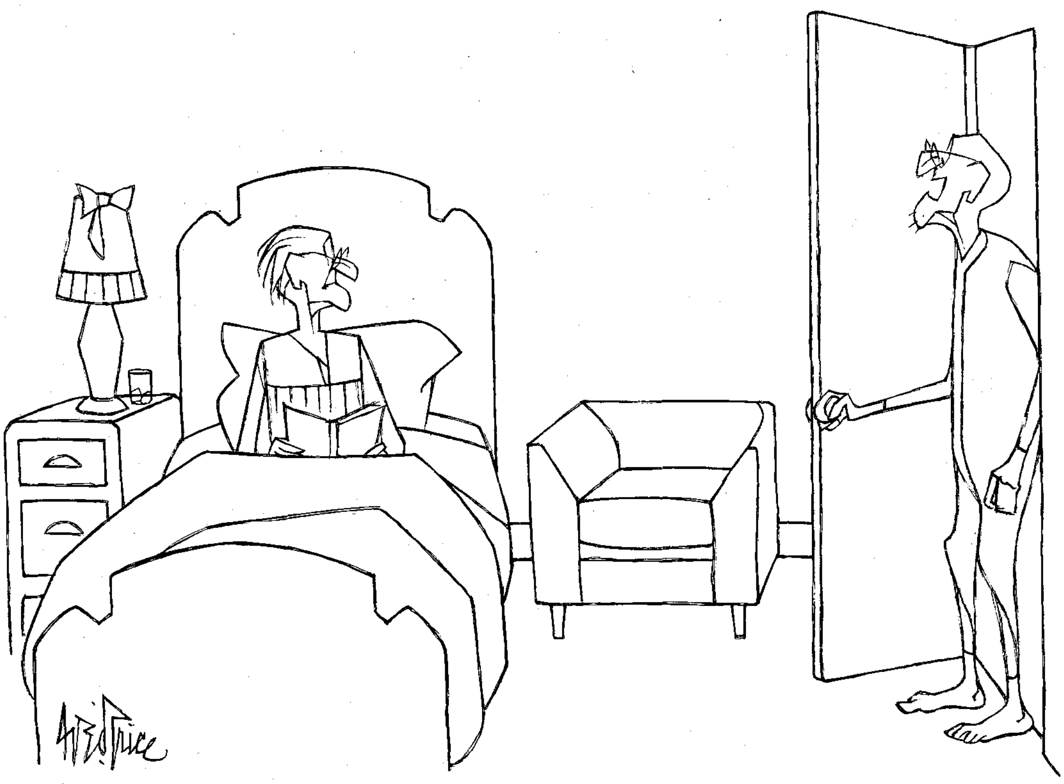
Up

SUSAN MURPHY and Elizabeth Gavin are trapeze artists. They live in adjoining lofts on the sixth floor of an old warehouse on West Twenty-third Street. Susan is forty. She has short blond hair, a perfectly toned and slightly boyish body, and a soft Southern accent. She comes from Georgia. She has six trapezes, which hang from broad wooden beams exposed where she has torn away a piece of stamped-metal loft ceiling—it looks as though she had just pulled it back like the lid of a tin can. Elizabeth is eight. She has dark-brown hair and a beautiful, serious, very slightly pug-nosed face. She is a New Yorker.

Susan and Elizabeth performed together recently at the Anita Shapolsky Gallery, on Spring Street, in "Up Is a Good Place"—a program of what Susan sometimes calls "aerial dance," to distinguish it from the kind of trapeze performance you see in the circus. Another neighbor, Susan Peck, who lives in a third loft on the same floor—opposite the one where Elizabeth lives, with her mother and her little brother, Nick—also performed in the show, which combined acrobatic tricks with dance movement you might see at a Twyla Tharp performance (although not six feet off the ground). All three of the artists got very good reviews. ("A charmingly grave and fearless young trapeze dancer," the *Times* called Elizabeth). The program included a duet for Susan Murphy and Elizabeth, another for the two Susans, and a third for Elizabeth and a trapeze dancer from the West Coast named Bob Davidson.

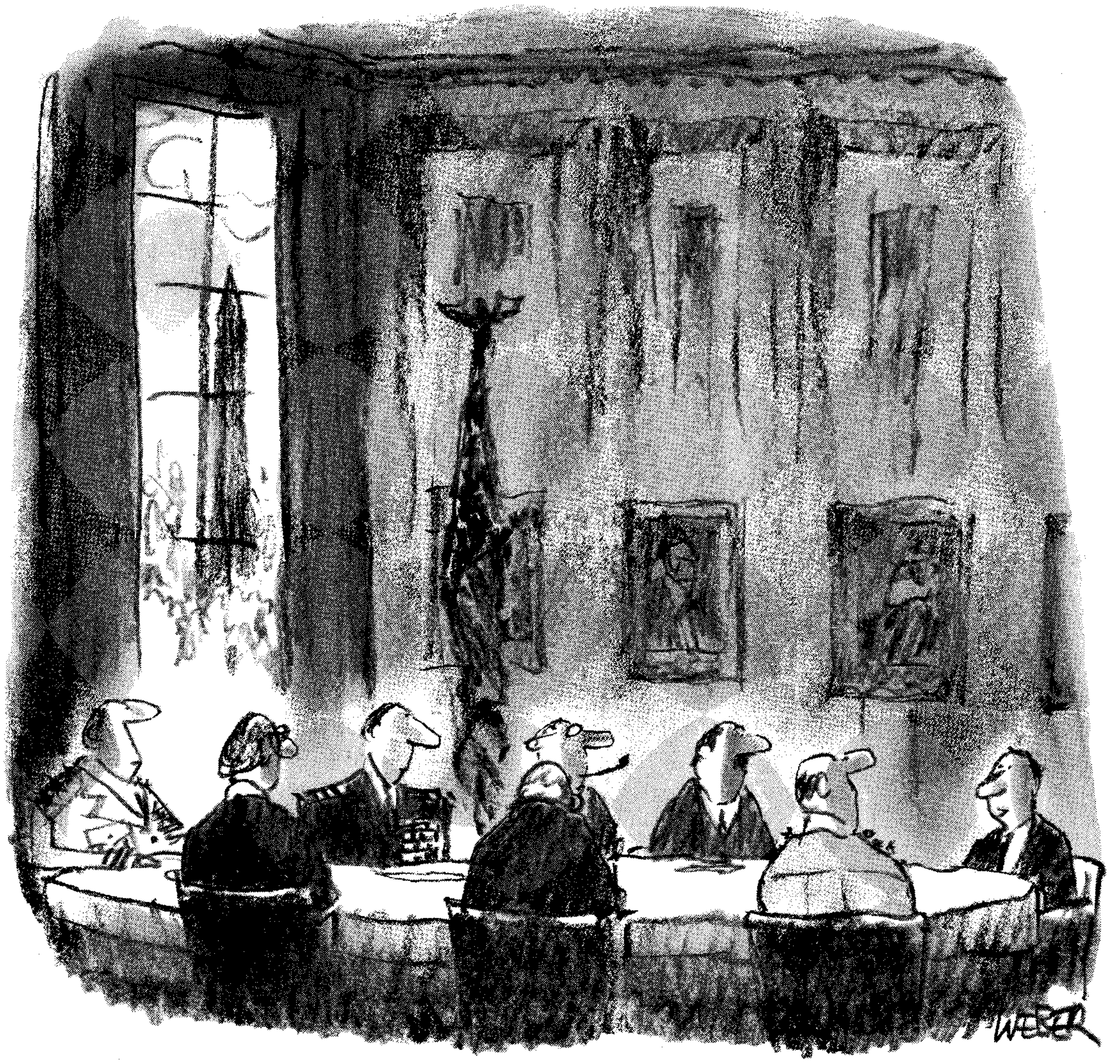
Susan Murphy has always enjoyed being in midair, but she began to study trapeze only a decade ago. "When I was a little girl, I loved climbing trees more than anything," she said to a visitor not long ago. "I loved the sort of dreamy mind state it evoked. I never cared much for circuses. For me, the trapeze is connected to climbing trees. There was a tree near the road where we lived, and from up there you could watch life go by. No one could see you—the secret life of being *up*. City children don't get to climb trees much. I think the trapezes are Elizabeth's trees. I first got interested in trapeze in 1978, when I was living in Berkeley. I was studying dance and gymnastics, but I wasn't really happy trying to dance. My body's just not balletic. I didn't have any extension. I felt awkward. I couldn't speak my body's language on the floor. Then I went to a trapeze class that a woman named Terry Sendgraff was giving, and I felt I'd come home. I loved being surrounded by air. I moved to East Hampton after California, and I decided that I wanted to take up trapeze again. So a friend let me put up a trapeze in his barn. It was a beautiful little barn, with a cow and a horse and two cats and a lot of hay. I could try the most dangerous stunts, and I'd just land in these big bundles of sweet-smelling hay. The company of the animals was calming, too, and helped me develop my own style of trapeze dancing. Before, my trapeze had been very feminine—languishing, hanging, draping. But I began to develop some upper-body strength, and could really pull up. Then, when I moved to the city, in 1984, I started taking classes with the Big Apple Circus."

Susan reached for one of the bars that hung above her head, pulled herself up on it, and began to swing, while continuing to speak to her visitor, in the same soft voice. "Now, *this* is a traditional circus trapeze," she said. "It has a very slender metal bar and tiny little elbows—little pads at either end, where the bar joins the ropes. The ropes on a circus trapeze always go up parallel to each other, and circus performers use the rope presentationally—as though the trapeze were a frame and they were doing tricks *within* the frame." She frowned, and leaped to another trapeze, which hung from a triangle of rope. "Now, Terry created this trapeze, which is secured to a single point—the two ropes go up diagonally and come together at the top. There are big padded elbows, so that you can do stuff like this." She threw herself back over the trapeze, with her knees thrust out against the padded elbows for support. "Because the rope goes up into one secure point, you can spin on the trapeze as the rope braids and unbraids." She demonstrated, and then swung up to still another kind of trapeze. "Now, *my* trapeze—the one I've invented—combines the two: the two ropes go



"It's me, Clara—authorized personnel."

up parallel to a second bar, above the one you work with, and diagonally up from there to a single point. Terry's work has always been opposed to virtuosity, while the great circus performers are pure virtuosity. I'm between the two. I'm interested in performance dazzle, but I want to keep that quality of being simple and wanting to reach and pull and hang. I suppose that side of it is what brought Elizabeth in here in the first place. I've known her mother, Sally, for a long time. They moved in next door, with Nick, about a year ago. Elizabeth had always liked coming here to play on the trapezes, but after they moved here she really started hanging out, as she put it. From the start, she had such a fearless and sensitive feeling for movement. And she was so severe. 'Let's clean up the space first. I like to work when it's orderly,' she used to say. Or 'Teach me something powerful now.' We started improvising together, and then we'd videotape what we were doing, and select whatever looked best and start trying to sew it together. I wanted the piece to be about love and tenderness for each other—about stillness: swinging, holding, shaping. I don't mean that I set out to do that, exactly—that would be too contrived and too grandiose. What is so touching and special about the trapezes is that they evoke metaphors and images naturally. Just by negotiating the functional demands of the equipment, you get into mythical figures."

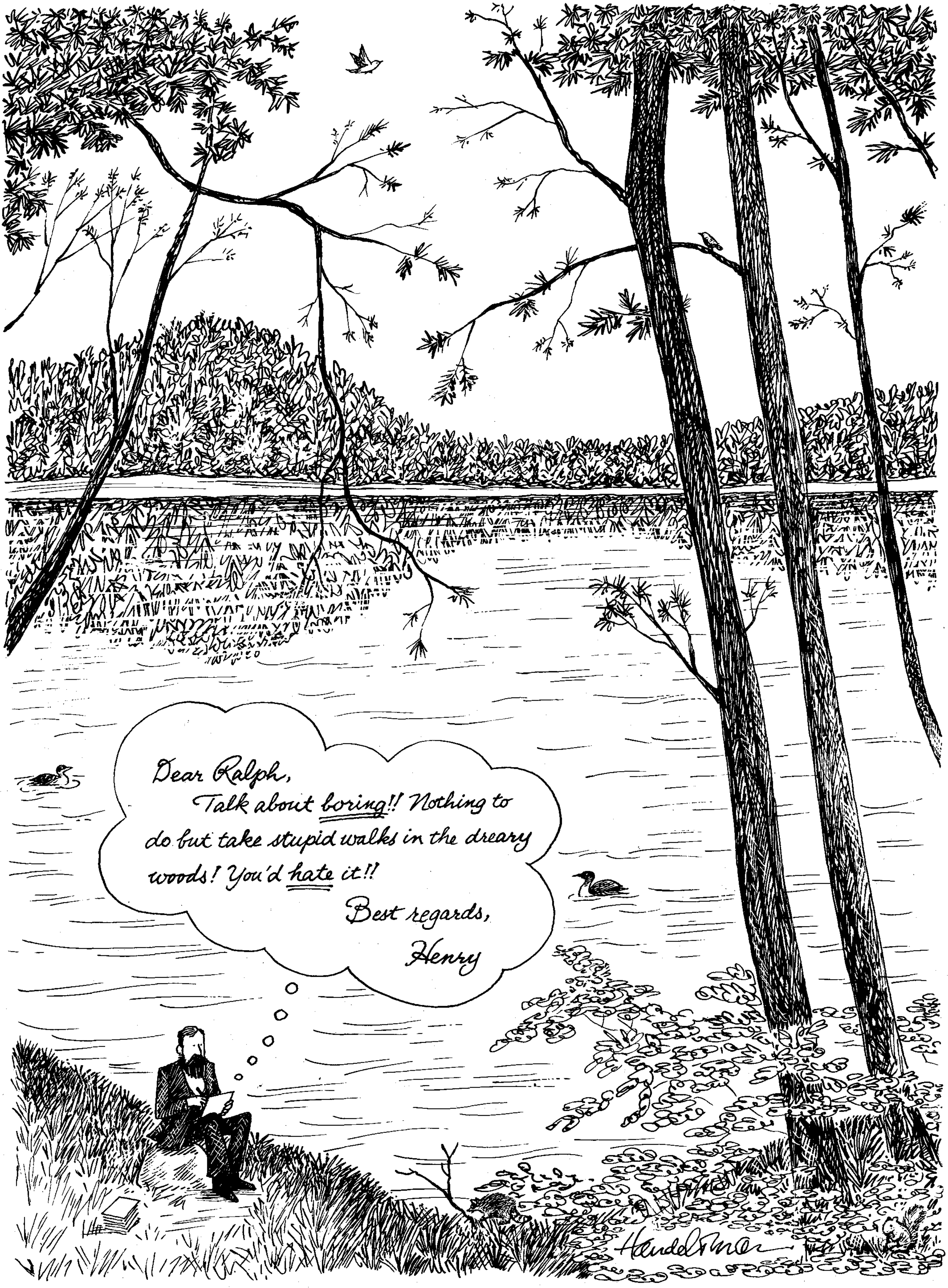


"In my plan, the atomic bomb is used only for emphasis."

• •

When Susan Murphy holds out her hand, you see a ridge of yellowed calluses on her upper palm and the lower parts of her fingers. When you meet Elizabeth Gavin, she shakes your hand gravely, and you feel that same ridge of hardened skin. Elizabeth—no one ever calls her Betty or Beth or Liza or Lizzie—has pronounced likes and dislikes. Her favorite food is the artichoke ("You just pull off the leaves and eat them with butter. Who says it's a hard food?"), and her favorite book is "Harriet the Spy" ("After I read that, I decided I was *Elizabeth* the Spy. It was a phase"). She is more of a formalist than Susan Murphy—more Balanchine than Graham. "Susan would always say that our piece is about a mother and a daughter," she said recently. "That's what she talked about—a lot. For me, it was kind of different. I just felt like I was flying in a different world. It wasn't *about* anything, exactly. I like to go over to Susan's house just for fun. I did uneven parallel bars at school, and it's sort of the same thing. Trapeze is better, though, because you feel more *lifted*. I like to improvise on the trapeze. It's hard to improvise on the uneven parallel bars, because they're rigid. I'm never scared on the trapeze. All my friends say, 'Aren't you scared?' But I feel safe. Sometimes I was a little scared at the *gallery*, but only because everybody was watching me."

Elizabeth's performance in SoHo was not her first appearance onstage. "I was in a play at school," she said. "It was a play about Martin Luther King. I didn't want to be a policeman, but that was the part I got. I had to drag Martin Luther King across the stage and pull him backstage. I wanted to be Rosa Parks. If you were Rosa Parks, you got to sit in the bus. It was a neat bus, actually. You stuck your *hand* through, and you carried it with you. When I'm on the trapezes, I try not to act too smart. I don't like to watch people doing things who think they're smart. When I'm on the trapeze, it just comes to me, and I just do it."


Dear Ralph,
Talk about boring!! Nothing to do but take stupid walks in the dreary woods! You'd hate it!!
Best regards,
Henry

By Strategic Use of Postcards, Thoreau Manages to Keep Walden Pond Unspoiled.

THE MAD POTTER

Now, at the turn of the year, this coil of clay
Bites its own tail: a New Year starts to choke
On the old one's ragged end. I bite my tongue
As the end of me—of my rope of stuff and nonsense
(The nonsense held, it was the stuff that broke),
Of bones and light, of levity and crime,
Of reddish clay and hope—still bides its time.

Each of my pots is quite unusable,
Even for contemplating as an object
Of gross unuse. In its own mode of being
Useless, though, each of them remains unique,
Subject to nothing, and themselves unseeing,
Stronger by virtue of what makes them weak.

I pound at all my clay. I pound the air.
This senseless lump, slapped into something like
Something, sits bound around by my despair.
For even as the great Creator's free
Hand shapes the forms of life, so—what? This pot,
Unhollowed solid, too full of itself,
Runneth over with incapacity.
I put it with the others on the shelf.

These tiny cups will each provide one sip
Of what's inside them, aphoristic prose
Unwilling, like full arguments, to make
Its points, then join them in extended lines
Like long draughts from the cup of a deep lake.
The honey of knowledge, like my milky slip,
Firms slowly up against what merely flows.

Some of my older pieces bore inscriptions
That told a story only when you'd learned
How not to read them: LIVE reverted to EVIL,
EROS kept running backwards into SORE.
Their words, all fired up for truth, got burned.
I'll not write on weak vessels anymore.

My juvenilia? I gave them names
In those days: Hans was all handles and no spout;
Bernie believed the whole world turned about
Himself alone; Sadie was close to James
(But Herman touched her bottom when he could);
Paul fell to pieces; Peter wore away
To nothing; Len was never any good;
Alf was a flat, random pancake, May
An opened blossom; Bud was an ashtray.
Even their names break off, though: What's-his-face,
That death mask of Desire, and—you know!—
The smaller version of that (Oh, what was it?—
You know . . .). All of my pots now have to go
By number only. Which is no disgrace.

Begin with being, in an anagram
Of unending; conclude in some dark den.
This is no matter. What I've been I am:
What I will be is what I make of all
This clay, this moment. Now begin again . . .
Poured out of emptiness, drop by slow drop,
I start up at the quarrelling sounds of water.
Pots cry out silently at me to stop.

What are we like? A barrelful of this
Oozy wet substance, shadow-crammed, whose smudges
Of darkness lurk within but rise to kiss
The fingers that disturb the gentle edges
Of their bland world of shapelessness and bliss.

The half-formed cup cries out in agony,
The lump of clay suffers a silent pain.
I heard the cup, though, full of feeling, say,
"O clay be true, O clay keep constant to
Your need to take, again and once again,
This pounding from your mad creator, who
Only stops hurting when he's hurting you."

What will I then have left behind me? Over
The years I have originated some
Glazes that wear away at what they cover
And weep for what they never can become.
My Deadware, widely imitated; blue
Skyware of an amazing lightness; tired
Hopeware that I abandoned for my own
Good reasons; Hereware; Thereware; ware that grew
Weary of everything that earth desired;
Hellware that dances while it's being fired;
Noware that vanishes while being thrown.

Appearing to be silly, wisdom survives,
Like tribes of superseded gods who go
Hiding in caves of triviality
From which they laughingly control our lives.
So with my useless pots: safe from the blow
Of carelessness, or outrage at their flaws,
They brave time's lion and his smashing paws.

All of which tempts intelligence to call
Pure uselessness one more commodity.
The Good-for-Nothing once became our Hero,
But images of him, laid-back, carelessly
Laughing, were upright statues after all.
From straight above, each cup adds up to zero.

Clay to clay: Soon I shall indeed become
Dumb as these solid cups of hardened mud
(Dull *terra cruda* colored like our blood);
Meanwhile the slap and thump of palm and thumb
On wet misshapenness begins to hum
With meaning that was silent for so long.
The words of my wheel's turning come to ring
Truer than Truth itself does, my great *Ding
Dong an sich* that echoes everything
(Against it even lovely bells ring wrong):
Its whole voice gathers up the purest parts
Of all our speech, the vowels of the earth,
The aspirations of our hopeful hearts
Or the prophetic sibilance of song.

—John Hollander

SLOWLY

LATER, this is how we heard it: It was the sixth day of their honeymoon and their last day in Ireland. They decided to drive to the coast, to a beach they had passed the day before, and picnic. At the breakfast table, Jane made a list of what they needed for their meal, and after breakfast Ethan drove the rental car to the closest town to shop. Jane went for a walk on the bridle path, saw no horses, saw deer, came back to their room, packed their bags, and went down to the terrace and waited. When Ethan had not returned in an hour and a half she mentioned this to the hotel owner, Mr. Fitzgibbon. He told her the stores didn't open till ten; her husband would return by eleven. At noon Mr. Fitzgibbon called the police in Dingle; they told him yes, an American had been in an accident. Driving on the wrong side of the road. Hit by a truck. Deader than—well, dead.

I had been the best man at their wedding. I am—was—Ethan's brother. I had introduced him to Jane Hobard, who had been my friend in college. I stood beside Ethan and watched Jane walk down the aisle. I gave him the ring; I gave it to him and he gave it to Jane. I watched him slip it down her finger. I woke them at four o'clock the morning after and drove them down the deserted highways to the airport. I helped them unload their bags and then I left them. I kissed Jane goodbye, but I didn't kiss Ethan. Did I shake his hand? Did I touch his shoulder? I don't remember. Probably not.

JANE did not come to the memorial service. She quit her job and moved to her parents' house on an island in a lake in Canada. I sent her a letter and waited, but got no answer. The summer passed. The week before Labor Day, her younger brother, Teddy, called me at work in Washington.

"Tom?" he said. "I have a mission that involves you."

"What?" I asked.

"I have been instructed to take you to Château Hobard this weekend. I am driving up Friday evening and I am not supposed to arrive without you. What are you doing this weekend?"

"Nothing," I said.

"It's Labor Day, you know," said Teddy.

"I know."

"And you don't have plans?"

"No. Well, I was going out to Maryland, to my parents'. But . . . Is this Jane's idea?"

"Yes," said Teddy.

"How is she?" I asked.

"I haven't been up in a while. She doesn't talk on the phone. Can you come? If you can get to New York Friday afternoon, I'll drive you the rest of the way."

That night I told Charles about Teddy's mission. "I take it," Charles said, "that I wasn't invited."

"Teddy didn't mention you."

"Château Hobard," Charles said. "Do they really call it that?"

"Yes," I said. "As a joke."

"Well, you should go," said Charles. "You've been summoned." Charles didn't like Jane. I had made the mistake of telling him that if I weren't gay I would have liked to marry Jane myself.

"What will you do?" I asked.

"Nothing," he said. "But don't feel that you're abandoning me."

"You could go out to my parents'," I said.

"You mean spend the weekend with Chester and Eileen? At Château Kildare?"

"Yes," I said.

"You are so wonderfully and pathetically naïve," Charles said.

CHÂTEAU HOBARD was reached via a ferry from a small town called Big Bay. Teddy and I arrived there about three o'clock Saturday morning. We had breakfast in a diner and sat in the car waiting for the first ferry. "Last summer I did this with Ethan," Teddy said. "It was Labor Day, too."

"I remember," I said. "It was when they got engaged."

"It's a shame," said Teddy.

I didn't say anything.

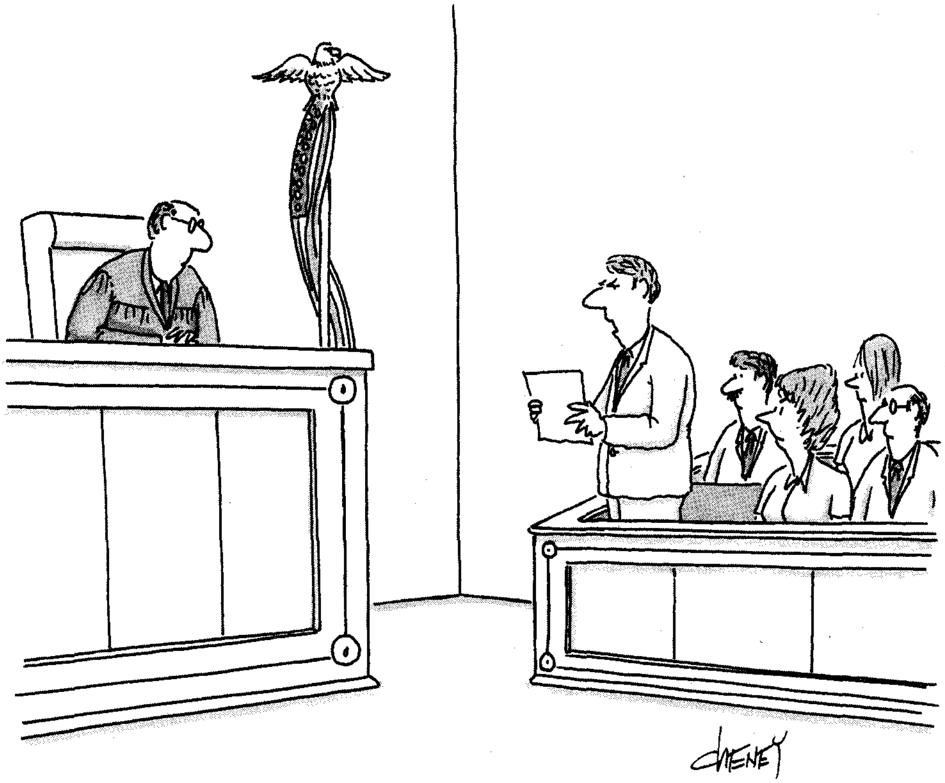
"I taught him how to windsurf

"Oh, do you really like it? It's steeped in the history of the Aegean."

that weekend. He was terrible."

"He wasn't an athlete," I said. "I got all the athletic genes."

"That's funny," said Teddy. After a while he fell asleep; at least he slumped forward and drooled. I liked Teddy. I reclined his seat and pushed him back into it; he woke for a second and smiled at me, wiped the spittle from his face, and fell back asleep. I got out of the car and walked through the deserted town, looking in the shopwindows at the mannequins and lawnmowers and books. In the half-darkness they all looked vaguely alike. Everything seemed just on the verge of being alive, poised on the edge of gesticulation. I thought about running away, finding the bus or train or taxi station and disappearing north into the wilderness. But I went nowhere. As it got light I could see the island across the lake, and as the sun rose it struck the fronts of the houses there. Windows gleamed as if they had lanterns hung in them. As if the houses were on fire.



"Your Honor, the jury finds the defendant weakly developed as a central character, overshadowed by the principal witnesses, unconvincingly portrayed as a victim of society, and guilty as charged."

• •

"JANE has gone to pick berries," Mrs. Hobard said. "She claims she will bake a pie."

"Oh," I said. And then, "What kind of berries?" I couldn't think of anything else to say. Mrs. Hobard was showing me my room. The house was old and made of stone; my room was in a kind of tower.

"Gooseberries," said Mrs. Hobard. "There is a thicket of them up past the barn. Did you notice the barn?"

"No," I said.

"It's straight down the driveway and across the field. If you follow the path behind it—the dirt path, not the gravel one—you'll find the berries. And, I hope, Jane. Why don't you go help her?"

"O.K.," I said.

"There's an extra blanket in here," said Mrs. Hobard, opening an armoire. "It gets cold at night." She laid the blanket across the foot of the bed.

"How is Jane?" I asked.

Mrs. Hobard smoothed the blanket. "I don't know," she said. "She doesn't talk about it. I think it's good she wants to see you." She looked up at me. "Go find her," she said. "Tell her to come home for lunch."

I FOLLOWED the dirt path up through the woods to a small meadow. It was the highest point on the island. I could see the lake on all sides, filled now with boats and event, although it was quiet up on the bluff. The gooseberry bushes ringed the field. They were low and scrubby and full of tent caterpillars, not berries. I walked across the meadow and found Jane lying asleep in the hot tall grass. I stood and watched her. She was lying on her back, her arms crossed over her breast, her face turned to one side. I knelt down and looked into her pail. There were some berries in it, but mostly it was full of other things: twigs and stones and flowers. A toad leapt up against the curved cool metal, falling back into the debris. I set him free.

"Jane," I said, and my voice sounded awful, the way I've heard it when it has been recorded and played back. I moved my hand above her face so that it blocked the sun, shadowed her eyes.

They opened. She smiled at me for a moment and then sat up. "Hello," she said.

"Hi," I said.

"I was sleeping," she said. "What time is it?"

"About noon." I looked up at the sun, as if I could tell time by it. It did seem to be at the top of the sky. "Your mother says to come home for lunch."

"You came," she said.

"Yes. With Ted."

"You've never been here," she said. "What do you think?"

"It's beautiful," I said.

"You saw the house?"

"Yes."

"I got your letter," she said. "Thanks."

I shrugged. I sat down. She picked up her bucket.

"I let the frog go," I said.

"It was a toad."

"I let him go," I repeated. "He went thataway."

"I think I'm still a little asleep," said Jane. She looked up at the sky. "I sleep all the time now," she said. "I was taking these tranquillizers, but I'm not anymore. But I still sleep."

"Sleeping's cool," I said.

"I was hysterical for a while," said Jane. "You missed it. Now I'm not hysterical anymore. I just sleep."

"Should we pick more berries?" I asked.

She looked in the bucket. "The toad probably peed on all of these," she said. She emptied the bucket onto the place where she had been sleeping: the warm, matted grass. "Let's go have some lunch," she said.

"O.K.," I said. I started walking toward the path.

"Wait," said Jane. "Come here. We have to hug. I want to hug you."

I stepped through the grass and hugged her. I knew she was crying by the way she shook, and then I heard it. I held her and looked out at the water. Then I looked down at the berries and petals strewn in the grass. I closed my eyes.

"SOMETIMES I can't stop," Jane said as we walked down the path through the trees. "The first time I went to Big Bay—the only time, actually—I got completely hysterical. It was rather wonderful. I went over to see 'Born Free'—you know, about the lions. They show a movie at the high school every Saturday night. Very rinky-dink. Anyway, it was a big deal: my first trip to the mainland. Back to life, I guess. I went with my parents. We had dinner at the hotel, and I was fine. I felt quite ordinary. I had dessert and everything. And then we went to the movie, which was in the gym—all these folding chairs and a movie screen under the basketball hoop. You would have loved it. About two minutes into it, the man-eating lion kills a native woman washing her clothes. You don't even know the woman, you've developed no sympathy for her. I mean, she's not a character. She's just this woman. Well, I completely lost it. I started crying, and I couldn't stop. All the way back home on the ferry I cried, and when we got home they wanted to take me back over to the doctor, and somehow that stopped me. The idea of distance. Of travelling. I realized I just wanted to go to bed. You get to a point where you don't want to cry anymore—at least not cry and travel—and then it's easy to stop. That's when I started taking the tranquillizers."

"But you've stopped?"

"Yes. I don't need them anymore. I'm fine."

I looked at her. We had emerged from the woods into the pasture behind the barn. "You're fine?" I asked.

"I mean I'm better," she said. "How are you?"

There was a tree in the field, and some cows lying underneath it. They seemed to be watching us. "I'm better, too," I said.

We stood for a moment, watching the cows. Jane mooed. It sounded authentic to me, but the cows took no notice.

THAT night, after dinner, we sat on the terrace and watched the sun set. Barrels of salmon-colored geraniums separated the flagstones from the lawn, which sloped down the hill to the lake, where it ended abruptly, as if it were a scene in a child's coloring book: lawn, water; green, blue. At the same moment in the evening's descent, when the light from the sun was falling most beautifully through the clouds, groundhogs appeared from the earth and sat, Buddha-like, on the lawn. They seemed to be waiting to sing: something ancient, in unison.

We were all there: the parents Hobard, Teddy, Jane's younger sister Eleanor, her boyfriend Scott, Jane, and I. No one said anything. We watched the sun and the groundhogs as if they were fascinating and specially rehearsed.

"There's one that's albino," Eleanor finally said. "Scott and I saw it the other night. He looks like a baby polar bear."

"I've never heard of an albino groundhog," said Mrs. Hobard.

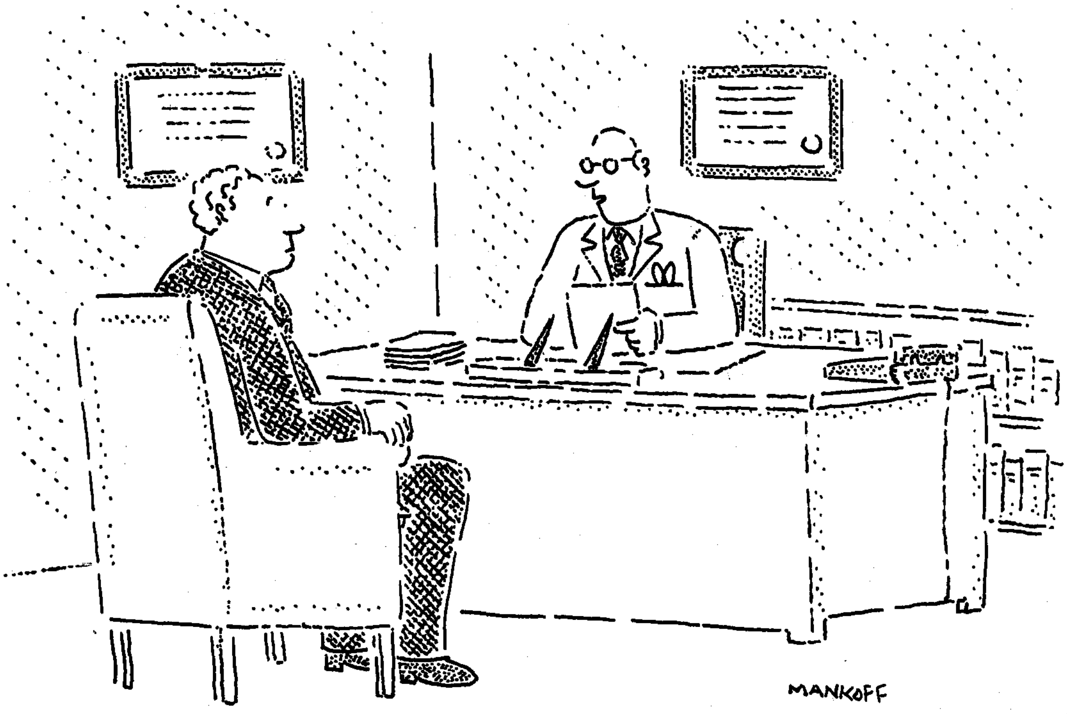
"There are albino everything," said Eleanor.

"I bet it was a rabbit," said Mrs. Hobard.

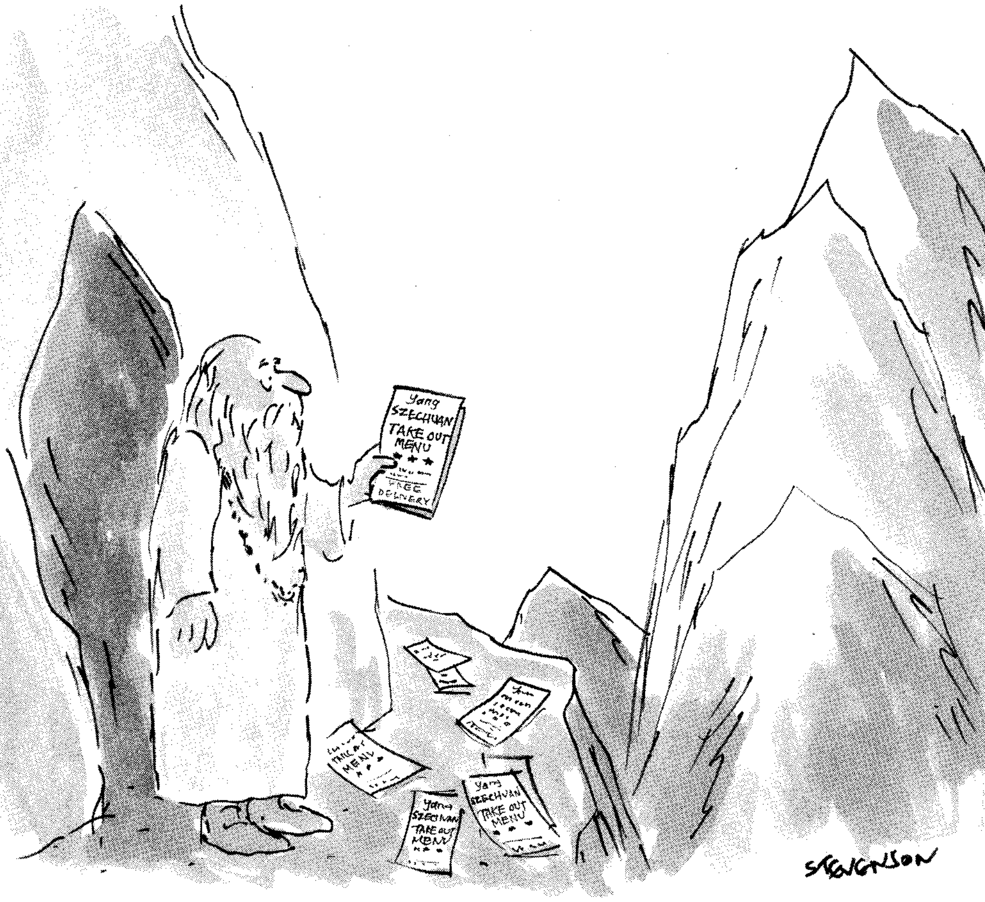
"It wasn't a rabbit," said Eleanor. "What would a rabbit be doing in a groundhog burrow?"

"Vacationing?" suggested Mrs. Hobard.

The sun and the groundhogs departed simultaneously. Mr. Hobard lit kerosene torches, and we watched bats swoop from one side of the lawn to the other. Crickets chirped. We played a game called adverbs, which was a little like charades. People had to act out a scene in the manner of an adverb while someone tried to guess what the adverb was. Mr. Hobard was dismissed to be the guesser. We decided on "surreptitiously." Mr. Hobard returned, and directed Mrs. Hobard to sell Eleanor a hat in the manner of the word. Mr. Hobard guessed "incompetently" and "lackadaisically." New participants and a new scenario were needed. While Scott tried to surreptitiously teach Teddy German, I looked across the firelit terrace at Jane, who was sitting on a wrought-iron bench, looking down at the lake. Her cheeks and eyes were wet.



"Nothing serious, Bob—just a case of the forties."



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I knew why she was crying, or I thought I did: it should have been Ethan sitting here, across the patio, or, better yet, beside her on the bench; it should have been Ethan she had canoed with that afternoon; it should have been Ethan—my brother Ethan—who woke her in the field surrounded by gooseberry bushes. That is why I thought she was crying; that is why I cried.

I got up and moved down the lawn, out of the hot flickering light, into the shadowed bumpy groundhog turf. Behind me, the adverb was declared too difficult and the game abandoned. "You must be exhausted, Thomas," Mrs. Hobard called out to me, "and you, too, Teddy, driving all last night. I think we're all tired."

"I'm not," said Eleanor. "I'm going to swim. Do you want to swim, Scott?"

"No," said Scott, "Swimming in dark water gives me the creeps."

"It's beautiful at night," said Eleanor. "Will you come, Jane?"

Jane stood up. "I'll come watch you," she said. "You shouldn't swim alone."

"Let's take the canoe out," said Eleanor. "We'll look in the swamp for foxfire." The two of them set off down the lawn.

"Be careful," called Mrs. Hobard.

We watched their shapes disappear toward the lake, into the trees, and then heard the canoe being launched, the slow splash of paddles, their voices. Then it was quiet.

I said good night and went up to my room in the tower. I couldn't find the light switch, so I undressed in the dark. I opened the windows and leaned out into the night. The torches had been extinguished. I could hear the click of billiard balls from downstairs and, in the far distance, Eleanor's laugh. A splash.

In bed I thought about Ethan, just missing him. I realized I did not want to be there anymore, in that tower of Château Hobard. It was not that I thought it was haunted. It was that I wished it were.

"MY turn to wake you up," Jane said. She was standing beside my bed, grinning down at me. It was still dark. "I've been watching you sleep," she said. "You sleep the untroubled sleep of angels."

"How long have you been watching?" I asked.

"Not long. What were you dreaming about?"

"I don't know. I don't think I was dreaming."

"Of course you were. I could tell. Were you dreaming of Charles?"

"No," I said.

Jane sat down on the window seat beside the bed and kicked off her shoes. "How is Charles? I forgot to tell you how pleased I was to meet him. It was nice of you to bring him to the wedding."

"He said to say hello," I lied.

"He's awfully good-looking," said Jane, "and he can dance. Did you know that? Do you ever dance together?"

"No," I said.

"That's sad," said Jane. "You should." She opened the window. "Eleanor's still out in the canoe. She got Scott to go with her. They went over to the hotel for a drink."

"What have you been doing?" I asked.

"Waiting. I won't be able to sleep until they get back." She looked out at the lake. "I think I saw the northern lights before. I was walking around the lake. I mean around the island. Come here. Come watch the sky."

"I can see from here," I said.

"But not properly," she said.

"It's too cold. I haven't got anything on."

"You're such a prude." She stood up and sat down beside me on the bed. "Move over," she said. "I'm coming in."

"There isn't much room," I said.

She got into bed beside me. For a while we said nothing. "Don't fall asleep," she said.

"I'm not," I said.

"So are you in love with this Charles?"

"I don't know," I said.

"Of course you do," she said.

"He's going to Africa," I said.

"To be an ambassador?"

"Economic attaché, at an embassy."

"Are you going with him?"

"I don't know. I doubt it."

"Why?"

"I don't think he wants me to come. I don't think the State Department does, either."

"Have you asked him?"

"Not really," I said.

"Maybe we should go to Africa, the two of us. We'll move to Africa and start a coffee plantation. At the foot of the Ngong Hills."

"Perfect," I said.

"Good," she said. "So it's all settled."

"Perfect," I repeated, sleepily.

"Don't fall asleep," Jane said.

"I won't."

We heard Eleanor's laugh out on the lake. Jane sat up. "They're coming home," she said. "In the wake of the moon. It looks lovely." She watched Eleanor and Scott paddle toward the shore. "I think they want to get married," she said.

"So why don't they?" I asked.

"Because of me. They're waiting on my account. For me to get over this."

"That's very sweet," I said.

"I know," said Jane. "Everyone's sweet. I hate it."

"Do you think I'm being sweet?"

"You're being sweetish," said Jane.

"I'm sorry."

"That was sweet," said Jane.

I didn't say anything. We lay in bed, listening to Eleanor and Scott come into the house. We listened to them climb the stairs, use the bathroom, get into bed. We listened to them make love. Then everything was quiet for a long time.

"Are you asleep?" I finally asked.

"No," said Jane. "Do you want me to leave?"

"No," I said.

"It's all right if I sleep here?"

"If you want," I said.

She turned and put her face against my neck. "You smell like him," she said. I didn't say anything. She must have felt me tense up, because she laid a hand on my chest, over my heart, and said, "Relax."

I tried to relax. I looked up at the ceiling. Jane continued to speak into my throat. "Did you get a postcard from Ethan?" she asked.

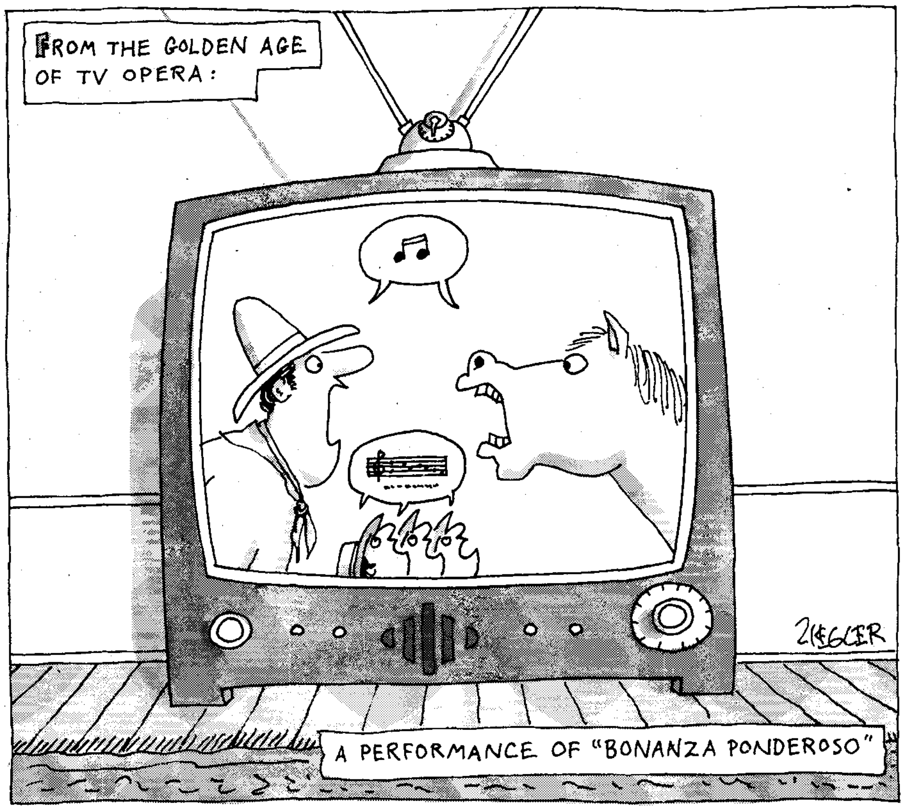
"Yes," I said.

"He mailed them that morning. We had written them the night before, on the terrace. We were staying at a castle. It wasn't really a castle, but they called it one. A cheat." She paused. She lifted her face away from my throat, and I could tell she was watching me. I continued to look at the ceiling.

"I think he knew what was going to happen," she said. "I mean, in some way he knew. Some instinctual way. He sent me a postcard. He bought it in town that morning. It was of the church in Dingle." She stopped talking. I thought she might cry.

"And what did it say?" I asked. I looked at her.

She wasn't crying. Her face was bright, her eyes and skin shone. "It said, 'Having a wonderful time. You are here.' "


FROM THE GOLDEN AGE OF TV OPERA:
ZIEGLER

A PERFORMANCE OF "BONANZA PONDEROSO"

TEDDY was staying the week at the lake, so I went home alone. I took a bus to Toronto and flew to Washington. I got home at about nine o'clock at night. Charles was out at some embassy reception. I got into bed and waited for him. I fell asleep and awoke an hour later to see Charles standing in the semi-darkness, removing his tuxedo. I felt a little as if I were dreaming. I lay there and watched him. He watched me. He unknotted his tie and it slithered out from his collar. He unwrapped his cummerbund. He unstudded his studs.

"I want to come to Africa," I said, once he was in bed.

"So come to Africa," he said.

"Do you want me to come to Africa?" I asked.

"Of course," he said. "What would Africa be without you?"

I thought for a moment. "Hot," I said. "And beautiful. Full of baobab trees, and lions."

"Exactly," said Charles.

—PETER CAMERON

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MOST UNPLEASANT METAPHOR OF THE WEEK

[*Teri Sforza in the Santa Barbara* (*Calif.*) *News-Press*]

"The record business. It eats people up and they disappear," said Dude McLean, a Santa Barbara-born music publisher who has managed to evade the jaws of death.

If the music industry was a sandwich, McLean would be the meat. That all-important link between two slices of bread. Santa Barbara songwriter Lorraine Bregante (whose "Love For What It Is" is the title song of Anita Pointer's new album) would be the bottom slice of bread.

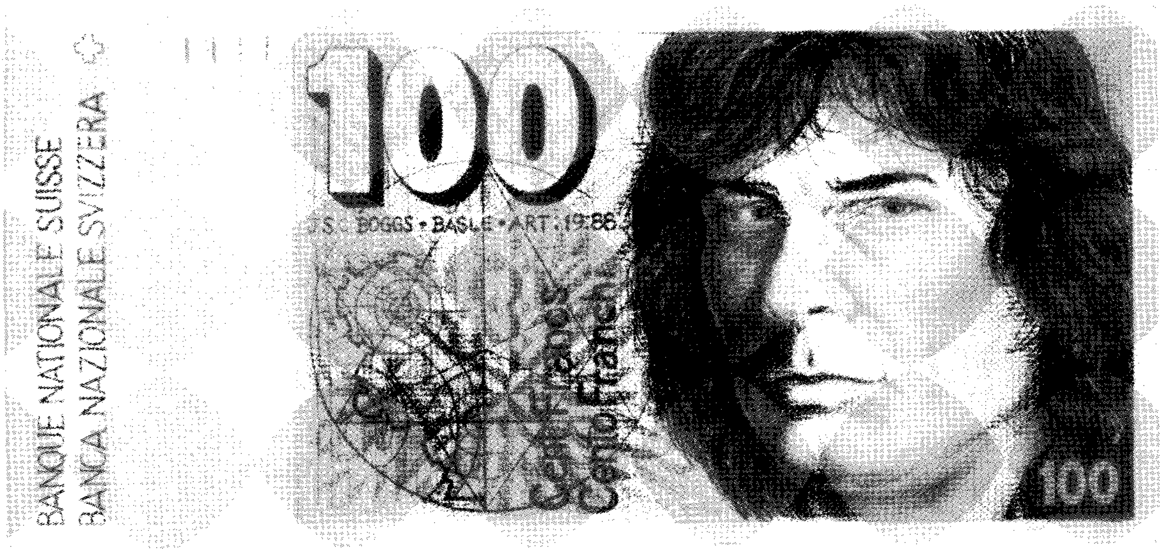
Pointer, of course, would be the top slice of bread.

Grab a napkin and some Pepto Bismol. This is a trek through the bowels of the industry. A look at the process of spawning a hit record. It bears a striking resemblance to the process of digestion, but backward: from small intestine (songwriter) to stomach (publisher) to mouth (recording artist)—and takes far, far longer.

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

VALUE

I—A FOOL'S QUESTIONS



Courtesy Jeffrey Neale Gallery

J. S. G. Boggs is a young artist who likes to invite you out to dinner at a restaurant, run up a tab of, say, eighty-seven dollars, and then, while sipping coffee, reach into his satchel and pull out a drawing he's been working on for several days. The drawing, on a small sheet of high-quality paper, might consist, in this instance, of a virtually exact rendition of the face side of a hundred-dollar bill. He next pulls out from his satchel a couple of precision pens—one green ink, the other black—and proceeds to apply the finishing touches to his drawing. This activity invariably causes a stir. Guests at neighboring tables crane their necks. Passing waiters stop to gawk. The maître d' eventually drifts over, stares for a while, and then remarks on the excellence of the young man's art. "Thank you," Boggs says. "I'm glad you like this drawing, because I intend to use it as payment for our meal."

At that moment, invariably, a chill descends upon the room. The maître d' blanches. You can just see his mind reeling ("Oh, no, not another nut case") as he begins to plot strategy: Should he call the police? How is he going to avoid a scene? But Boggs almost immediately reëstablishes a measure of equilibrium by reaching into his satchel and pulling out a real hundred-dollar bill—indeed, the very model for the drawing—and saying, "I mean, of course, if you want, you can take this regular hundred-dollar bill here instead." Color is returning to the maître d's face. "But, as you can see," Boggs continues, "I'm an artist, and I drew this. It took me many hours to do it, and it's certainly worth something. I'm assigning it an arbitrary price, which just happens to coincide with its face value—one hundred dollars. That means that if you do decide to accept it as full payment for our meal, you're going to have to give me thirteen dollars in change. So you have to make up your mind whether you think this piece of art is worth more or less than this regular one-hundred-dollar bill. It's entirely up to you." Boggs smiles, and the maître d' blanches once again, because now he's into vertigo: the free-fall of worth and value.

Boggs has recently performed variations on this experiment at restaurants, hotels, airline-ticket counters, hot-dog stands, hardware stores, and the like, in the United States, England, Germany, France, Belgium, Ireland, Switzerland, and Italy. (Although he's American, he has been based in London for the past several years.) He has drawn large and small denominations of each of the local currencies, and he has evoked more and less hostile reactions from representatives of each of the local citizenries. Often, the maître d's and cabdrivers and shopkeepers have rejected his offer out of hand. But during the last two years Boggs has managed to gain acceptance of his proposal on more than seven hundred occasions, in transactions totalling well over thirty-five thousand dollars.

The entire game, of course, rests on the precision of Boggs' draftsmanship, which is remarkable, and yet Boggs always goes to great lengths to make sure that his patrons understand that he is not attempting to foist his drawings off as legal tender. For one thing, they're drawn on only one side of the paper; the other side is left blank except for Boggs' signature and documentation. And, in any case, good as they are, one couldn't very well mistake them for the real thing. Not, that is, unless one happened to be the Bank of England.

One evening in the fall of 1986, just before the opening of a show at the Young Unknowns Gallery in London which was to feature samples of Boggs' art, three constables raided the gallery, confiscated Boggs' work, and hauled him off to jail. Considerably later that evening, he was released into the custody of his solicitor. But many of his drawings remained in the custody of the British legal system (Boggs came to refer to these as "the Scotland Yard Collection"), and this past November, in the Central Criminal Court building, better known as the Old Bailey, Boggs went on trial, charged, under Section 18, Subsection 1, of the 1981 Forgery and Counterfeiting

Act, with four counts of reproducing British currency without the consent of the Bank of England.

IN WARM ROOMS, BEFORE A BLUE LIGHT

All over America tonight,
the males mince past us
gravely tall as dwarfs in "Snow White,"

single file, edged with pathos,
a comedy in frock coats played
out on Antarctic ice.

Each bird balances an egg
between his belly and the tops
of his feet, more or less snug

against freezing. Some will drop
as weeks pass and the bizarre parade
exacts in ritual upkeep.

Meanwhile the females swim
far and deep, fattening up
for the regurgitations to come.

The males on this nearly doomed march
lose one-third of their body weight
hitching the eggs along till they hatch,

and then, with nothing to feed the brood,
must vomit what little fluid
they can into those beseeching maws.

Now the macabre dance begins
in the teeth of the polar wind.
It's sheer motion to stay alive:

Starved fathers and unfledged youngsters
in a huddle of down and feathers
shuffle and weave a tight circle

from which some chicks will fall over
and freeze solid, their infant feet
sticking straight up, until the hard night

eases and the ice breaks loose
and waves of mothers rush back,
their blubbery bodies storehouses

of food for the desperate flock.
The males are released for a two-month binge
of Rabelaisian feasting

beyond the ice shelf, barely
enough time to make ready
for the next onslaught of natural

selection, a ten-month struggle
that keeps the species afloat
with purgings and gorgings.

And is there pleasure in it,
this bad hand Nature dealt them?
With zoom lenses we look in,

look in and wonder
at what flesh does for them—
we, who are going under.

—Maxine Kumin

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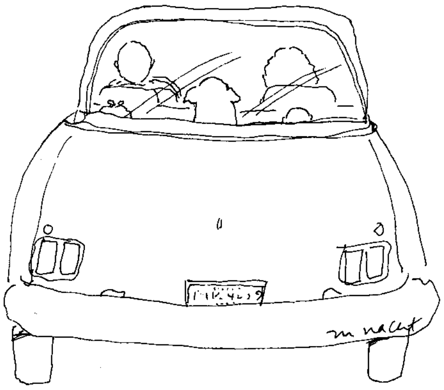
IF the Bank of England intended to exert some sort of chilling effect upon Boggs' enthusiasm, it clearly failed. Notwithstanding the trauma of his arrest and the spectre of the approaching trial, Boggs pursued his customary activities throughout the past year with undiminished passion. Some of the results of his curious investigations were on view last summer at the Jeffrey Neale Gallery, on Lafayette Street, in the NoHo district. Viewers of this, the artist's first one-man show in New York, were quickly given to understand that as far as Boggs is concerned the actual drawings of his various bills should be considered merely small parts—the catalysts, as it were—of his true art, which consists of the transactions that they provoke. Thus, in each instance the framed drawing of the money itself was surrounded by several other framed objects, including the receipt, the change (each bill signed and dated by Boggs, each coin scratched with Boggs' initials), and perhaps some other traces of the transaction (for example, evidence of the item purchased—the cardboard carton from a six-pack of beer; the ticket stubs for an air flight; a neatly pressed set of dress shirts—or a photograph of Boggs actually handing an impeccable waiter his drawing and receiving his change: the very change preserved behind glass in an adjoining frame).

Of course, the fact that all these pieces had now been gathered together, some as loans from private collections and others as entities available for purchase, raised some further questions about the transactions. If, for instance, Boggs did in fact manage to purchase a ticket for a flight from Zurich to London on British Airways—a ticket worth two hundred and ninety Swiss francs—with a drawing of three overlapping Swiss hundred-franc notes, it was easy to see how the ten Swiss francs in change and the actual ticket stub had made it into this show. But how had the initial drawing—which Boggs had presumably "spent" to acquire the other items—managed to rejoin them, so that the entire transaction could now be offered for sale, for fifteen hundred dollars? Luckily, as often as not last August Boggs was right there in the gallery eager to respond to any such questions. He seemed to feel that the show itself was a continuation of the series of transactions that had always begun with his taking pen to paper, and that there was still plenty of occasion for perplexity, confoundment, and revelation.



He was fairly easy to recognize, because he'd managed to insert a large portrait of himself in an oversize rendition of an imaginary Swiss hundred-franc note that dominated one wall of the show. In that poster-size drawing, he'd affected a sort of seventeenth-century countenance—long hair, steady, sober gaze. He looked just like the sort of royal minister who might once have contrived the currency of the realm and been immortalized by having his face included on its bills ever after. And, indeed, there's something vaguely other-timely about Boggs in person. Fairly slight of build, he has a wiry, taut body and a handsome face with sharp features, a smooth complexion, high cheekbones, and somewhat narrow eyes that tend to stay open just a bit longer between blinks and to open just a bit wider than normal (the whites occasionally visible above the brown irises), so that he projects an intensity that is usually charming but can verge on the demonic.

On the afternoon I wandered into the gallery, I asked him about the presence of those initial drawings in the show.

"The thing is," he replied, "there are a lot of collectors, in Europe but also here, who want to buy my drawings of currency, but I refuse to sell them—that's the first of my rules. I simply will not sell an unspent drawing depicting an existing denomination in its exact size. Now, as you can see"—he waved a hand about the room—"I've occasionally made larger versions, drawn or painted, of actual bills, or made pastiches with aspects of several different bills mixed together, and those I'll sell outright. But in the case of exact-size drawings of existing denominations, I will only—and this is my Rule No. 2—I will only *spend* them; that is, go out and find people who will accept them at face value, in transactions that must include a receipt and change in real money. My third rule is that for the next twenty-four hours I will not tell anyone where I've spent that drawing: I want the person who got it to be able to have some time, unbothered, to think about what's just happened. After that, however—and this is my Rule No. 4—if there is a collector who I know has expressed interest in that sort of drawing I will get in touch with him and offer to sell him the receipt and the change, for a given price. It depends, but for the change and the receipt from a hundred-dollar dinner transaction, for example, the collector might have to pay me about five hundred dollars. The receipt should provide enough clues to enable the collector to track down the owner of the hundred-dollar drawing, but if the collector desires further clues—the name of the waiter, for example, or his telephone number—I'm always prepared to provide those details, for a further fee. After that, the collector is in a position to get in touch with the drawing's owner and try to negotiate some sort of deal on his own to complete the work."

"After all their years together, Jonathan still tends to shy away from confrontation."

I wondered how many people would be willing to pay five hundred dollars to acquire an ordinary ten-dollar bill, three ordinary one-dollar bills, and a mere receipt for a dinner.

Boggs said he currently had a waiting list of eighteen such individuals. "I mean, not all of them will accept just anything," he said. "Some are very finicky. I've got one guy who wants a fifty-dollar transaction involving clothing—painting supplies won't do, one hundred dollars won't do. I've got another guy who told me he wanted a five-dollar transaction involving drinks at a bar. Several months later, I happened to perform such a transaction, but when I called him up to tell him he asked me which side of the bill I'd depicted in my drawing. I told him the facing side, and he said no, he was only interested in the *back*. So he'll just have to wait. I don't do commissions. I can't work to order."

Boggs went on to explain some further aspects of the mysteriously compounding value of his drawings. If a collector paid him, say, five hundred dollars for the change and the receipt from one of his transactions and then went on to pay, say, another five hundred dollars for the drawing itself, he'd have a completed work that, at current market prices in New York and London and Basel, could fetch as much as three thousand dollars. Boggs himself preferred to deal with the collectors directly—it was to his financial advantage to do so—but many of his collectors were busy professionals (often lawyers or stockbrokers) who didn't have the time or inclination to personally undertake the scavenger hunt and instead chose to work through agents or dealers. Sometimes his own galleries would undertake the scavenger hunts, as it were, on spec. The various arrangements and sub-arrangements involving fees and cuts and so forth could get fairly complex, I gathered, but this didn't seem to bother Boggs; indeed, he seemed to find such details as fascinating as the initial transactions.

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AT a nearby café, where Boggs and I continued our conversation, he said, "I hope you don't think I'm doing all this as some sort of insult to money—as if I were putting money down, or something. I think money is beautiful stuff.”

I laughed.

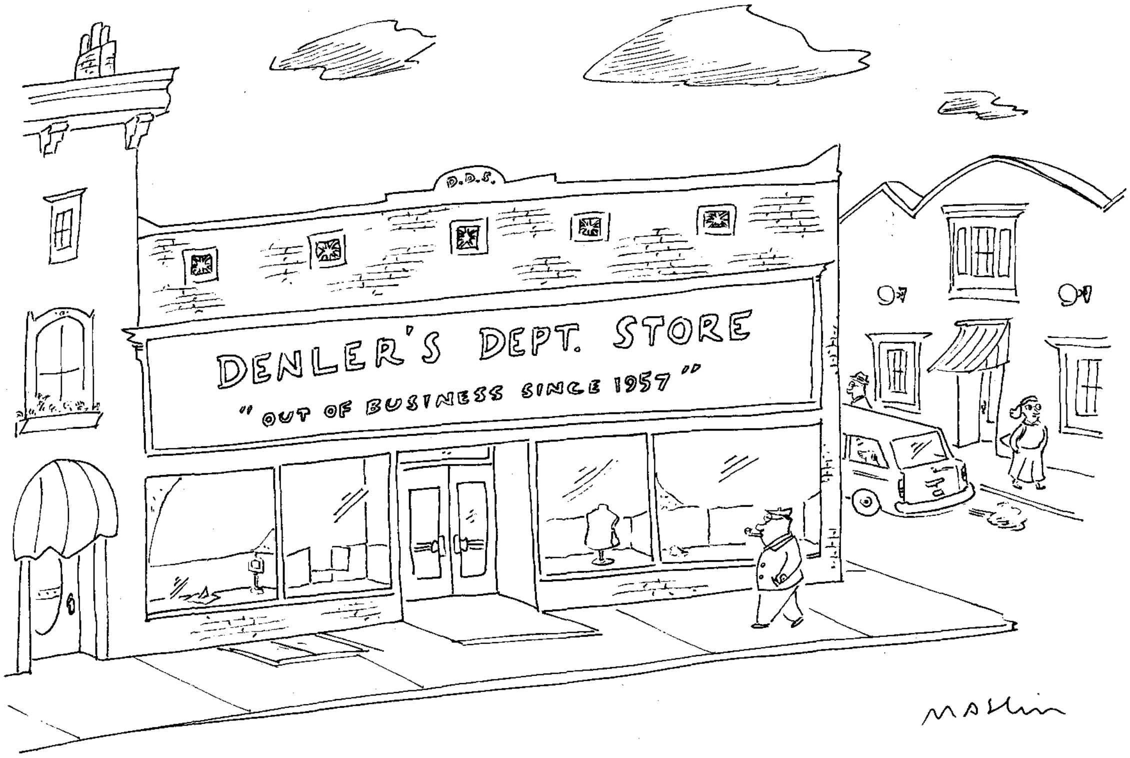
“I'm serious.” He extracted a dollar bill from his wallet. “I mean, look at this thing. No one ever stops to *look* at the bills in his pocket—stops and admires the detailing, the conception, the technique. My work is intended partly to get people to look at such things once again, or maybe for the first time. Take this one here. This is an absolutely splendid intaglio print. It's actually the result of three separate printing processes—two on the face side, another on the back—all done on excellent paper. Over the years, because of the danger of counterfeiting, these bills have had to be made more and more intricate, in terms of both imagery and technique. But as far as I'm concerned money is more beautiful and highly developed and aesthetically satisfying than the print works of all but a few modern artists. And a dollar bill *is* a print: it's a unique, numbered edition. And that's just talking about technique. Now look at the content—the iconography, the history. That crazy rococo profusion of leaves and scrollwork, symbolizing prosperity. The eagle, with his thirteen arrows in one claw, for the first thirteen states, and the olive branch in the other—and, on the olive branch, the olives! And then the other half of the Great Seal, with that strange Masonic pyramid—an unfinished pyramid, still in the process of being built. George Washington, on the facing side of the bill, was a Mason. There's so incredibly much American cultural history wrapped up in this little chit of paper. And it's the same with other currencies.”

Boggs paused for a moment, continuing to gaze at his dollar. “ ‘In God we trust,’ ” he said. “Did you know that that phrase wasn't always part of our currency? They started putting it on during the nineteen-thirties, as they withdrew the dollar's gold backing. It used to be you could redeem a ten-dollar bill for ten dollars in gold. In fact, originally dollars *were* coins. Some of the early American bills included engravings on the back depicting the coins for which the bills could at any moment be redeemed. But when they started withdrawing the dollar's metal backing—when you couldn't redeem your dollars for gold, and, in fact, were no longer allowed even to possess gold on your own except as jewelry—that's when they started putting that phrase on the currency. When you could no longer trust in gold, they invited you to trust in God. It was like a Freudian slip.”

The waiter came over, and Boggs ordered coffee and a sandwich. “It's all an act of faith,” he continued. “Nobody knows what a dollar is, what the word means, what holds the thing up, what it stands in for. And that's what my work is about. Look at these things, I try to say. They're beautiful. But what the hell *are* they? What do they do? How do they do it? Take this one here.” He took out a crisp five-dollar bill. “Five dollars. But what's a dollar? By now, it's just an idea. For that matter, what's five? It doesn't exist either. I mean, you can have the numeral”—Boggs traced a 5 on the tabletop with his finger—“and you can have the written word ‘f-i-v-e,’ and the sound ‘five’ as I say it. But five itself doesn't exist, except as a concept. So you've got these two ideas joined together, and they represent something else: they stand in for something you might eventually buy, but nothing in particular. And then I make a drawing of a five-dollar bill, and that's *another* order of representation: it's something that represents something that represents something but not anything in particular.”

The waiter delivered Boggs' order, and Boggs took a few bites of his sandwich. “It's incredibly difficult to make something that's worth a dollar,” he said. “As much as a dollar, only a dollar, exactly a dollar. The only thing that has that exact value *is* a dollar. The value of anything else is constantly changing—including, of course, my drawing of a dollar.”

Boggs gazed down at the two bills on the table, then picked them up and slid them back in his wallet. I noticed that they were all the money it contained. “Before I got into these money pieces, I was doing a series of things about numbers,” he said. “I like money, but I *really* like numbers. They're incredibly beautiful: perfection in terms of manipulated geometry. Over the years, they've been honed and honed as to form, so that today the muscles you use in your hand and your arm in order to make a 5, for example, combine into a gesture that just *feels* good. And numbers constitute a universal language. You can go virtually anywhere in the world, you may not be able to understand a word of the local dialect, but if you've got the right numbers on a sheet of paper you've got the potential for a relationship with someone. Chinese, African, American bills all bear the same numerals.



This used to just amaze me. I'm already a little bit crazy. Lock me away in a studio with a notion like that, and I can just about lose it. I was doing all kinds of things with numbers—passport numbers, Social Security numbers, credit-card numbers, license numbers, phone numbers: images of people lost in whirlpools of numbers, or buoyed on seas of numbers; portraits of people in which the faces were entirely made up of numbers. Eventually, I found myself just doing portraits *of* numbers—wild, Expressionist renditions of twisted three-dimensional numerals, which seemed to take on a sort of physical presence. I spent so much time with them that they started taking on *personalities*, too. Some were quiet and sad, others stoical. I knew this one 5 that was definitely spoiled and rowdy, there's no other way I could describe him. I almost started relating to them as if they were alive." Boggs sipped his coffee. "It got strange . . . real strange."

"You certainly know how to show a girl a good time."

• •

BOGGS was silent for a few moments, staring out vacantly. I asked him about his background. For one thing, what did the J. S. G. stand for?

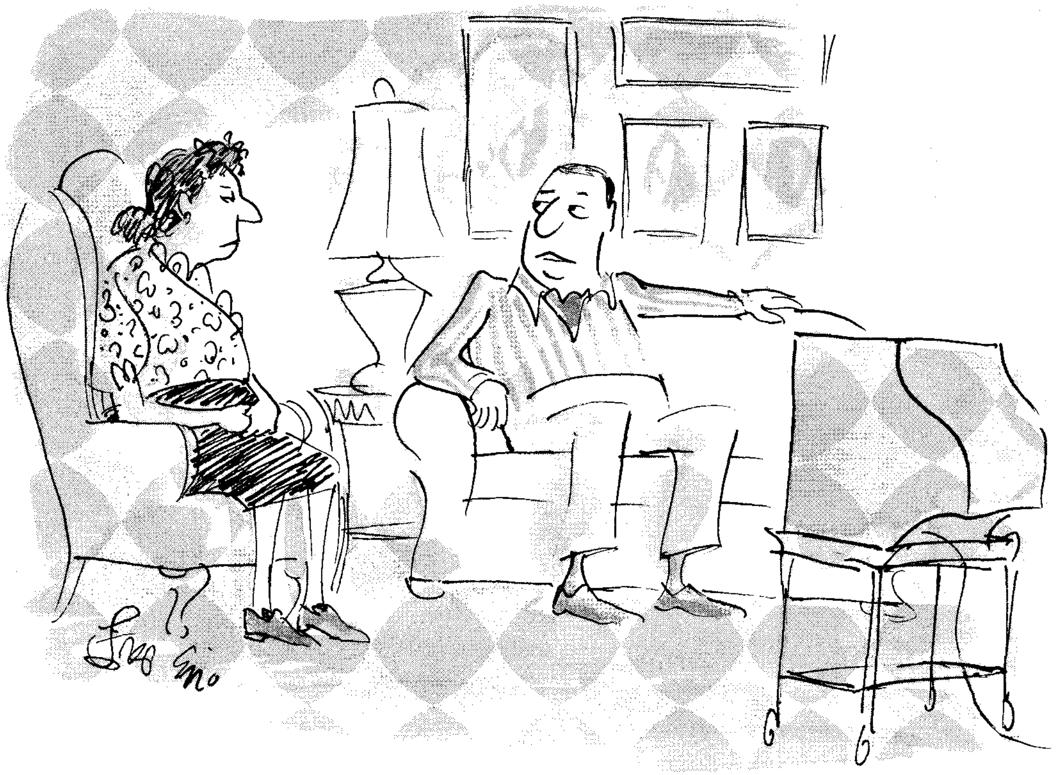
"James Stephen George," he replied noncommittally. "My parents and my childhood friends call me Stephen, but now I prefer to go by Boggs. Actually, Boggs isn't the name I was born with. My biological father and my mother divorced when I was still very young; Boggs is the name of my stepfather—the man I consider my father. My mother married him when I was about five, and he subsequently adopted me. I was born in New Jersey, in 1955. We moved around a lot when I was a kid, but we eventually settled in Florida. I never graduated from high school. I did take some college courses here and there—in Florida, and at Columbia. For a while, I planned to major in accounting. Then, in the late seventies, I decided to study art. I went to London one summer for what I thought would be a month—only, from the very day I arrived, for the first time in my life, I really felt *at home*. I called my parents and told them I wouldn't be coming back."

Boggs got various odd jobs in London, he said, and occasionally tried to kick the art habit, only to fail. In August, 1983, he started painting full time once again, and he has been doing so—frequently in perilous financial circumstances—ever since. He painted portraits, or, as he puts it, "exchanged one sort of a portrait on paper for a handful of other sorts of portraits on paper." For a while, he was painting objects—that is, putting paint on the objects. He did a painting on a suitcase, which he called "Home." He did a series of conceptual works, including one that consisted of a canvas blank except for hundreds of scrawled signatures, all of them his own, and one of them, he explained, the autograph with which he signed the piece. And, increasingly, he got into numbers.

I asked him about the more immediate origin of his current money series.

"I was in Chicago one day in May, 1984," Boggs recalled. "I'd gone there for the Art Expo, and I was sitting in a diner having a doughnut and coffee and doodling on a napkin, as I'm given to doing. I started out by sketching a numeral, a 1, and gradually began embellishing it. The waitress kept refilling my cup, and I kept right on drawing, and the thing grew into a very abstracted dollar bill. The waitress came up to ask me if I wanted *another* refill—I was already caffeined right out of my face—and she noticed the napkin, and she said, 'Wow, that's great! What are you going to do with it?' I said I didn't know. She said, 'Can I buy it?' Here was this greasy napkin, covered over with coffee stains and an hour's worth of hand perspiration, and here was this woman wanting to buy it. So my instant reaction was 'No, you can't buy it.' I could see the disappointment in her face. She offered me twenty dollars. No, I told her, it's not for sale. Then she offered fifty. I just shook my head and asked her how much I owed her. She said ninety cents. I said, 'Tell you what—I'll pay you for my doughnut and coffee with this drawing.' And she was over the moon. This set me to thinking. What was it that she valued so much? Was it the way the drawing mimicked a regular dollar bill? Or the fact that she'd sat and watched me do all the work? Or that it somehow succeeded as a drawing in communicating something? I got up to leave, and she called out, 'Wait a minute—you're forgetting your change!' And she gave me a dime. We smiled, and I walked out.

"For a long time, I carried that



"Boy, are you a tough nut to crack! This is its fifth season, and you still don't like it."

• •

dime around in my pocket. I'd rub it like Aladdin's lamp, and the genie of memory would appear. I still have it. I keep it in my London studio, along with my other valuables."

Our waiter brought over a refill, as if on cue, and Boggs continued. "Several months later, back in London, I was telling an artist friend about all this, and he said, 'Ah well, that's America for you. That could never happen here in England.' I said that I bet it could. So I began a drawing of a five-pound note. I spent four days doing it, and then we set out to try and spend it. Well, you have to be persistent. We started out at 11 A.M., we went to place after place, all different kinds: restaurants, magazine stands, clothing stores; wealthy neighborhoods, poor neighborhoods, trendy ones. And everywhere the answer was no. We eventually wound up, exhausted and depleted, at a Covent Garden pub. We ordered drinks, and I pulled out the drawing, and the guy behind the counter said, 'Yeah, sure, I'll take it.' Just like that. And he gave me change. My friend was amazed.

"A bit later, in May, 1986, at the International Contemporary Art Fair in London, I exhibited a large painting of a sort of pastiched pound note which I'd been working on for almost a year. I'd called it 'Pined Newt,' which is a play on how a certain class of Brits pronounce those two words. At that point, I was twenty thousand dollars in debt, and I was just about to declare bankruptcy, but the 'Pined Newt' sold. I got fifteen hundred pounds, thereby temporarily saving my ass. But then I looked and saw—what?—easily a thousand hours of work, years of study, all my expenses for supplies, all my natural talent, and although I was grateful for the fifteen hundred pounds I became pretty depressed. It was around that point that I decided to try to start subsidizing myself through my drawings of money."

Things didn't go very well at first. The enterprise was hardly more profitable on a per-hour basis than the "Pined Newt" had been. The drawings took hours and sometimes days to make, and spending them took further hours. Often merchants who had things Boggs wanted to buy wouldn't accept his bills, and some who didn't have a thing he needed would take a fancy to the drawings.

It happened, however, that a Swiss dealer, Rudy Demenga, who runs two galleries in Basel, had seen "Pined Newt" at the London art fair and had wanted to buy it, but it had already been sold. Still, he invited Boggs to come to Switzerland for the annual Basel art fair.

"My first night in Basel," Boggs recalled, "Rudy took a group of eight of us to a cheap restaurant for artists, and while we were there I took out a Bic pen and started drawing a Swiss hundred-franc note on a napkin. A hundred Swiss francs was then about the equivalent of fifty-five dollars. Anyway, when the waitress came with the bill I offered her my drawing and she took it without so much as a question. I proceeded to draw two more rough Swiss hundred-franc notes while we were there at the restaurant table, and took them along to the evening's next stop, a disco called Totentanz, the Dance of Death, and there I immediately managed to spend them, too. My first night in Switzerland, and I'd spent three drawings! The following day, I just kept at it. Every time I offered one of my drawings, it seemed, I'd get what I wanted, and people were giving me real money in change—even though I couldn't speak a word of the language. I was like a drunken sailor, spending money faster than anyone has a God-given right to. I was buying rounds of drinks, taking taxis, buying clothes. My first several nights, I stayed at Rudy's home as his guest, but after a while I arranged to move into a five-star hotel, and they agreed to accept drawings in lieu of payment for my entire account. It was incredible.

"Back at the artists' café, Rudy had offered me a hundred Swiss francs in real money for that first Swiss hundred-franc drawing. I told him about my Rule No. 1, how I just wasn't going to sell any of them. After a couple of days, though, when Rudy had told the story of our dinner evening to several friends, he said he had several collectors who were eager to buy any of my drawings. I told him he'd have to track them down. I couldn't remember where all I'd spent them, but I reached into my pockets and extracted a handful of receipts. I never throw anything out—you should see my London studio. Meanwhile, Rudy suggested that I henceforth write on the back of my drawings, 'Galerie Demenga will redeem at face value'—supposedly this was to protect me legally. And I did do that for a few days. But after a while I stopped, because it began to feel like a con."

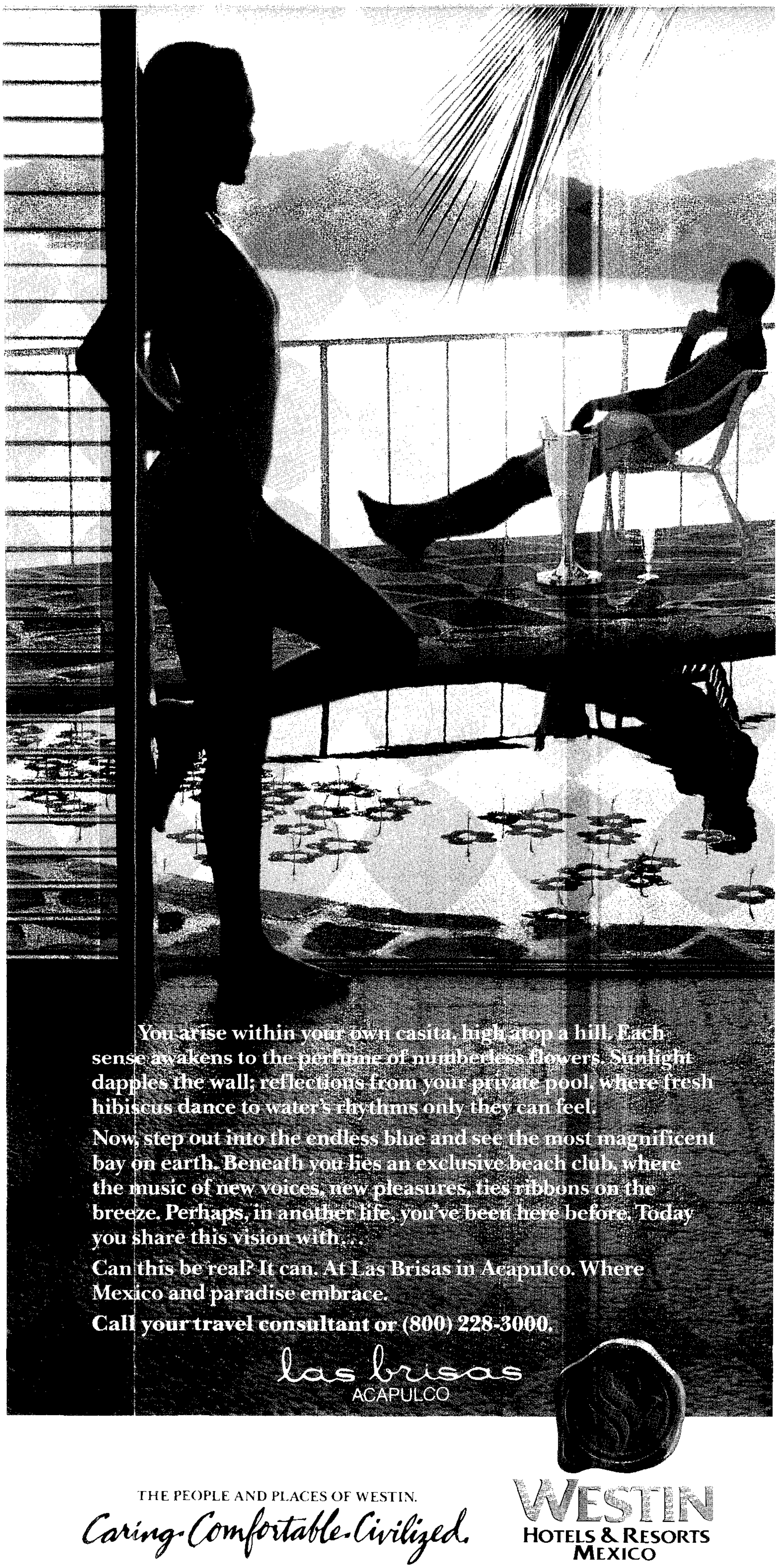
I asked Boggs whether anyone took the Galerie Demenga up on its offer.

"The funny thing was that people would go to the gallery and show their drawings and ask if it was really true that the gallery would redeem them at face value. Rudy or his assistant would answer, 'Absolutely,' but then the people would say that they weren't interested in selling them—they'd just been curious. Finally, in exasperation, Rudy went on the local radio station and announced, 'There's an artist here in town named Boggs who's spending drawings of Swiss-franc notes. He won't sell any of them to me. I hereby announce that if it's a real Boggs the Galerie Demenga will pay *ten times* face value.' After that, I *really* got popular. Cabbies were almost colliding in their haste to pick me up whenever I stuck my hand out."

I asked what Demenga had meant by "if it's a real Boggs."

"That was the other crazy thing," Boggs said. "People started coming into Demenga's gallery with counterfeit drawings and claiming they were by me. I quickly developed a series of consistent idiosyncrasies in my own renditions—I now have seven of them, such as mismatching the two serial numbers on the face of any of my bills—so that Demenga would be able to identify the real Boggs bills. One time, I happened to be in the gallery and a guy came in with a drawing of a Swiss hundred-franc note which he wanted to redeem, and they told him that it was obviously a fake but it was a *good* fake, so though they wouldn't honor it at ten times face value they *would* offer him face value. 'Are you kidding!' the guy exclaimed. 'Do you know how long it took me to make this thing?' Whereupon he stamped out in a rage."

Boggs went on to tell me that it was in Switzerland that he began to discern the wider possibilities of his medium. Faced with so many successful transactions, and such interesting ones, he began to sense that the trans-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actions, rather than the simple drawings, were the true aesthetic objects. So that it was in Switzerland that he first succeeded in selling his receipts and change. After that, all the principal ingredients of his new art form were in place. For the next several months, he just kept on going on. "Before I started drawing money, I used to get so tired of people asking me how much money I'd made as an artist over the past year," he said. "Now, however, on any given day, I can tell them exactly."

It was getting late, and I asked Boggs if he had any drawings he might like to try to spend here at the café in payment for our meal.

He said no, he was fresh out of art. "As I say, it takes me a long time to draw them," he explained. "But I'm planning to draw a few more bills in the next few evenings, and then I'm going to go out and try to spend them." I asked if I could join him on his spree, and he said sure. We agreed to meet at the gallery three days hence.

In the meantime, I picked up the tab.

BOGGS had stumbled upon the terrain almost accidentally, but then had decided quite deliberately to pitch his tent right there along the fault line where art and money abut and overlap—and his current work has ramifications in both directions. The questions it raises start out as small perturbations: How is this drawing different from its model (this bill)? Would you accept it in lieu of this bill? If so, why? If not, why not? But they quickly expand—as you think about them, as you savor them—into true temblors: What is art? What is money? What is the one worth, and what the other? What is *worth* worth? How does value itself arise, and live, and gutter out?

During the next few days, I spent a lot of time at the library. I began with the great German-Jewish philosopher and sociologist Georg Simmel, whose magnificent "The Philosophy of Money" was published in 1900. In its final pages, Simmel writes, "There is no more striking symbol of the completely dynamic character of the world than that of money. . . . Money is nothing but the vehicle for a movement in which everything else that is not in motion is completely extinguished." But if in one of its aspects Simmel saw pure motion, in another he located an absolute stillness: "As a tangible item money is the most ephemeral thing in the external-practical world; yet in its content it is the most stable, since it stands as the point of indifference and balance between all other phenomena in the world."

Boggs' work appears to operate in the space between those two opposed characterizations. He momentarily slows the mindless frenzy of exchange, forcing us to fix our minds on it, and in so doing he briefly forces the age-old monolithic stasis to budge and shudder. It's a sort of magic. But, then, all art is magic—we *knew* that—and so is all money.

"Although it is an ancient fact of life, or rather an ancient technique, money has never ceased to surprise humanity," the historian Fernand Braudel writes in "The Structures of Everyday Life." "It seems mysterious and disturbing [and] complicated in itself." While chronicling the resurgence of money in late-medieval and then Renaissance Europe, Braudel quotes one contemporary characterization of this new presence as a "difficult cabbala to understand."

In "Life Against Death" (1959), the classicist Norman O. Brown, in an attempt to synthesize Marx and Freud, argued that money was in fact a sort of

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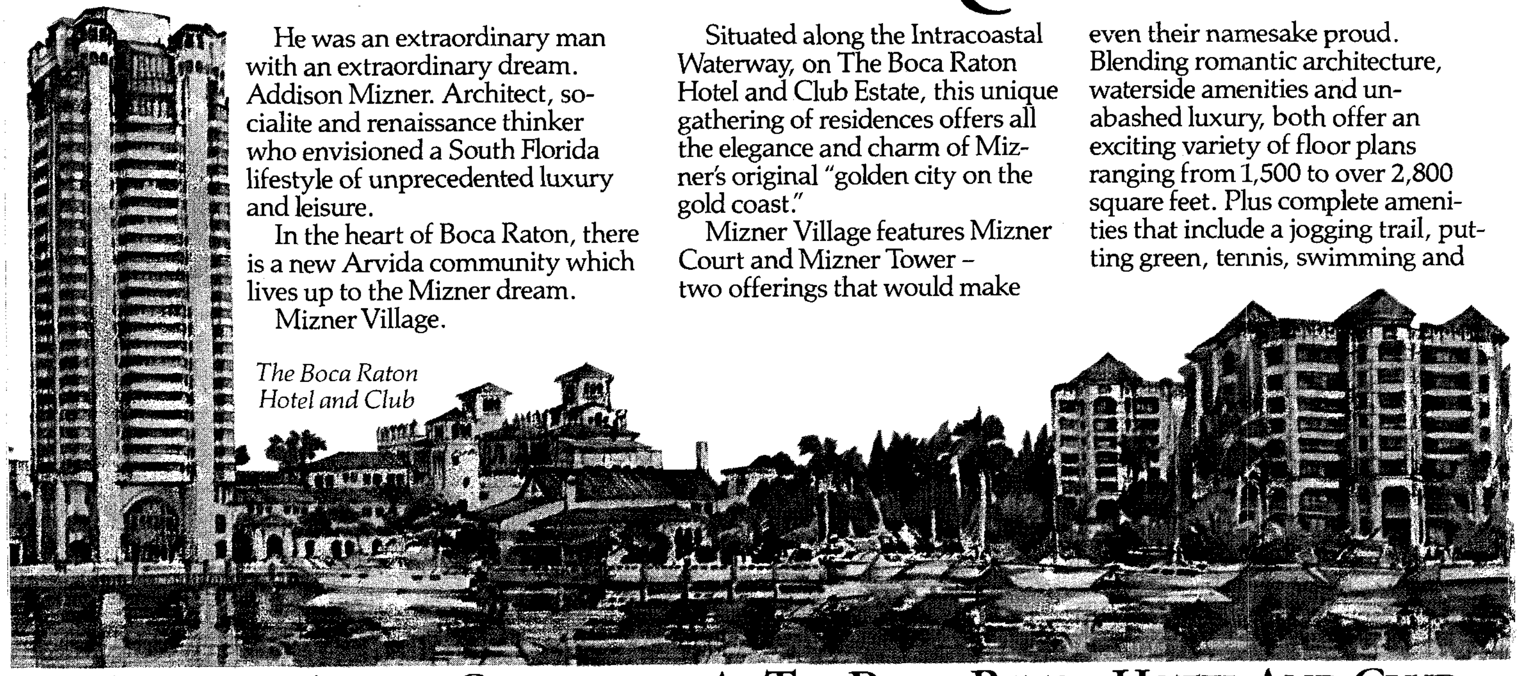

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alchemical delusion: "It was essential to the nature of money for the objects into which wealth or value is condensed to be practically useless . . . this theorem was equally true for modern money (gold) and for archaic money (dogs' teeth)." Brown went on to assert that "With the transformation of the worthless into the priceless . . . man acquires a soul. . . . The sublimation of base matter into gold is the folly of alchemy and the folly of alchemy's pseudosecular heir, modern capitalism. The profoundest things in 'Capital' are Marx' shadowy poetic presentiments of the alchemical mystery of money and of the 'mystical,' 'fetishistic' character of commodities. . . . Freud's critique of sublimation foreshadows the end of this flight of human fancy, the end of the alchemical delusion, the discovery of what things really are worth, and the return of the priceless to the worthless. In a letter to Fliess Freud writes, 'I can hardly tell you how many things I (a new Midas) turn into—excrement.' "

But how, I found myself wondering after talking to Boggs, had money arisen in the first place—and, more specifically, where did *paper* money come from?

Anthropologists have all sorts of theories about the origins of money. One of the more intriguing was posited by Horst Kurnitzky, who helped mount a survey of artists' works on the theme of money at the Düsseldorf Städtische Kunsthalle several years ago. He suggested that money had its origins in rituals of sacrifice and expiation. These ceremonies originally involved human sacrifice, but as time passed priests became empowered to substitute, through various additional rituals, other beings—pigs, for example. I am vastly oversimplifying Kurnitzky's thesis here, but basically he suggests that this substitution, this exchange—this trade, as it were—of one entity for another formed a sort of ur-model for all later substitutions, exchanges, and trades. It served, that is, as a precursor of the very notion of money. (Piggy banks, Kurnitzky thus suggests, contain in their hollows, alongside their trove of coins, echoes of the ancient pig sacrifices that constituted their primordial origins.) The creation and the control of money were almost invariably priestly functions. The earliest vaults were temples. The very word "money" harks back to one of the Latin epithets for Jupiter's wife—Juno Moneta, in whose temple the mint was situated.

To abandon such astral speculations and revert to a more commonsensical plane, it is likely that the earliest, most primitive economies consisted of self-sufficiency in most things and barter for the rest. You had wool, I had corn—we traded. This sort of economy was predicated on what the economist W. S. Jevons has called the "double coincidence" of wants. Without such a coincidence, however, things quickly became quite complicated: You had wool, which I wanted; I had corn, which you didn't want; but he had a blade and she had a basket, and you wanted his blade, she wanted my corn, he was willing to trade his knife for her basket, and so forth. As such exchanges became ever more convoluted, certain commodities kept recurring, and these gradually became mediums of exchange, standards by which other potential items of trade could be measured. These "commodity moneys" had to fulfill certain requirements—they needed to be convenient to transport and store and subdivide, and they needed to be somewhat durable—but otherwise they could consist of and have consisted of any of a remarkably

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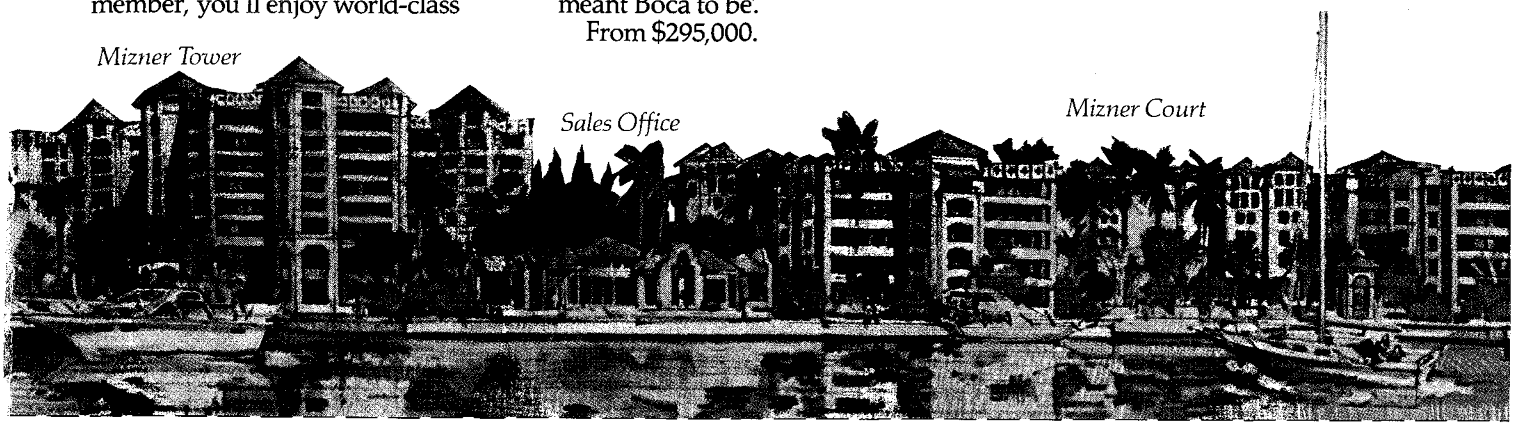

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varied and arbitrary range of items. At one time, cows were the medium of exchange in Italy, and the Latin word for cattle, *pecus*, was the root of the Latin word for money, *pecunia*, which, of course, survives in our own "pecuniary." Whale teeth were used in the Fiji Islands, tea bricks in many inner areas of Asia; American Indians traded wampum (strings of shells), early Canadian colonists used playing cards, and in 1642 Colonial Virginians made tobacco leaves their legal tender. I've read of woodpecker scalps' being used as money, but I don't know where and can't imagine how. In Rumania today, the underground economy runs, for some reason, on unopened packs of Kent cigarettes (one carton fetches ten pounds of lean beef at current rates, bringing this cycle full circle). And then, of course, there were the precious metals—especially silver, gold to a somewhat lesser extent, and, for more modest transactions, bronze and, later, copper. Coins minted from these metals were common throughout the Mediterranean region during antiquity but tended to subside (as did trade) during the early Middle Ages, only to resurface in the later Middle Ages, the period at which Braudel's account begins.

Money must have seemed "complicated in itself," Braudel writes, "for the monetary economy that goes with money was nowhere fully developed, even in a country like France in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, or indeed in the eighteenth. It only made its way into certain regions and certain sectors, and continued not to disturb the others. It was a novelty more because of what it brought with it than what it was itself. What did it actually bring? Sharp variations in prices of essential foodstuffs; incomprehensible relationships in which man no longer recognized either himself, his customs or his ancient values. His work became a commodity, himself a 'thing.' "

Braudel recounts several instances of the confusion and astonishment wrought by the appearance of money in the lives of peasants and villagers throughout Europe, concluding, "History shows us an endless procession of these condemned men—men destined not to escape their fate. Naïve and astonishingly patient, they suffered the blows of life without really knowing where they were coming from."

The precious-metal-based trade economies, however, in addition to the havoc they wreaked in individuals' lives, had many internal problems. At times, in certain places, for example, the currency of exchange would dry up almost completely, at which point trade would become, in the words of one contemporary witness, "an occupation of much perplexity."

I took a break from such reading one day to lunch with Robert Krulwich, the economics correspondent for National Public Radio and CBS, who, I happened to know, was also an aficionado of Boggs' œuvre. Krulwich's reports are prized both for their crystalline clarity and for the wry drollness with which he delivers them, and when I asked him to help me understand the transition from metal to paper money he didn't disappoint me.

"Well," he said, "I suppose you know all about the cows and the shells and the woodpecker scalps, and all that, so I won't bore you with them. Anyway, people are eventually using gold coins and baubles, and they occasionally have to break up these pieces or the jewelry, or whatever, in their transactions. What they do afterward is to take the remaining pieces and whatever new scraps they've picked up along the way to their neighborhood goldsmith, for him to refashion all the scraps into something more presentable, or maybe just into a bar. The goldsmith weighs it all, and then he hands his customer—let's say you're the customer—a marker, an I.O.U., a little chit of paper saying how many grams you've left with me and can expect to get back. I'll be the goldsmith. Now, you can take that marker and exchange it for goods with, say, the wine merchant, and he would then be entitled to redeem it with me for the gold or else just keep it circulating—which might be more convenient for him. What does he need with the gold? O.K., so I'm the goldsmith, and one day I'm sitting there and I say, 'Hmmm, I've got all this gold and I know all these markers are circulating, but you know what? They're not all going to be redeemed at once. I can issue a few extra markers and get some goodies for myself—I hear the wine merchant has some good stuff this week—and nobody will be the wiser. It's risky, but it's not that risky.' Well, that's the line of reasoning that makes me the grandfather of the first bankers.

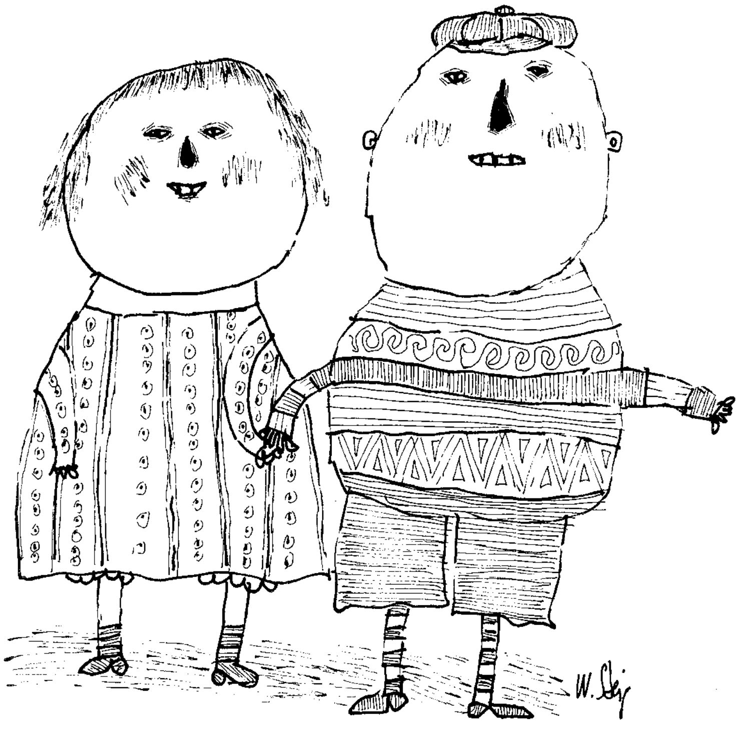
"I'm oversimplifying, but that's how paper money really gets going. Bankers a few generations down the line are issuing I.O.U.s on their own, backed only by their say-so that they have enough on reserve to cover them, and in some places in the world you still see traces of this. You can go to a powerful place like Hong Kong and you think something like the Queen or the government is backing up the money—but when you turn over the little scrap of paper all you see is a picture of the bank—the building itself!"

All of this dovetailed nicely with some of the other reading I'd been doing. From Braudel, I'd learned, for instance, that in 1682 William Petty published a question-and-answer manual entitled "Quantulumcumque Concerning Money" (roughly translated, "The Least That Can Be Said Concerning Money"), and his answer to Question 26, "What remedy is there if we have too little money?" was simple: "We must erect a Bank." By the early seventeen-hundreds, the Scottish banker John Law exulted over "the business potentialities of the discovery that money—and hence capital in the monetary sense of the term—can be manufactured or created." As Braudel writes, "this was . . . a sensational discovery (a lot better than the alchemists!)." And again, alchemy seems the appropriate analogue. It was not long before that that serious scholars had been laboring over vats and retorts, trying to distill gold out of manure. Those who got distracted along the way became the early chemists; those who kept their attention on the main goal became the early bankers. For in fact paper money *did* seem to create wealth out of nothing.

(In this context, it occurred to me—as it no doubt has to Boggs as well—that the odd thing about art is that it recapitulates the confusion about paper money: Why, and how, is it worth *anything*?)

On the other hand, paper money and other sorts of paper instruments also displayed a distressing counterpropensity—the ability to convert wealth back into nothing. The fact is that, though unlikely, a day could indeed come when everyone at the same time would try to redeem his markers with the goldsmith or his grandson—and the result would be a magic collapse: wealth transformed right back into manure. John Law himself found this out when the national bank he founded in Paris, soon after the death of Louis XIV, went from phenomenal growth to cataclysmic rupture in just a few short years, with the bursting of the Mississippi Bubble in 1720.

"Now," Krulwich commented to me that day over lunch, "one of the interesting things is that paper money circulates but it doesn't drive out the gold, just as the gold didn't completely drive out barter. Everything exists side by side. Eventually, you begin to get checking, which is a method whereby I sign a piece of paper instructing my bank to give you some of its kind of paper. As usual, this innovation is accepted first by the élite, but it gradually spreads throughout the society, and meanwhile paper bills and gold and barter continue alongside. Little by little, the various backings of the coins are withdrawn—you can no longer redeem your check for a paper bill that can be redeemed for gold or silver. Now all you can



Siblings

exchange your old bill for is a new bill. By the nineteen-sixties, people have started using credit cards, which are just sequences of numbers put down on carbon paper. And now, in the eighties, we're getting rid of the carbons, too. It's all becoming electronic—my number telling my bank's number to transfer such-and-such an amount to this supplier's bank's number. It's all becoming invisible. Nowadays, half a trillion dollars changes hands every day—although no hands are involved, and, in a sense, no dollars, either, and not even numbers really. It's just binary sequences of pulses racing between computers."

Krulwich concluded by saying, "In the midst of all that, this fellow Boggs has found a way to illustrate—to act out—the essential nature of exchanges and money. He forces us to see, among other things, how it's all a fiction, there's nothing backing it, it's all an act of faith. In a way, though, he's in a bit of a retro position. He's still back with the goldsmith and his grandson the banker—drawing money. The challenge for the next Boggs—or else, maybe, the *next* challenge for *this* Boggs—will be to find some way of commenting on all the invisible traffic."

BOGGS is by no means the first artist to have stumbled into these precincts. Jackson Pollock is said to have settled his drink bills with paintings (the lucky bartender!), and Kurt Schwitters merrily included everyday receipts in his collages (*Merzbilder*, he called those framed jumbles—a word he derived from *Commerz*, or commerce). Picasso, the story often gets told, would go out shopping, write out checks, and then dash off smart little doodles on their backs—the checks were seldom cashed. (So that, in a sense, Picasso truly *was* the modern Midas.) Years later, the Swedish artist Carl Fredrik Reutersward made a three-dimensional bronze of Picasso's signature, stood it on a tottering pedestal, and titled it "The Great Fetish." Marcel Duchamp went to his dentist one day, couldn't pay or didn't want to, and instead drew an ornate check, filled it in and signed it, and the dentist accepted it. (Years later, when the curator Jürgen Harten was trying to procure the check for inclusion in that Düsseldorf money show, the Italian dealer who then owned it demanded three thousand dollars just for the loan. Harten refused to pay.)

The mad artist Adolf Wölfli, holed up in a Bern asylum for the last thirty-five years of his life (he died in 1930), did a series of large, wild drawings of bill-like entities, covered over with elaborate calculations and tabulations: endlessly he kept his delusional accounts. The Swiss artist Daniel Spoerri (born in 1930) opened his checkbook one day and wrote out a series of checks, payable to cash at ten Deutsche marks each, and sold them as art for twenty Deutsche marks apiece ("In exchanging art for money," he explained, "we exchange one abstraction for another.")

Larry Rivers created a famous sequence of paintings based on brusque renditions of French money, which itself featured engraved versions of Jacques Louis David's portrait of the dashing young Napoleon. Andy Warhol, early on, created a silk screen which consisted of a sheet of two-dollar bills, as if fresh off the presses. The French-born artist Arman filled a transparent polyester mannequin torso with suspended dollar bills and called it "Venus."

In 1969, the artist Les Levine bought five hundred common shares of Cassette Cartridge Corporation at $4.75 per share. As a press release that accompanied—and, in a sense, *was*—his piece declared, "after a period of one year, or at any time which it is deemed profitable prior to that, the Cassette Cartridge shares will be resold. The profit or loss of the transaction will become the work of art." Rafael Ferrer, as his contribution to the Whitney Museum's "Anti-Illusion" show that same year, spread out fifteen large cakes of melting ice strewn with autumn leaves and declared, "If anyone complains that it's not collectible art, I'll sell them the bill for the ice as a drawing." The art critic Jean Lipman chronicled these and similar efforts of the period in an article in the January-February, 1970, issue of *Art in America* entitled "Money for Money's Sake." In it she celebrated the ingenuity of such artists in addressing "the old problem of support for the artist." In concluding, however, she expressed the wan hope that such "frank, pure money-transaction works will allow artists to retire while still young and inventive, perhaps to take up as a hobby in their creative middle years something fresh like painting or sculpture."

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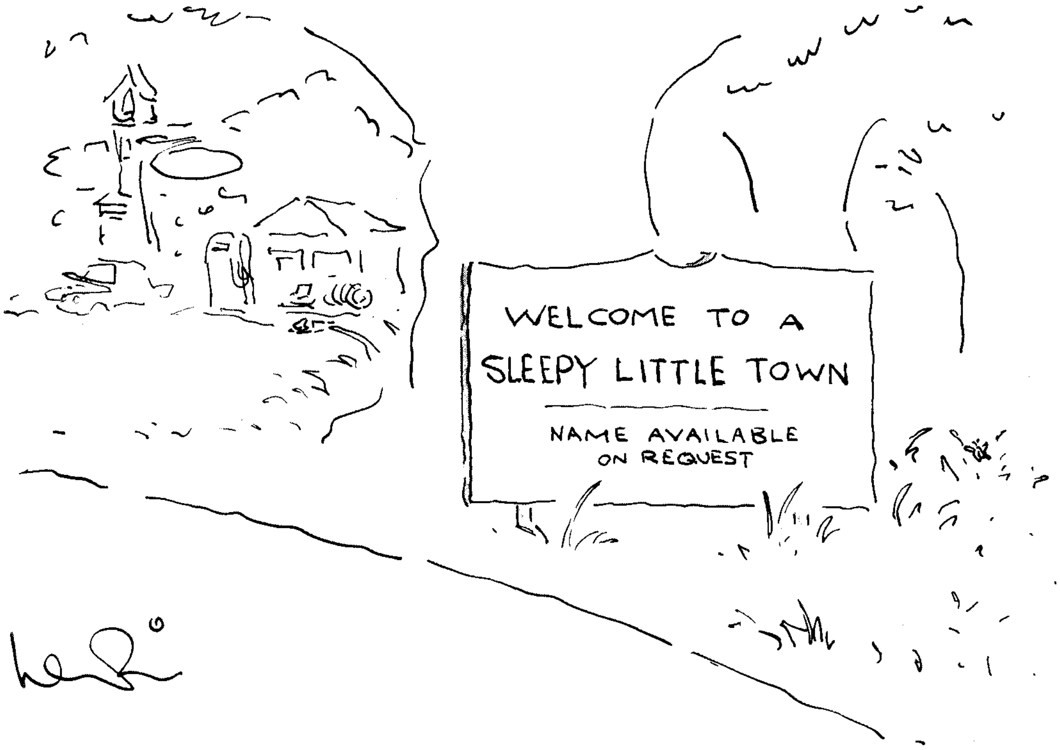
Ed Kienholz took up watercolors. Soon after he achieved notoriety through his remarkable assemblage tableaux, of the late sixties, he undertook a series in which he spread two strokes of washed-out color horizontally across a piece of good paper; he'd then smudge in a thumbprint and sign his name; and then he'd get out an old-fashioned stamp kit, and stamp across the band of white between the color strokes the name of some object that he desired—"For A TAP AND DIE SET," "For TWO GOOD MOUNTAIN HORSES," "For A NEW OVEN AND RANGE," "For ONNASCH'S MERCEDES." To his astonishment, people happily traded him such things for the opportunity to own an original Kienholz. Indeed, that's one of the ways he was able to furnish a new home he had acquired, in Hope, Idaho. But he soon realized that objects by themselves didn't address all his requirements. He still needed pocket cash, so he started a new series—"For $1.00," "For $2.00," "For $3.00," and so forth, on up through "For $10,000.00"—which he proceeded to sell, in sequence more or less, after distributing the first several pieces to kids in the neighborhood. As he observed at the time, with evident delight, he'd transformed himself into a mint. (Each collector who bought into the series could assume that he or she was pretty much guaranteed at least a ninety-nine-cent profit: once you bought "For $425.00," *all* the pieces in the series bought up to that point immediately became worth at least $425.99, since it would cost $426 for anyone else to procure the next one from the artist himself.) Presently, Kienholz prepared a brash compara-



tive panel: under the heading "Their Brand X" he mounted a sample of each denomination of regular United States currency; under the heading "Better Brand Y" he mounted some of his own offerings.

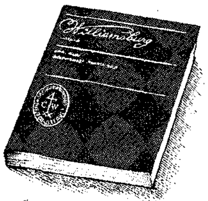
Barton Benes, a Manhattan artist, deploys old, used paper bills, fresh from the Fed's shredding machines (sometimes procuring millions of former dollars' worth at a time), as the principal medium in his collages and sculptures. "Money is cheaper than art supplies," he once told the *Wall Street Journal's* Meg Cox. "Paint can cost ten or twenty dollars a tube, but you can tear just a few dollars and make a piece."

As early as the nineteen-sixties, Elaine Sturtevant, the elder stateswoman of the so-called "image appropriation" movement, began unabashedly lifting imagery from the work of such contemporary masters as Duchamp, Warhol, Stella, Lichtenstein, and Oldenburg—making virtually identical copies of their work and serenely signing them with her own name. Some of her models, Oldenburg among them, did not take kindly to the gesture; Warhol, on the other hand, not only welcomed it but lent her his silk screens to copy. Oddly, in recent years the prices of Sturtevant works (a selection of which were on view at the Stux Gallery this past October) have consistently been going up along with those of the works they ape. Meanwhile, a new generation of artists has taken to aping Sturtevant herself, after a fashion. Sherrie Levine's recent show at Mary Boone included a series of pieces entitled "Untitled (After Alexander Rodchenko)," which consisted of elegantly framed photographs of photographs by Rodchenko, the great early-twentieth-century Soviet avant-gardist. Levine's pieces were known to be selling for a handsome sum, although Mary Boone herself declined to divulge specifics. "I frankly don't see what price has to do with it," she said on being pressed. "I just don't come at art that way."

Although Boggs knew relatively little about most of these predecessors before he got started with his own drawings, he has been hearing of them with some regularity ever since. Far from feeling threatened, he seems positively to celebrate each new instance. At least, he did every time I brought some new precursor, uncovered in my researches at the library, to his attention. This was partly because he needed all the precedents he could muster as he prepared for his coming trial at the Old Bailey. But it was largely because he was authentically fascinated by the issues raised in such work—fascinated and still at something of a loss himself as to the ultimate significance and meaning of his own work.

Furthermore, for all the similarities, there were profound differences. Most of these other kinds of work had focussed principally on internal issues of art and money: how money skews the workings of the art world, how fame skews money, what people value in art and how they express that value, and so forth. Boggs' work, by contrast, was chiefly about the world outside galleries and museums: his work took place at a three-way intersection—that of art and money *and* everyday life. A more apt precursor of Boggs might be the young Charles Simonds, back in the early seventies, who set up shop, as it were, on the sidewalks of dilapidated neighborhoods in New York City and slotted miniature-brick archeofantastical ruins into the hollowed-out flanks of crumbling tenements. Simonds invariably drew a crowd of onlookers, but he would leave the question hanging as to just what sort of activity was going on: Art? Play? Madness? And, indeed, that confusion was part of what the work was about. Boggs is engaged in similar philosophical disruptions—in provoking momentary rents in the ordinarily seamless fabric of taken-for-granted mundanity. The people he addresses—at least, those he involves in the early stages of his enactments—are in the midst of their habitual behavior: they're cruising along on automatic pilot. He confronts them: Hey, wake up, look down there, what's holding this thing up, there are no visible means of support, how is it that we're flying at all?

WHEN I tracked down Rudy Demenga, Boggs' Basel dealer, by phone, he proved to be a true enthusiast. I asked him how he'd met Boggs. "I discovered Boggs at the Hippodrome discothèque in London, and immediately I *knew*," he said in a heavy Swiss-German accent. Knew what? "Genius." How? "I smelled. I can smell genius." How? "Moved. How he moved. He was just like an Indian when he is going to catch a wild animal." What was he do-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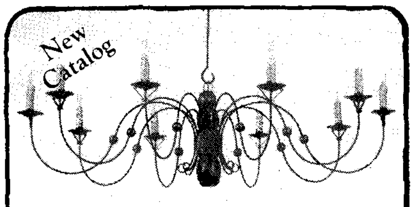

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ing? "He was looking for a girl to dance with. I was touched by him. I asked the lady at my table, 'Who he is?' She said he's an artist. The next day I went by the booth of his gallery at the art fair. I saw his big painting of the pound note, and, the way he had packed so many things into it, I could see that I was right about him. I invited him to come to the Basel art fair. I told him I wanted him to draw Swiss banknotes. Through currency you can criticize the whole government and culture of a country. It's good for artists to change the world."

I asked Demenga how he would describe Boggs.

"He looks like an American Indian, but with a white face. He is like a sports athlete—he weighs not one gram too much. Each time there are young girls, they fall in love to him. He is always busy. He is a brilliant mathematician. He knows what is one and one—that is, at the higher level."

Demenga's account of Boggs' Basel stay corroborated Boggs' own and elaborated on it. "One day, he went to a local department store and bought an Indian tent with a drawing of an Indian tent. The next day, he was going to the Venice Biennale. Since all the hotels were occupied, he was taking along with him that tent. He tried to buy a rail ticket at the station with his money drawing, but they wouldn't take it. Then he drew a drawing of the ticket itself, and they wouldn't take that, either. This was virtually his first serious rejection here in Basel and he came back to the gallery dejected. He asked to borrow the money. One does end up borrowing him a lot of money. In Venice, he slept in his tent, but, from what I understand, for him Italy was no Switzerland."

Demenga spoke of how Boggs then went back to England and resumed work there. "On the first of November, I went to England to see his new show," Demenga recalled. "I remember the day because that was when we had that catastrophe here in Basel with the fire and the chemical spill into the Rhine. Anyway, at the tax-free shop at the airport I bought a gift for Boggs which was a sort of briefcase with inside lots of chocolates in the shape and wrapping of Swiss thousand-franc bills—it looked like a million francs in chocolate. I arrived in London and went to the gallery, and it was amazing—all the Boggses had been removed and there were little notices, 'Confiscated by Scotland Yard.' Boggs came up, and when he saw my present he shouted, 'Oh, Rudy, you brought the bail money!' "

NEW YORK was no Basel, either, or so I discovered on the day of our spree. We were heading for I Tre Merli, a SoHo restaurant, Boggs carrying his bulging satchel. As we walked west on Houston, Boggs commented, "A weird thing happened to me yesterday. I was being interviewed by a critic for one of the minor journals around town, and he intimated that if I'd give him a drawing he'd give me a good writeup. It was as if he were asking for a drawing of a bribe. When I said no, he said that was O.K., he was just testing me. Which was also weird—that I'd proved my integrity by *not* drawing a bribe."

Once we'd sat down for lunch, Boggs was silent for a moment and then said, "So, listen, do you have a twenty-dollar bill I can borrow for a second?" As I checked my wallet, he reached into his satchel, pulled out his pad, and extracted a superb rendition of a twenty-dollar bill. "Thanks," he said, taking the one I'd come up with. "I need it as the model." He took a precision green pen out of his satchel. "This is a Koh-I-Noor pen, with an incredibly fine tip—point thirteen millimetres. Thing's so delicate it can only stand a few hours of Boggs treatment. In fact, I've got to get another one today. I go through dozens of these, both green and black, at nine dollars apiece. And the paper costs three dollars a large sheet, and, what with all the mistakes, I end up extracting maybe two or three finished drawings per sheet. It costs me a goddam fortune to draw these bills."

He looked at my twenty-dollar bill and carefully put its serial number in the appropriate spot on the lower left-hand side of his drawing: B22613726F. He repeated the process on the upper-right-hand side, dropping a digit. Then he asked me if I had a five and a ten. I did. He borrowed those and used them as the models for two more drawings he pulled out of his pad. He then took a black pen and carefully squeezed in, along the narrow blank border at the top of each of my bills, the printed annotation "THE MODEL. N.Y.C. N.Y. 20.8.87. J.S.G. BOGGS," signed his name, and then returned the money to me, saying, "There. You can't spend them, though, because they've become part of the art—they're part of the transaction." He smiled. Hanging around Boggs, one has a sense of being constantly subject to imminent contamination with aesthetic perplexity. Grudgingly, I folded the bills and slid them into a special compartment of my wallet.

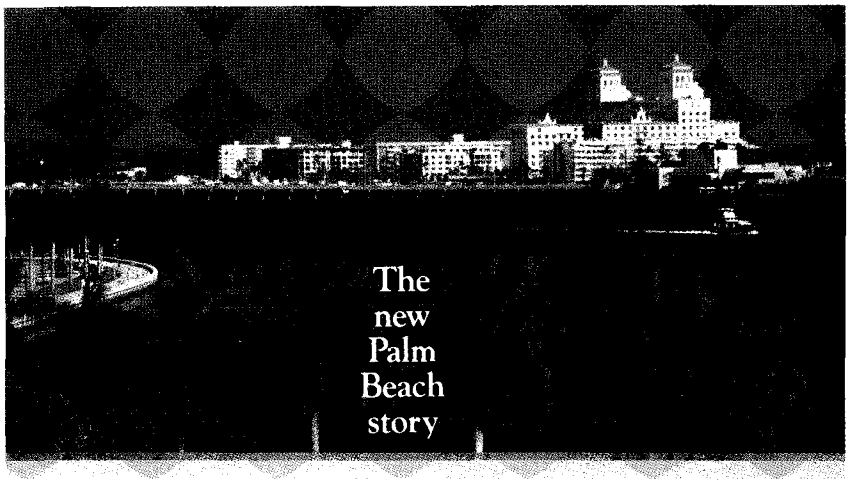
He now put the final touches on his drawings. On one of them, in place of the minuscule brief letter-and-number code in the lower-right-hand quadrant of the bill, which, he explained, indicated the serial number of the plate from which the bill had been drawn and the placement of the particular bill on that plate (B431, for instance, or R72), he wrote "$E=mc^2$." On another he wrote "LSD." Over to the left side of one of the bills he carefully printed the proviso "This note is legal tender for artists." On one of the others he wrote, "This note is legal and tender for all." I noticed that in place of the phrase "Federal Reserve Note" at the top of his bills he'd written "Federal Reserve Not." And down at the bottom, where one might normally find the signature of the Secretary of the Treasury, he'd substituted his own, above the label "Secretary of Conception." Indeed, although at first glance his drawings appeared identical to their models, closer inspection revealed that virtually every detail had been slightly skewed.

The waiter brought over our lunches and admired the drawings. Boggs turned the drawings over on their blank backs, scribbled "Lucrum cessans," signed his name, and set them aside.

" 'Lucrum cessans'?" I asked.

"Yeah," he said. "It's a Latin phrase meaning, roughly, 'loss of profit.' In the early days of banking, there were religious prohibitions against interest on loans. But gradually people came to realize that in giving over money they were giving up the use of that money for a period. In those days, they'd offer the example of a cow. If I lend you my cow and you give it back to me a year later, you're giving me back the same cow, but I've lost a year's worth of milk and now I'm getting a year-older cow. By analogy, it was argued, I ought to have the right to charge interest. Otherwise, lucrum cessans—I'm forgoing my profit. When I write 'Lucrum cessans' on the back of my drawings, it's because anyone who accepts them is in fact profiting from my loss."

Boggs ate some salad and continued, "It's one of the important aspects of my work. I never spend a drawing unless I'm convinced it's actually worth at least three or four times the



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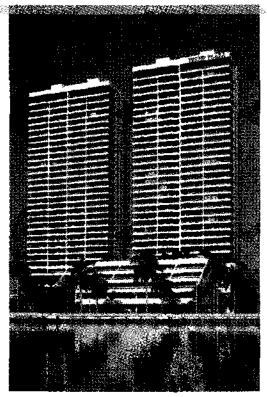

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face value. There was one guy who wanted to enter into this big transaction— it's a long story, but basically he wanted me to draw four one-thousand-dollar bills for something I really wanted. But he wanted the drawings almost immediately—he wouldn't give me the time to do them adequately. So I just said no."

Boggs took a few more bites. "The thing about the cows and interest reminds me of a true story I once heard about some agronomist estate manager in Africa somewhere, who reproached some of the tribesmen on the estate for wasting their time and resources feeding and sheltering some old, sick cows. 'Look, Master,' one of the tribesmen replied, pulling two paper bills from his pouch. Paper money was new in that area at the time. 'Here's two pound notes, right? One of them is old and crumpled, the other's new. But they're both worth a pound. It's the same with cows.' "

The waiter brought our check. Boggs offered the twenty-dollar drawing. The waiter clearly loved it, but he explained that he was only a waiter and, as such, had no authority to make such a judgment. He suggested we speak with the manager, and went to fetch her. She, too, came over, was also clearly taken with the drawing, but explained that she had no authority—this sort of judgment was the owner's exclusive domain, and he wasn't around.

This kind of response—the claim of lack of standing, the claim that one didn't even have the right to an opinion—was one that came up repeatedly, in different forms, as we proceeded through our day.

I picked up the tab, and we left. Boggs dived into a camera store and tried to buy some film with his five-dollar drawing. The woman at the register smiled and excused herself, "We're just a chain here."

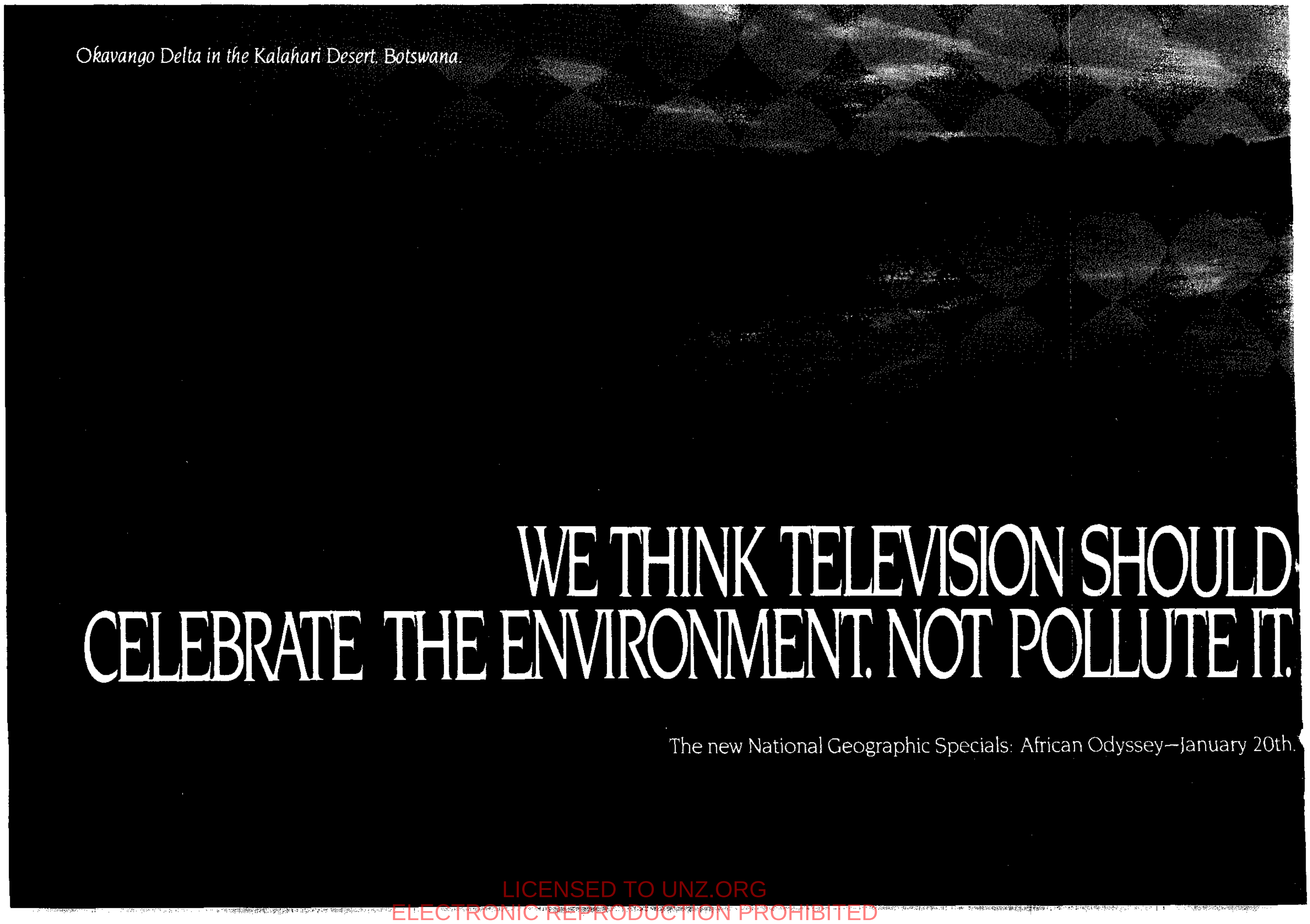
Down the street, Boggs tried to buy a can of Coke at a tiny deli. "No" came the stark reply. "I don't *need* that."

We wandered over to Utrecht's art-supply store: Boggs needed to get another pen. "Last year when I was in town, I pulled off a nifty transaction in here," Boggs said. "I bought a ninety-nine-cent pad of green paper with a drawing of a green dollar bill." We walked into the store, and at first the signs were auspicious: on the wall behind the cash register was an oversized blowup of a ten-dollar bill, taped, for no apparent reason, to the wall. Boggs found his pen, approached the young man at the register, handed him the pen, pulled out his ten-dollar drawing, and politely launched into his spiel (Boggs is always extremely courteous at these moments): "Hello, I'm an artist and I draw money. This is a drawing. I did it with my own hand. It's not an etching, I drew this. It took me a long time to do. And now I've used up my pen, and I'd like to buy this one. I was wondering whether you'd honor my drawing at face value. It's not legal tender, but it's obviously worth something, and I've arbitrarily assigned it the price of its face value." The face of the guy behind the counter blushed scarlet. "Part of my art," Boggs continued, evenly and congenially, "is that I have to spend my drawings."

The guy blew up. "You're pushing your luck there, buddy," he almost shouted. "I don't think the federal government would be too happy with this."

Boggs was unfazed. "Don't you think it's worth something?"

"Look, we're not in the business of appraising worth here," the young man said. "I'm sure it's worth something, but I'm an artist myself, and let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me tell you, if I could get away with paying for my supplies with drawings of money, believe me, I'd draw hundreds of them."

"You think so?" Now Boggs began to lose *his* cool. "You know how long it took me to draw this thing? I bet you couldn't get through two." Whereupon he left the pen at the register and marched out with his drawing.

It was remarkable how electric the room had become the moment Boggs pulled out his drawing. Not just the clerk but his colleagues, the other customers in the store—everybody—seemed to become hypercharged. This almost always happens during these transactions, although sometimes the tension is defused in nervous humor, and usually Boggs remains serenely detached amid the crackle. I was reminded of the great sociologist Erving Goffman's famous observation: "To walk, to cross a road, to utter a complete sentence, to wear long pants, to tie one's shoes, to add a column of figures—all these routines that allow the individual unthinking competent performances were attained through an acquisition process whose early stages were negotiated in a cold sweat." Boggs throws us back on first things.

We wandered into Washington Square Park. "Maybe I should try to buy some drugs with a drawing," Boggs said. "You know, purely as a transaction." He thought about it for a moment. "Nah," he said. "I'm in enough trouble."

We made our way toward the arch. "It's funny, though, how these transactions are themselves a lot like drug deals," he continued. "The same sorts of questions come up: Is it real? Is it a con? Is it good stuff? Is it worth it? Is it legal?"

We started up Fifth and came upon a pushcart hot-dog stand. "Want a hot dog?" Boggs asked as we approached the vender, a stout, middle-aged woman. He produced his five-dollar bill and went into his rap. The woman gazed at him, only gradually comprehending.

"I from Rumania," she finally said, haltingly. "My boss, he want— He expects— Look." She reached into a side panel and pulled out a price list; she then counted out five soda cans on her cart top, pointed to the soda price, and tapped it five times, gesturing toward her cashbox. She smiled. "But it good. You talented." She patted Boggs' arm in encouragement.

We walked on, past a vitrine that featured signmaking materials and signs: "No Trespassing," "Sorry, We're Closed," "Have a Nice Day," and so forth. "Wait a second," Boggs said. "I want to check this out." Inside were signs of every kind, and numbers. Boggs considered a panel displaying three-dimensional wooden numbers. The salesclerk came over, a friendly kid with a hearty Brooklyn accent. "How much are these numbers?" Boggs asked.

"Dollar seventy-nine each."

"Tell you what," Boggs explained. "I want to get a 2 and a 3, and I want to buy them with this *drawing* of a five." He proceeded into his rap.

The clerk seemed impressed. He took the drawing in hand, gave it a good, long look. "Very nice," he said. "Very nice. From far away, you couldn't even tell. Beautiful. I could never do that. I praise you on your artistic work. But I'm not the manager. I could never take it."

Boggs suggested that he could buy it himself and reimburse the cash register.

"But what would I do with it?" the clerk asked. "What would I do with

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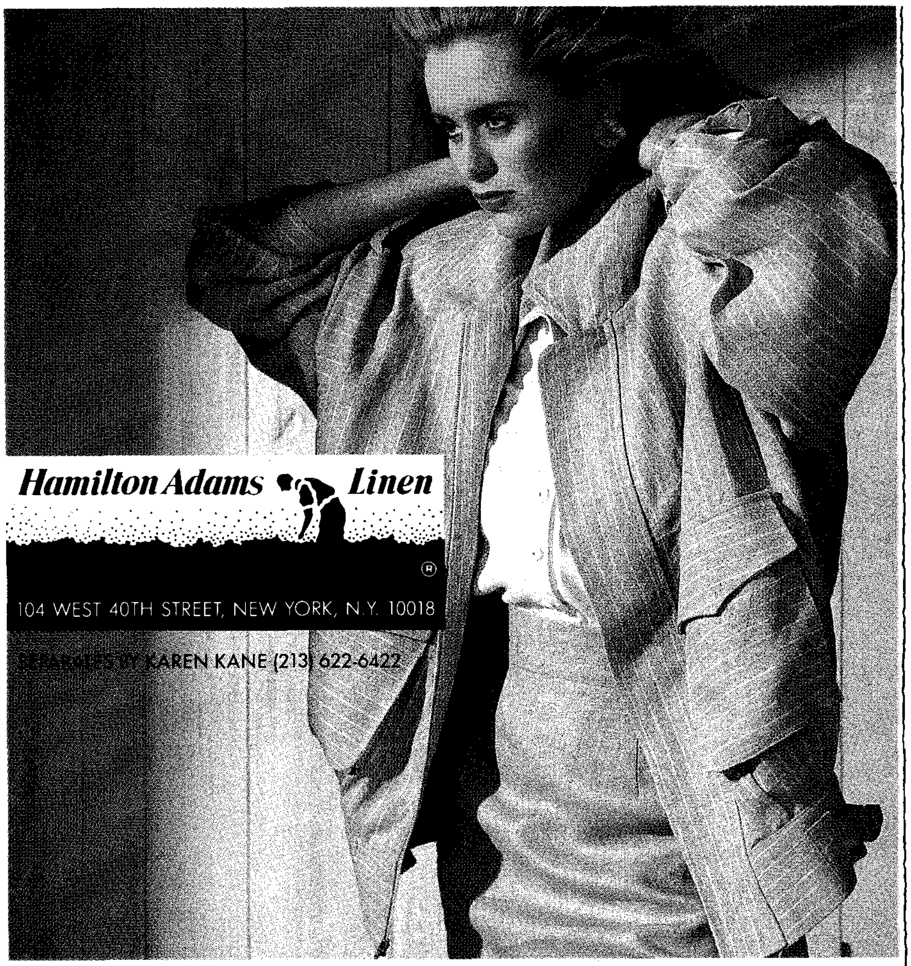

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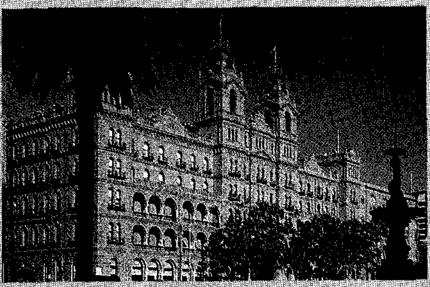

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it? If it were bigger, I'd frame it. But that size, my friends would just think I had a five-dollar bill on my wall. They'd think it was strange. And, anyway, if I was going to frame something I'd frame a real five-dollar bill."

Couldn't argue with that logic, and Boggs didn't even try. "*That* was interesting," he said as we walked on up the street and into Barnes & Noble bookstore.

Boggs browsed in the financial section. He reached for the paperback of "Indecent Exposure," with a handwritten check as the illustration on the cover and a price tag of $3.95, and headed for the checkout lines, where he was faced with a conundrum, for the sign above one register read "CASH ONLY," and the others were labelled "CASH, CHARGE," and he was by no means sure which applied. Eventually, he settled on one of the charge lanes, because it had the shortest line. When he reached its front, he performed his rap. The young woman behind the register stiffened slightly and then said, "Probably not. Not here, anyway, although you can try one of the other registers."

He went to the next register over, produced his five-dollar drawing, and repeated the rap. This cashier looked dubious. "Do you at least like the drawing?" he asked.

"No," she replied.

"Oh," he said. "I must be in the wrong line."

He moved one lane over and tried once more. By this time, business had more or less come to a standstill, and the five cashiers were convening as a committee of the whole. He performed his spiel once again, and this time the cashier was silent. "Do you think it's worth five dollars?" he asked.

"No," she said. "I think it's worth more than five dollars."

"Will you take it, then?" he asked hopefully.

"No," she replied. "We take real money here."

At that point, Boggs gave up and started back to return the book to the stacks.

"Hey, artist!" the remaining cashier shouted after him. "You forgot me!" So he returned to her (she was the one behind the "CASH ONLY" register), and he did his rap one more time, and this young woman just started laughing. "Remember that girl that used to work here who came from that college upstate where they give them too much fresh air?" she asked her colleagues. "She'd have taken it. Girl was real smart about books but she had *no common sense*." Boggs gave up, returned the book, and then cheerfully bade the young women a good afternoon, leaving behind a veritable symposium.

BACK on the street, we figured that maybe the problem was the neighborhood, and decided to try uptown. We hailed a taxi to the Algonquin. (The cabdriver spoke not a word of English, and not even Boggs could bridge the linguistic gulf.) The bartender at the Algonquin bar explained that he had no authority, and suggested we talk to the manager. The manager considered the offer, pocketed the five-dollar drawing, and summarily ordered the bartender to prepare the man a drink. As simple as that. Boggs explained that he'd need the change and a receipt, and now the manager balked. "I'm offering you a drink in exchange for your drawing," the manager insisted. "What's the problem?" Boggs explained the problem, and the deal fell through. "That often happens," Boggs told me as we walked out. "People often defer because they lack authority. But those in middle authority often jump at the opportunity, particularly when they have some sort of carte-blanche open tab and aren't paying themselves. They just can't deal with the business of the change and the receipt, though, so the deal falls through."

We headed thirstily on. We crossed Sixth Avenue diagonally and headed for Forty-seventh Street Photo (the branch on Forty-fifth Street), a place known around the neighborhood as Yeshiva Stereo, since it is a full-line electronic store with an exclusively Orthodox Jewish staff. Boggs spotted a worthy potential purchase—a two-dollar bottle labelled "SOLUTION" (V.C.R.-cleaning solution, that is). "A bottle of the solution would look good as part of one of the transactions, don't you think?" Boggs remarked, as he went over to the cashiers. Two bearded gentlemen there considered him sagely as he delivered his spiel. They looked the five-dollar drawing over carefully, and a couple of younger fellows came by. They all entered into a disputation, partly in English and partly in spirited Yiddish. The problem, it appeared, was that of the prohibition against graven images. "You see," one of the bearded cashiers explained, "Abraham Lincoln as money—it's borderline, but we can take that. The question is whether or not it would be *treyf* to hang a *picture* of Abraham Lincoln."

"You hang pictures of the Rebbe," one of the younger scholars pointed out.

"Yeah, precisely," replied the other. "But Lincoln's no rebbe. No, this is definitely *treyf*."

At that point, an old middle-manager type drifted over, looked in on the quorum, and saw the drawing. His eyes bulged. He snatched the drawing out of the cashier's hands and went racing with it back into the stacks. For a while, I thought the old guy had gone to call the cops; he was back there for five or ten minutes. "Does this mean you're accepting the drawing?" Boggs asked one of the cashiers, and the cashier simply shrugged. I noticed that all the salespeople seemed to be drifting one by one back into the stacks—there seemed to be a regular party going on back there. Finally, the middle manager reemerged, the very picture of decorum, and handed the drawing back, saying very solemnly that, no, they definitely could not take this.

"I've got to get a drink," Boggs said as we hit the street. A few blocks uptown, we entered a bar. A young waitress took our order. Boggs requested separate checks. "So," he said. "You're beginning to see. It's not as easy as it sounds. It takes me ten hours to draw one of these things, and another ten, easy, to spend it. And then the thing I buy I usually can't use, because I have to save it for the final piece, and I can't use the change, either."

"Why do you do it?" I asked.

"Because there's a lot I still don't understand about these transactions. Whenever I get the feeling I've understood, I know that that just means I'm not pushing hard enough. I have to push harder, to find new ways. I know my work reflects something, resonates with something in society, but I'm not yet clear what. I often view my work as the symptom, but I don't know the disease."

I asked him why he thought he had become an artist.

"Oh, that," he said. "I've come to believe that that sort of thing is eighty-twenty. Eighty per cent you're born with it and stuck with it and you have no choice. That leaves you just a twenty-per-cent chance of escaping your fate as a child—and I guess I just didn't make it."

What in his childhood had prevented him from escaping?

"I don't know," he said. But the

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question set him to talking about his early days. “When I was two, my mother ran away to join a travelling carnival, and she took me along with her. From two to five, I travelled up and down the Eastern Seaboard with the carnival. My best friends were the giant and the bearded lady and the spider man. The guy my mother was with ran several concessions. We had the Deep Sea Adventure trailer, which was just a bunch of aquariums on the inside, with the best stuff in the tank outside to draw the people in. I was making change by the age of three. Hell, I knew how to short-change by the age of four. That last is a joke. Don’t write that down. Seriously, just a joke.”

Boggs began to relax, telling tales of his carny youth. The day’s dejection fell away.

“I loved all those things, the Wild Man of Borneo, the Gorilla Man, the Siamese Twins.

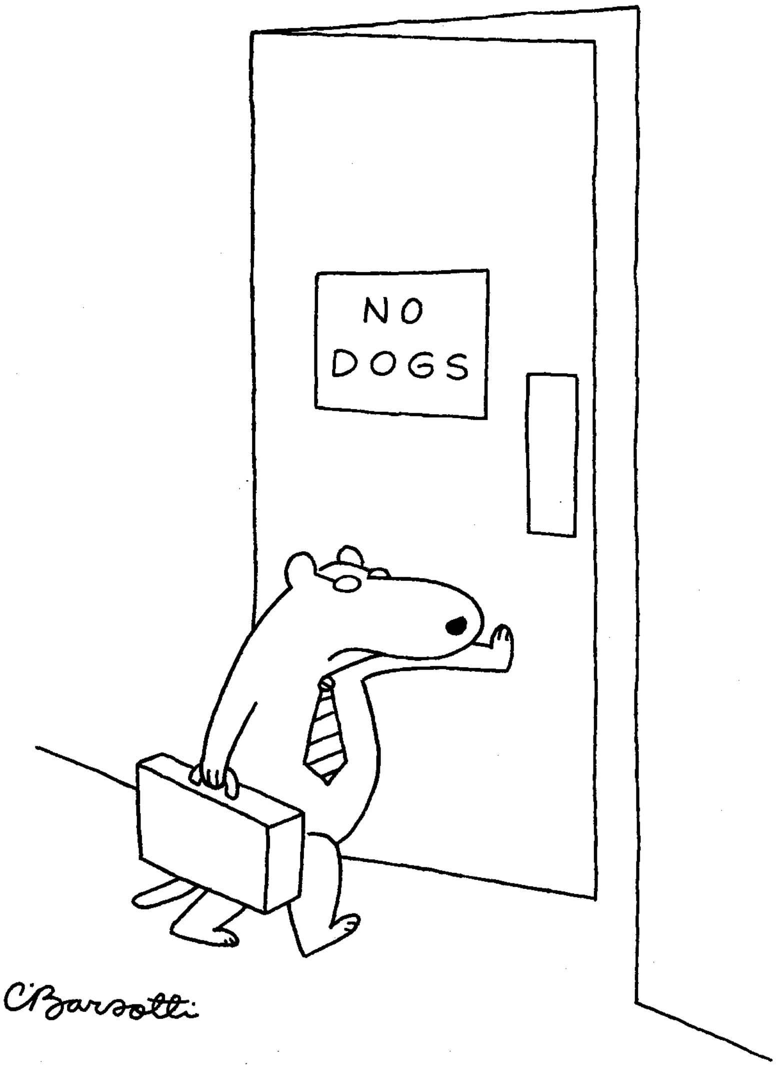
“You know the strongman with the barbells?” Boggs asked. “That was another nice act. The audience would drift in and there on this metal platform would be resting the barbell with these huge, exaggerated black iron spheres prominently labelled one thousand pounds each. The strongman would come out and challenge anyone from the audience to try and lift the barbell. Invariably, some macho stud would rise to the challenge and fail miserably, whereupon he’d confidently announce that the feat was impossible. He was no plant—you could always count on somebody from every audience to play that role. But anyway, then our strongman would stroll over and, with a huge heave and gargantuan exertions, he’d somehow manage to lift the sucker. Worked every time. The people backstage just had to remember to turn off the electromagnets under the platform.”

Boggs was quiet for a moment, savoring the memories. “One time, I’d decided I was going to get a tattoo. I was about four. The tattoo guy told me sure, he’d do it. He then went into this real shtick, telling me all about the needles and the blood and the pain and so forth, all in wonderfully gory detail, and I squirmed off the chair and said, ‘On second thought, let me think about it.’ That same evening, I took a walk outside the carnival grounds, and I came upon an abandoned, gutted-out campfire. I thought it was out. It was so unspeakably beautiful, so delicate, those dainty little cakes of white ash leaning the one against the other. They were so lovely I just wanted to take one home to show my mom, and I reached over to pick it up. Turned out they were white-hot coals. I screamed in agony and went running back to the carnival. I was okay, but I learned something. I learned that outside the carnival, just as in it, things weren’t necessarily what they appeared.

“But anyway, the thing is that, travelling with the carnival, everyone in the towns we’d visit always seemed so out-to-lunch, seemed utterly vapid by comparison with the life inside the carnival. And when we left the carnival, after I was five, and settled in Tampa, school was just incredibly boring. If I’d had a twenty-per-cent chance of escaping my artistic fate, I’d lost it by then.”

The waitress came over with the check, and she and Boggs got into a very nice, easy bantering conversation. Boggs pulled out his five-dollar drawing and offered it to her, and she said she really liked it but the bar wouldn’t take it and she couldn’t possibly afford to. “Oh, come on,” Boggs said. “Just five dollars?” She explained that she was a struggling actress herself and sometimes she didn’t even clear nine dollars a night in tips. “Oh, well,” he said. “Thanks anyway.” And I picked up the tab.

Out on the street, Boggs commented, “Too bad. It’s a shame. If she’d just taken it, somebody would probably have come along in a few days and offered her five *hundred* dollars for it. And she could obviously have used the money.” It occurred to me that Boggs was operating a sort of floating aesthetic-ethical crap game. Or else a sort of fairy-tale virtue test, in which the worthy agreed to make a sacrifice and were subsequently rewarded a hundredfold.



It was past four-thirty now, and Boggs said he had an idea. We walked up to the Museum of Modern Art and got into the admission line. Adult tickets were five dollars apiece, and on reaching the front of the line Boggs pulled out his drawing and gave his spiel. The girl seemed flustered. “I can’t take that,” she said.

“But it’s art, and this is an art museum,” Boggs replied commonsensically.

“I know,” she said. “But for me to be able to accept that, they’d have to convene a full meeting of the board of directors. Those are the people who make all the decisions

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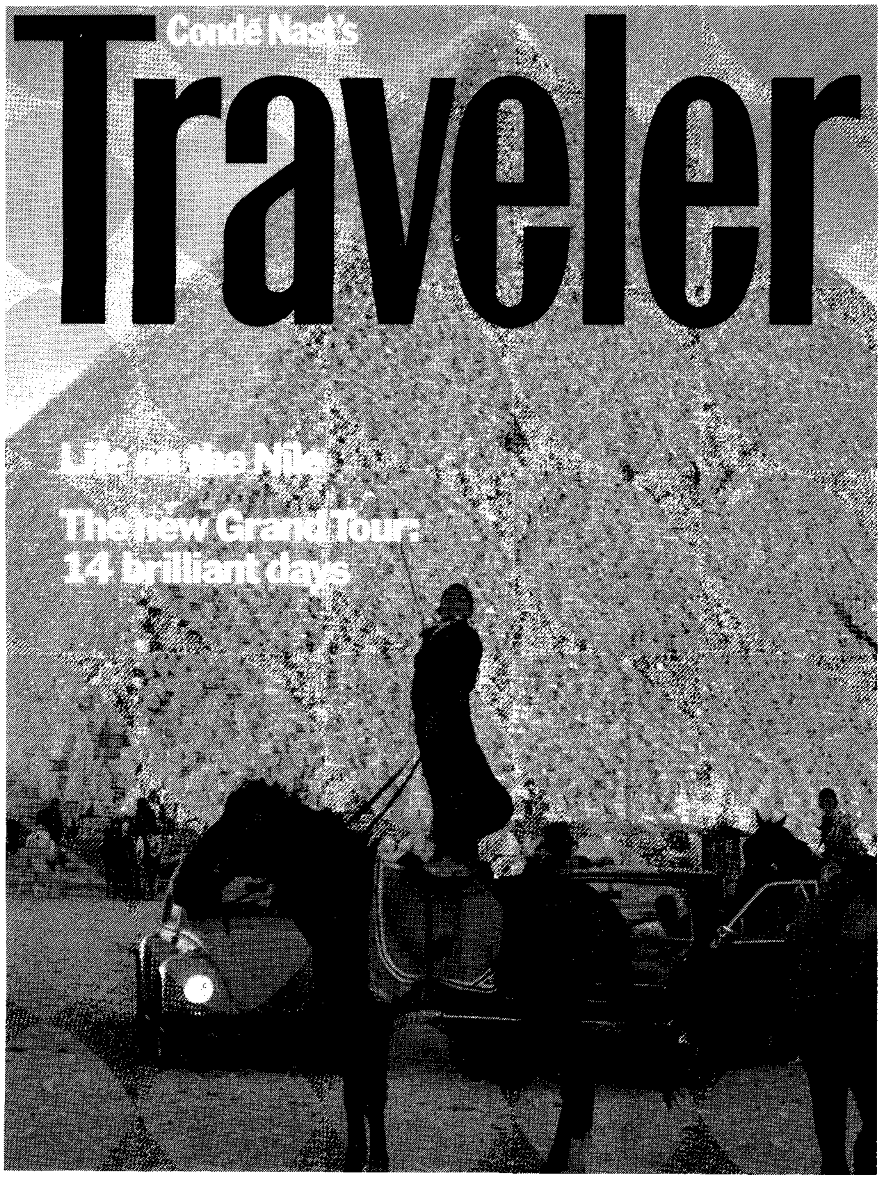

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on acquisitions." Boggs gave her his most melting hangdog expression. "Listen," she said confidentially. "It's four-forty-five right now and this is Thursday. Come back in fifteen minutes and you're allowed to pay whatever you wish."

We meandered around for a few minutes and returned to the Modern at just past five. Boggs approached the same cashier and again presented his drawing. "I don't *want* your drawing," she said in exasperation. "You can give me anything you want, give me a penny, and then I can let you in."

"I know," said Boggs. "That's why I'm giving you this." She looked at him for a moment, looked to both sides, and then quickly punched 0.01 into her register and gave him the receipt, returning the drawing. "There," she said. "Now get going."

Boggs just shrugged. "Can't give it away," he said.

We pretty much decided to give up for the day. Outside again, we headed for Sixth Avenue. Along the way, we passed a young man who was selling colorful, exuberant paintings of Haitian scenes—black women strutting down the street balancing baskets on their heads, young men hoeing bountiful vegetable gardens or dancing their hearts out, jungle beasts peering lasciviously from behind the foliage. "INVEST IN THE FUTURE," read a little sign the young man had propped up against a wall. "FRANCIS PARAISON. ORIGINAL PAINTINGS." Almost as an afterthought, Boggs inquired if he had any paintings for sale at twenty dollars.

"Sure," Paraison said. "Those two over there."

Boggs picked one of them up—a village scene—and asked if he would take nineteen dollars.

"Suppose so," Paraison replied.

Boggs reached into his satchel and extracted his twenty-dollar drawing. "Would you take this?" he asked. He didn't even bother to give the rap.

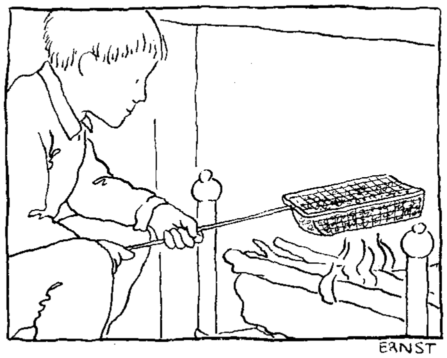
Paraison looked at it for a few moments. Then, slowly, a wide smile began to break over his face. "Absolutely," he said. "Absolutely, I'll take that."

A FEW minutes later, as we were walking away, Boggs told me he would now keep mum about that transaction for the next twenty-four hours but thereafter would begin letting dealers and collectors know of its existence. It had been a full day, and, following the excitement of the successful transaction, we both realized that we were exhausted. We decided to pack it in.

Over the next several days, I kept in touch with Boggs by phone. He related that he was eventually able to spend the five-dollar drawing on a six-pack of beer in Greenpoint and the ten-dollar drawing on lunch at a small sandwich shop in SoHo. He'd also brought off a fifty-dollar transaction with a downtown video store, and he was currently negotiating "a major, really major" transaction, which he'd tell me more about when next we met.

Meanwhile, I received a call one evening from a young woman with an English accent, who introduced herself as Helen Traversi, an independent art dealer. She explained that she was here from London on behalf of certain collector clients and was trying to track down, among other things, money drawings by Boggs. She wanted to confirm that I still had the models for the three drawings from my spree with him, and I told her I did. She said she might be getting back to me about them, but for the time being she was particularly interested in tracking down the drawings proper. As far as she'd been able to determine from her investigations, which included conversations with Boggs himself, he had spent at least fourteen drawings during his current stay in New York, and she'd already been able to buy back several of them. She said that she'd gone over to the curbside near the Modern earlier that day and located the Haitian artist, but that Paraison had refused each of her increasingly ample offers: he simply didn't want to part with his Boggs.

The next day, I went over to the Modern hoping to talk with Paraison, and, sure enough, there he was, hawking his paintings. He broke into a broad smile as I approached. "You again," he said, reaching for my hand. "Yeah, everybody want to know about that drawing. Yesterday, a lady come by, offer me a lot of money. But what for should I sell it? I like it. Several hundred, a thousand dollars—what can I buy with that? Some food that then it's gone?" He reached into his back pocket, pulled out his wallet, and showed me that he kept the drawing right there, neatly folded amid the other bills. "Here I have the idea," he said. "And I *like* this idea. It's a good idea."



A FEW days later, at an uptown bar, while recounting a recent hundred-dollar transaction with the artist Christo, Boggs reached into his satchel and extracted an envelope containing the eighty dollars he'd received in change, all neatly annotated. It turned out that Boggs was carrying all sorts of recent transactions in that satchel. Presently, he pulled out a candy box covered with money wrapping. As he opened it, I was expecting to see Demenga's chocolate bail, but instead there were dozens, scores, of actual ten-dollar bills inside. "This is an ongoing piece I'm working on," Boggs said. "It's almost finished. I started with a hundred new, consecutively numbered actual one-dollar bills. I signed them all, and have been offering them for sale at ten dollars apiece. Each time somebody buys one, I annotate the date and the place and the name of the purchaser on the ten-dollar bill I receive in payment—I stipulate that payment be in the form of a ten-dollar bill—and when I finish I'm going to frame the hundred ten-dollar bills as one half of a diptych, the other half of which will obviously be scattered all over the world." So that box contained almost a thousand dollars.

Then, after rummaging around, Boggs pulled out an actual thousand-dollar bill and an actual five-hundred-dollar bill, both antiques encased in separate Lucite frames, along with two exquisite drawings that he'd made using the two framed bills as models. He explained that the big transaction he'd been working up and was about to pull off involved trading these two drawings for a three-dimensional holographic portrait of himself holding up a British pound note. "I want to be able to show the British court what an *actual* reproduction of a pound note looks like," he explained. Actually, he had talked the portraitist down from her standard fee of fifteen hundred dollars to $1,499, so that he could get a dollar in change. He'd rented the Lucite-encased models from a local coin store for a week at the standard rate of fifty dollars, and he now pulled out a fifty-dollar drawing with which he was hoping to pay the rental fee. "This is going to be a really beautiful transaction when it's finished," he said. "Wheels within wheels!"

I asked Boggs whether he wasn't nervous about traipsing around with so much money in his satchel.

"Nah," he said. "I don't look like the sort of person who would be carrying anything worth stealing. In fact, if anything, I look like the mugger, not the muggee."

That was true, as far as it went. But it occurred to me that, in a sense, all that cash was no longer really money for Boggs. He no longer thought of it that way. Once he had signed and annotated a bill, he had taken it out of circulation, rendering it a mere component in an arcane artistic project which could be of no possible interest to anybody except him and a few collectors.

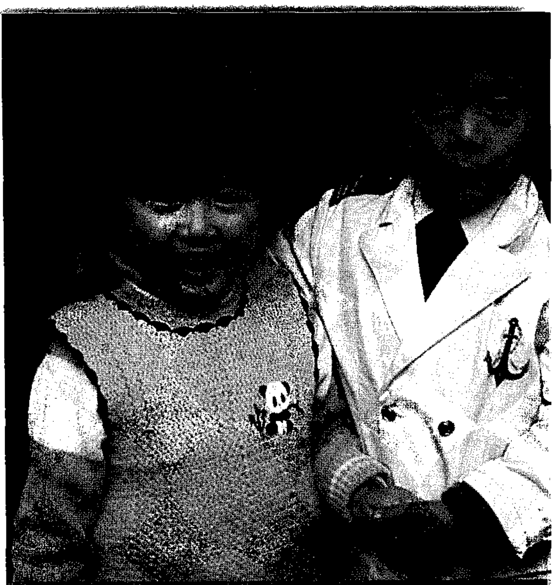
I asked him what other money projects he had undertaken or was now considering.

He recounted that he'd been working very hard to develop a technique for erasing dollar bills. "It takes a lot of time—a *lot* of time—and it's been a trial-and-error process, but I've just about perfected a method whereby I can efface the inks on a bill and get it down to blank paper. I've got a variety of ideas about what I might do with that. For instance, take an uncut sheet of thirty-two virgin dollar bills, erase one of them, and then draw it back in. Or else entirely erase a hundred-dollar bill and then try to sell the blank paper for a hundred dollars—which would be an interesting transaction in itself, and might also make a nice homage to Rauschenberg, who once erased a de Kooning drawing and claimed the blank sheet of paper as his own work of art. I'd also like to create my own unit of currency, the Bogg, print up a series, and then study its price fluctuations."

Boggs went on to point out that one company in England, called De La Rue, actually designs and engraves currency for more than a hundred countries. "You know how I feel about the technical quality of the printing work on most currency, as opposed to that of most art," Boggs said. "What I'd really like to do is to print an edition of my own money with De La Rue. But for the time being I'm enjoined from doing so. As a result of my arrest, I'm told there's even an injunction forbidding anyone at De La Rue to so much as talk to me."

OUR conversation drifted to the circumstances of Boggs' arrest the previous fall and the prospects for his trial. He'd had no idea he was even skirting close to the edge of British law, he explained, until the summer of 1986, when an article on his adventures appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, accompanied by a separate dispatch from the paper's legal correspondent, offering the opinion that Boggs might well be violating Section 18 of the 1981 Forgery and Counterfeiting Act, which made it a crime (Boggs had by now memorized the phrase) "to reproduce on any substance whatsoever, and whether or not to correct scale, any British currency note," without prior written permission from the Bank of England. "Now, I was certain that that section of the act was intended to discourage photomechanical reproduction, and couldn't possibly apply to me," Boggs recalled. "Still, just to be on the safe side, I got in touch with the Bank of England to let them know what I was up to, and that I intended no offense, and that I had two shows coming up in late October and I was hereby requesting their clearance to proceed as planned. To my amazement, I presently received a letter from some bureaucrat there denying me such permission and ordering me to cease and desist forthwith. The guy hadn't even bothered to look at the work! I drafted a second letter. And, to my horror, that one got rejected as well. I got hold of a solicitor—Mark Stephens, this young guy who specializes in art law—and asked him to write a letter. Before the Bank received that letter, on October 31st (Halloween!), just hours before the official opening of the group show at the Young Unknowns Gallery in which several of my works were to be featured—I was still helping to hang the show—the gallery was raided by three inspectors from New Scotland Yard, all my work was confiscated, and I was hauled off to jail."

Boggs' interrogation began in an unmarked car that was taking him to the police station, he told me, and continued for several hours after he arrived there. The questioning started out fierce but gradually—especially following the arrival of Boggs' solicitor—began to mellow. "It got to be a pretty hilarious conversation," Boggs recalled. "They were talking crime



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and I was talking art. 'Look,' I said. 'If I drew you a picture of a horse, would you try to put a real saddle on it?' By the end of the evening, the Scotland Yard boys had decided to dispense with any prosecution. They called the officials at the Bank of England to tell them so. Only, those guys weren't so easily mollified, and they insisted that they'd proceed on their own with a private criminal prosecution, which the Bank of England has a right to do."

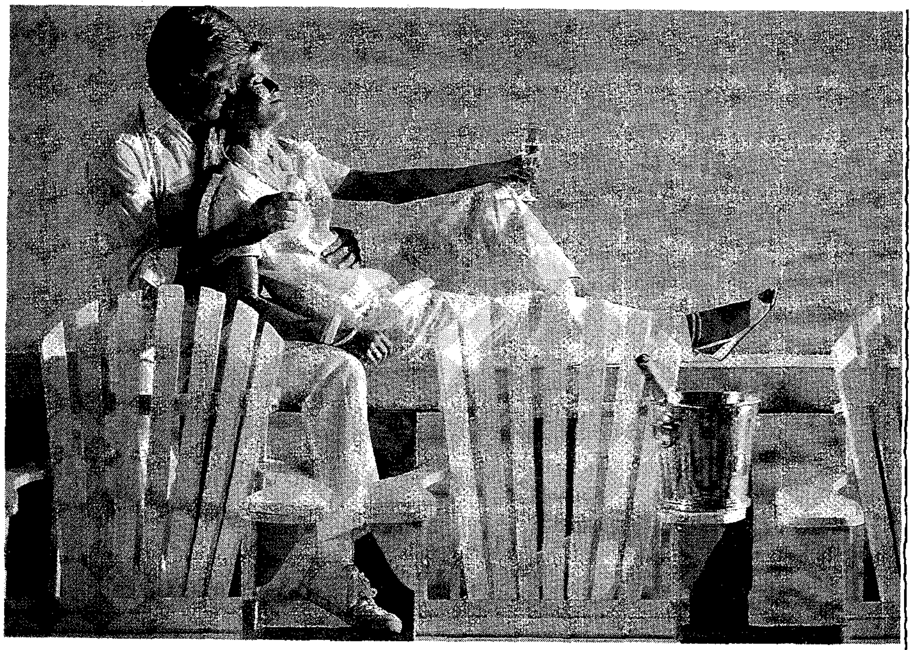
Late that night, Boggs was released into the custody of his solicitor. A preliminary hearing on the charges occurred at Horseferry Road Magistrates Court in April, with the stipendiary magistrate announcing himself unable, owing to lack of precedents, to rule on such delicate and portentous questions of law and remanding the entire case for consideration at the Central Criminal Court. And on November 23rd Boggs' case was to be argued there at the Old Bailey before a jury of his peers—"a jury of twelve good men and true," in the parlance of the British legal system.

The case had become something of a cause célèbre in England. Newspapers eagerly covered developments as back-bench M.P.s and art-world heavyweights came out in support of Boggs, while the Bank stood firm, mustering the full weight of its authority for the prosecution. The confrontation was beginning to look somewhat scary: Boggs had been told that each of the four counts appeared to carry a potential term of ten years' imprisonment. The Bank, meanwhile, on several occasions had signalled its willingness to suspend the entire proceedings if Boggs would just disown all his currency work and agree not to perpetrate any more. This was a concession Boggs could not make.

"It's become nothing less than a test case for freedom of artistic expression," Boggs now told me. He paused, then said, "I mean, a lot of people who call themselves artists *are* counterfeits. The Bank of England just got the wrong man." He sighed. "I really don't understand why all this is happening to me. I don't understand why they feel so threatened, although I must say I liked Demenga's comment when he said, 'One fool can ask more questions than one hundred wise men can answer.' So now they're going to send me to my room for forty years."

—Lawrence Weschler

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)



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ANNALS OF BUSINESS

THE SWEATER TRADE—II

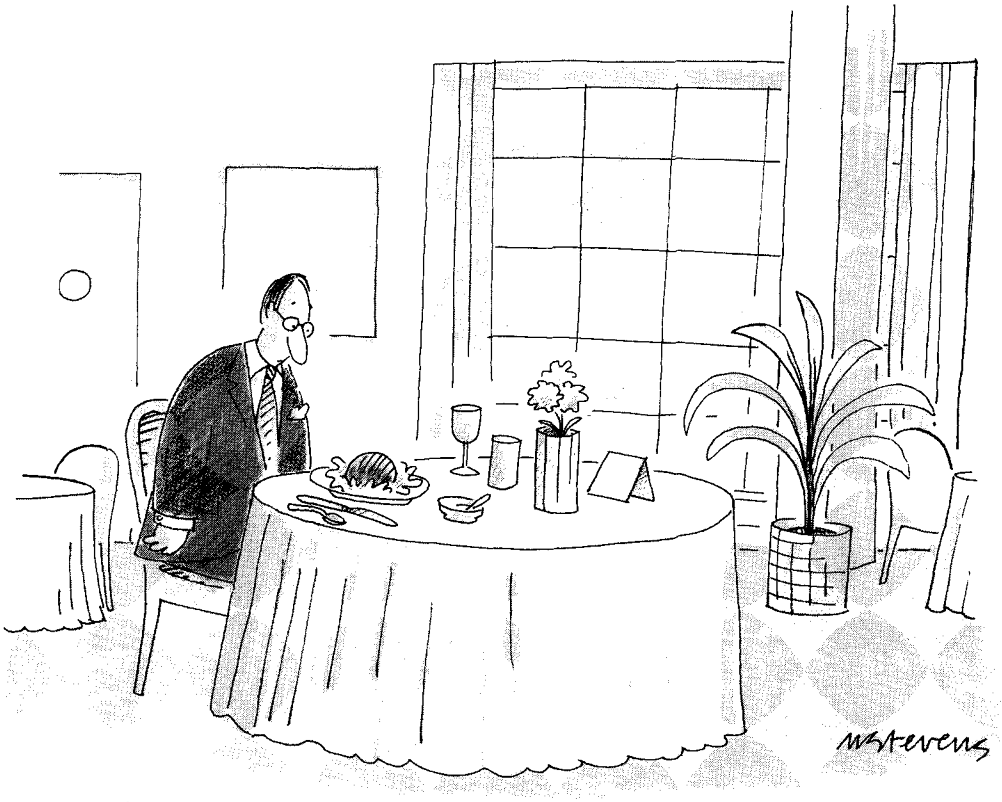
Ricke Knitting Mills, on Flushing Avenue in the Maspeth section of Queens, is a one-story red brick structure that was built in 1955 and looks its age. It's the sort of factory a person wouldn't mind living next to, and quite a few people do live next to it, in two-story clapboard houses with aluminum awnings. Within a few blocks' range are a florist's, a neighborhood bar, and a V.F.W. post, and Ricke seems at home and in scale with these surroundings. A pedestrian heading down Flushing Avenue between Fifty-eighth Road and Fifty-eighth Drive might not even notice the jump from residential to industrial use, although it would be hard to miss the three identical red Chevy Corvettes sitting in the parking lot in front of the factory building.

The Corvettes belong to Richard, Joseph, and Bruce Goldman, who have been running the place since their father, Milton, retired a few years ago. All three cars and all three brothers were on the premises when I arrived one afternoon in July of 1986. Bruce, the youngest, was in the back of the factory, working with the electronic knitting machines, in which Ricke has invested heavily; Joseph, the middle brother, was on the production floor, watching over the progress of an order; and Richard, the oldest, was at his desk in the front office, fielding phone calls, periodically checking to see who had set off the bell that signals arrivals and departures through the factory's front door (which is just outside the office), and, in the intervals between these activities, giving me a sweater-maker's perspective on the subject of international trade.

"Everything I'm wearing is American-made," Richard Goldman announced. "These sneakers cost ninety dollars. Made in America! The jeans are Levi Strauss. Made in America! The socks are made in America. This T-shirt, believe it or not." He tugged at it. "Made in America!" Richard Goldman is an energetic man, not quite tall and not quite thin, with soft features, light-brown hair that curls gently across his forehead and over the rims of his ears, and a New York accent they don't come any purer than. He was leaning about as far back as his office chair would allow, and he had his legs stretched across a desk piled high with papers, family photographs, and—like every other available surface—sweaters. With its homely furniture, its chaotic intermingling of business and personal objects, and its flimsy panelled walls (in a grayish beige with black splotches, like no wood grain that has ever been), the office was out of a simpler time in the garment industry, when the families that ran knitwear factories didn't have to worry about competition from farther away than across town.

"I used to drive a 1980 Buick Riviera," Richard Goldman said. "It was a disaster. You're talking about a car that in order to turn the radio on you had to kick the dashboard. It caught on fire three times. Once, the whole transmission fell out in my driveway, and we just let the car lie there. At twenty-five thousand miles, I couldn't take it anymore, and you know what I bought? An Oldsmobile! Now we've got Corvettes. All American-made. We will not buy foreign cars. We will not allow foreign cars in our parking lot. We have two accounts with buyers who drive Audis, and they have to park on the street. I know it sounds stupid, but it's something. America can't support the whole world anymore. We have to let them make it on their own, and Japan is the prime example. I watched a show on Channel 13 about how the Japanese treat American goods. They used to have left-hand-drive cars, the same as we do. They changed to right-hand drive, because G.M. and Ford started to produce smaller cars, and the Japanese panicked, because American car companies might be able to fit their requirements and ship our cars over there. Japan is a country that's crazy for baseball. We make the best aluminum baseball bats in the world, and they won't take them. They wanted Louisville Slugger to give them the bat and show them how to make it, so they could do it themselves and say, 'We don't need your bats.' "

I asked him about the German and Japanese knitting machines I had seen in back. "If I could buy an American knitting machine, I would," he said. "Even if they were inferior, I'd buy them, and make them better, because if



A MYSTERY, WRAPPED IN AN ENIGMA, SERVED ON A BED OF LETTUCE.

I don't have confidence in what American workers can do, why am I making anything? Why don't I sell insurance for a living?"

Joseph Goldman, who is tall and has curly reddish-blond hair and a mustache, came into the office while Richard was talking. "The government put the American-made knitting machine out of business," he said. He explained that the last major domestic manufacturer of sweater-knitting machinery, Wildman-Jacquard, abandoned the market after being sold by its parent company, North American Rockwell—an event precipitated by what Joseph Goldman understood to be a pointless antitrust action by the Justice Department. Without Rockwell's backing, he said, Wildman-Jacquard was unable to modernize.

"Americans have lost their confidence in other Americans," Richard said. "*We* have not." He paused to shout a question to the bookkeeper, a huge man hunched over a ledger in an adjoining office. "That check for fourteen thousand dollars—did it get in yet?"

"Not yet," the bookkeeper said.

"What's the problem?"

"They said something about the computer—it's down."

"That's the latest story," Richard said. "Nowadays, the three big lies are: the check is in the mail, the goods are on the truck, and the computer's down."

I asked him how his company had been affected by imported sweaters, which, according to some estimates, commanded more than half the American retail market. In Richard Goldman's mind, the import statistics came with names attached—the names of Ricke Knitting Mills' ex-customers. "We used to do a tremendous, tremendous business with Rosanna," he recalled. "They went overseas a hundred per cent. And Christian Dior, they went overseas—that hurt badly."

"Penrose," Joseph Goldman interjected. "My father had that account forever."

"We grew up with Penrose," Richard said.

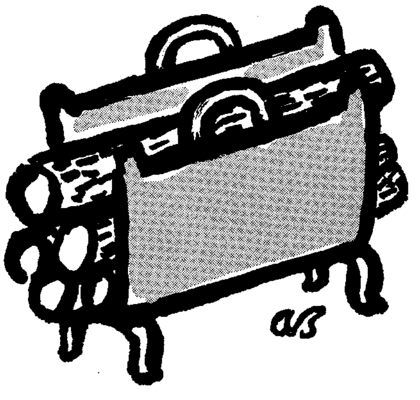
I repeated an observation I had heard from several fashion-company executives: that American knitwear factories didn't have the patience to deal with small or complicated orders and took a grudging attitude toward the job of making samples. "A lot of mills are run by older men, and they don't want to make samples," Richard said. "We *do* make them, and we make them fast. Liz Claiborne, for instance, needs at least three samples of each garment. It used to be that a mill could pick and choose the garments it wanted to make. My father had a group of core people he could depend on. In January or February, his accounts would call him into the city, and they'd sit down and plan their orders for the whole year. We can't operate like that anymore. If a customer says 'Jump,' we say 'How high?' "

The door opened, and a man in a dark business suit—a buyer—peered in and asked, "Are we going to see approvals on the two new styles before you go ahead with them?"

"Yeah, absolutely," Richard said. "I'm just waiting for the yarn. I should have it by the end of this week. And would you do me a favor when you go back? Speak to Mrs. Cohen. Tell her I need some money. Let her work on whatever she can possibly get out to me." The buyer nodded and left, and Richard resumed our conversation. "Liz Claiborne makes goods all over the world. Calvin Klein, London Fog—they're the same way. We've demonstrated to them that we're willing to drop whatever we're doing to satisfy them, as long as they give us the same lead time they do overseas. In the last eighteen months, we've spent a million dollars on electronic knitting machines. It was an all-or-nothing gamble. We have big notes to pay. Things are very, very tight. But we can cover every base now. We might not have tremendous volume, but we have triple-lock machines in four-cut, five-cut, six-cut, seven-cut, eight-cut, and ten-cut. Also, we're a cab ride away from the garment district. The buyers and the designers can be here in fifteen minutes."

"A lot of the mills are run by older people who really don't have the vision," Joseph Goldman said. "They're so set in their ways—"

"Right," Richard broke in. "My father used to work on the old flat machines and circular machines, and as we started to become more and more electronic he stopped going into the knitting department. Even though the stitch configurations were the same and the basics of knitting were the same, the programming was so alien to him that he gave up on it. A lot of the older millowners are trying to upgrade their machinery, but they're not upgrading their thinking to go along with it. Running a knitting machine is not only running it for the orders. The beauty of having the computer controls is that we can interrupt an order, make some samples, get back into production, and satisfy two people at the same time. Liz Claiborne—last week, *we* called *them*, and told them to come out and we'd make samples. If I'm not making samples, I'm losing money in future business. We're trying to learn to take some of the things that overseas has been doing and do them here, and one of those things is being able to turn out samples fast."



I asked Richard how he thought his sweaters compared in quality with those from the Far East.

"People will tell you the quality is better overseas—that's nonsense," he said. "They buy machines from the same people we do. Knitting is knitting, whether we do it or they do it or Joe Schmo does it—whether it's done in Taiwan or on Mars. There's only four different things you can do: you can knit, you can tuck, you can miss, you can transfer. That's it."

"The difference is the fact that they pay their people nothing," Joseph said.

"Right. While we might have to pay seven and eight dollars an hour, they're paying maybe twenty-two cents an hour. People talk about quality. I can show you sweaters made in Korea with holes big enough to stick your fist in, and I can show you sweaters made in the United States with holes big enough to stick your fist in. You get what you pay for. My sweaters sell for fifty, sixty, seventy dollars. We make good department-store, specialty-store, middle-of-the-road, upstairs-type merchandise, and we make it well. We know that."

A non-union shop, Ricke Knitting Mills had a hundred and ten employees at the time of my visit, and most of them were women who lived in the neighborhood and walked to work. Unlike many garment manufacturers in the Orient, who favor the piece-work system, the Goldmans pay a straight hourly wage. "I consider our workers to be exceptionally good quality," Richard said. "They've been working for us for a long time. We're in a good neighborhood. All right, so we don't do calisthenics in the morning. I know how upset these people get if something is wrong and we bring it back to show them. Some of these women cry! They don't want to make bad goods. Nothing manufactured is perfect, but we try. I don't see how anybody can survive in this industry over the next ten years if it keeps going the way it's going. The only thing that can help us now is that veto override."

He was referring to an imminent vote in Congress on the Textile and Apparel Trade Enforcement Act, informally known as the Jenkins bill. Congress had passed it at the end of 1985, and President Reagan, denouncing it as a protectionist measure that would hurt consumers and encourage foreign retaliation, had vetoed it; now the bill's supporters were trying to marshal the two-thirds of both houses necessary to override the veto. The Jenkins bill, if it became law, would reduce textile and apparel imports from Hong Kong, Taiwan, and South Korea by between twenty-five and thirty per cent, and impose smaller cuts on imports from a number of other countries.

"We've invested all this money in our business, and I'm not looking for aid," Richard went on. "All I'm looking for is a fair market share. The Reagan Administration talks a lot about fair trade. What's fair about it? I can't pay twenty-two cents an hour. About two years ago, Ronald Reagan said we were going to protect the American electronics industry. The next day, the Social Security Administration announced it was going to buy a Hitachi computer. The next day! We have these industries. They employ people. They require some degree of governmental— I don't want to call it protection, but let's say *care*. We need a little care. In the over-all scheme of things, do you think anybody cares about my hundred and ten employees? No! And these are not people who can be retrained. Buyers call me up and say, 'Can you make this? Can you make that?' I give them a price and they say, 'But I can make it overseas for this much less.' What am I supposed to do? It's not *my* fault. I didn't invent the minimum wage. We've got to pay *x* number of dollars an hour—and we're entitled to make a living also, my brothers and I. We're never going to be millionaires. We're going to make a nice living, provided we can compete. We're not operating this business for our health. We're doing it to make a profit—to buy more machinery and to perpetuate the business. We don't want to see it go down the tubes in a couple of years. Joey's got children, I've got children, my brother Bruce hopefully is going to have kids someday. We'd like to be able to pass it on to them. Whether they want it or not is up to them, but it would be nice to be able to say, 'We've got a business that's seventy years old.' How many people can say that?"

WHILE I was hanging out at Ricke Knitting Mills, I encountered a number of regular visitors—people who came by to make deliveries, check on goods, get contracts signed, and shoot the breeze with the Goldman brothers. One such visitor, a round-faced man with gold-rimmed glasses, introduced himself as Robert Lineburg, a vice-president of Commonwealth Yarn Sales, Inc. Lineburg told me that he had been in plenty of knitting mills in his time, and he of-

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fered to explain why Ricke had survived and so many others hadn't.

"The sweater-knit industry evolved because of immigrants who settled this section of the country and invested their blood, sweat, and tears to build a business," he said. "But the next generation decided they wanted their children to go into something maybe one step above—medicine, law, finance. That's been the general trend—into the service-related industries and out of manufacturing. So the older mill-owners today don't have a next generation to hand the mill down to. In order to survive in the knitwear industry, you must be innovative. In order to be innovative, you have to reinvest your profits in new equipment. Some of these older owners will say, 'Look, I've done well over the years. I'm successful. I'm ready to retire. Why should I invest a million dollars of my profits in the business when there's nobody to give it to?' You walk into many knitting firms and look at the equipment they have, and it's thirty years old. This mill is different. You wouldn't recognize it as the one you walked into five or ten years ago. Their equipment today is totally changed, and they're doing ten different styles at once."

I received another dose of perspective from Gaspar Sciacca, whose twenty-nine-year career as a sweater presser came to a rude end in the summer of 1983, when his last employer, Village Industries, of Garden City, Long Island, ceased operations, citing an inability to compete with imports. Sciacca was prematurely retired at sixty-one, on a pension of $31.68 a month from the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. The I.L.G.W.U. had also arranged a meeting between a group of laid-off garment workers, including Sciacca, and their congressman. "Where do I go at sixty-one?" Sciacca asked the congressman. "Who's going to hire me? Who's going to bother teaching me something new?" As Sciacca remembers the meeting, "he told me, 'I feel sorry for you, but we have to give these other countries some work, because there'll be revolutions and stuff like that, and they're our friends.' And I said, 'But you're *my* congressman—you represent *me!*' "

Gaspar Sciacca is a man of slight build, with a prominent nose, a modest remnant of fuzzy brown hair, and the dark olive complexion of the southern Italians—further darkened by afternoons spent on the beach at East Rockaway. "I go down there and sit with a couple of other geezers and gab," he said. I talked with him in his living room—a small, well-kept room in which a matched sofa-and-chair set covered with transparent plastic stood on a speckled orange carpet. From time to time, I compared the sexagenarian before me with a faded portrait, on top of the television set, of Sciacca at twenty-two, in his Army uniform, posing with his bride, Maria. The picture had been taken in 1944. Mrs. Sciacca was also there in person, mostly listening but occasionally refreshing her husband's memory about some event of twenty or thirty years past. On the wall behind her were photographs of their two sons, their daughters-in-law, and their grandchildren.

Gaspar Sciacca's first job after the war was in a shoe factory. It ended when the boss announced that he could save twenty-five cents a pair in production costs by moving his operation to Pennsylvania. At the time, the Sciaccas lived in the Bushwick section of Brooklyn. "It was a German neighborhood, and it was saturated with knitting places," Sciacca told me. "Mostly small shops where they had maybe twenty-five, thirty, forty people working—but big places, too. You couldn't go a block or two without seeing a knitting mill. That's all there was there." In 1954, he found work in one of those mills, and the job he started in was the same as the one he ended in—pressing sweaters. "I had an aluminum frame," he said, "and I would take the garment and slip it over the frame and give it the shape, and then I'd put it down and steam it, and then I'd have to shape the sleeves and the V, you know, and pull it to a certain length or width. It's dry at first, and then you give it steam—there are two pedals, one for steam and one for vacuum—and while it's hot with the steam you shape it. The V, most of the time, had to be seven and a half inches from the back of the neck, and the shoulder had to be five inches, and what we called the drop—if it was a crew neck—had to be two and a half inches. You measured with your eye, but usually within a half inch was all right. If it was supposed to be two and a half inches and you had three, they wouldn't say too much."

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The work itself held no great charm. "We had air-conditioning," Sciacca said, "but when you're by the steam table . . ." He shrugged. "It was a hot, sweaty job. I don't think the young people of today would do it. That's why you have these immigrants coming in. You look into those places now, they're all Spanish or Chinese. You don't see anybody born here going onto the line. My wife asked me what I thought of the job, and I told her, 'I can't see me doing this the rest of my life.' Well, I practically did." He laughed, and so did Mrs. Sciacca. "You know what it is," he continued. "You've got kids, they've got to eat, there's shoes to buy, milk, and I started making a little more, and we were able to live a little better, and that's what keeps you going. I was fourteen years and something at one company, and I was fourteen years and something at the other company."

The other company, Village Industries, was owned by a man named Sidney Gould, and most of its sweaters carried the Sidney Gould label and the legend "It's Pure Gould." To get through the day, Sciacca used to sing while he worked. "As long as you were doing piecework, they wouldn't bother you," he said. He liked Sidney Gould, whom he described as "a fine old gentleman." But in 1975 Gould sold out to a publicly owned company called Interco, and the tone of the operation gradually changed—for the worse, in Sciacca's judgment. "They said the pressers were making too much," he recalled. "They cut down on some of the prices they were paying us. All they had to do was change the style and say it's a new style, and then they could settle on a new price. They had a time-study man there, who came with three or four clocks, and he timed you, and that's how they would figure out the prices. I was averaging about twelve dollars an hour."

"You were really hustling to make that," Mrs. Sciacca interjected.

"Yeah. I wasn't a slow man, let me put it that way. But they looked at the bottom line."

When business was good, Sciacca worked an hour of overtime every night and, usually, four hours every Saturday. By the late nineteen-seventies, business was not good. "We made imitation hand-knit sweaters," another former worker told me, "and all of a sudden somebody brought in sweaters from Korea that were advertised as 'Genuine Hand-Knit'—really, they were knit on an unmotorized machine—and women bought them. Ours were sitting next to them for the same price, or maybe a few bucks more, and they were just ignored." In the spring of 1983, the company let six of its eight pressers go. Three months later, the mill closed.

The I.L.G.W.U., in addition to paying Sciacca $31.68 a month as a pension, continued his hospitalization insurance for a year. By that time, he had begun to collect five hundred and thirty-seven dollars a month in Social Security, but Mrs. Sciacca, who was working for a book distributor, had to help cover the hospitalization insurance for the two years that remained before he became eligible for Medicare. "You know what it was costing us?" Sciacca said. "Two hundred and thirty-eight dollars a month, which I didn't believe!"

Sciacca told me he wasn't enjoying retirement, because "I don't like to sit."

"That's why he's pushing *me* to retire," his wife put in.

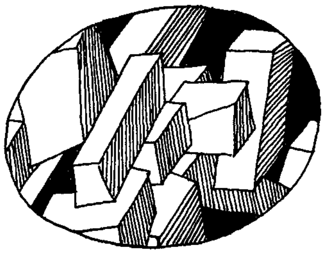
"Yeah," Sciacca said. "I told her, 'Look, I'm home all alone.' I keep asking her, 'When are you going to stop?' If we can't make it here—well, the house is almost paid for, we'll sell it and go to Florida, that's all, because we're only going to have an income of about nine hundred dollars a month between us. So we'll see."

THE day after my visit to the Sciaccas, I talked with another husband and wife contemplating premature retirement. Like Gaspar Sciacca, Arthur Ortenberg and Elisabeth Claiborne have been in the clothing business since the fifties—Ortenberg on the planning and administration side and Claiborne on the design side. In 1976, with a partner, Leonard Boxer—a production specialist—and two hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars in capital, they formed their company. (Jerome Chazen, a marketing specialist, joined them the following year.) At first, the operation was kept small, so that Claiborne could do all the designing herself and be as fussy as she liked about details. By the time of my visit, however, Liz Claiborne, Inc., had been declared (by *Fortune*) the second most admired corporation in the United States; its sales were running at a rate of almost a billion dollars a year; and Art and Liz, as they insist on being called by just about everybody, were entertaining the idea of a one-month-on, one-month-off arrangement, in which spirit they had begun to take long and frequent vacations, disappearing to their beach house on Fire Island (on property that reached from bay to ocean) or their ranch in northwestern Montana, or anyplace else they cared to go in their personal (not to be confused with corporate) Hawker Siddeley jet.

I caught up with them when they were between excursions to East Africa and Alaska. We met over lunch in Ortenberg's office, which, like most of the company headquarters, at Broadway and Forty-first Street, is white, brightly lit, and uncluttered—a blank canvas, so to speak, for the Liz Claiborne collection. The lunch was also on the spare side, consisting of greens, carrots, melon, cottage cheese, and other items with a reputation for healthfulness, served up in plastic carryout containers. At fifty-eight, in her case, and sixty, in his, Claiborne and Ortenberg appeared to be good advertisements for such a diet.

Claiborne has close-cropped black hair, a permanent suntan, a near-permanent pair of oversize tinted glasses, and angular features that make her look taller than her actual height of five feet six. She was wearing a beige washed-silk camp shirt with the sleeves rolled up to the elbow and a pair of white, crinkled-linen pants—neither item carrying her own label. ("You caught me on the wrong day," she said.) She was also wearing a considerable array of handcrafted jewelry in various geometrical shapes, and, all in all, looked a little like a Cubist portrait of herself. Ortenberg's features are more rounded, and his complexion, next to hers, seemed fair, although he, too, had a respectable tan. His hair was cut to about the same length as his wife's, but it was blondish gray instead of black, and there was a beard to go with it. They have been married to each other since 1957—the second marriage for both.

Over the phone, Ortenberg had been at some pains to establish that he and his wife did not talk to the press much. For one thing, they did not want it to appear that they had created the company by themselves. They were also concerned, I gathered, about the risk of saying something that might damage the company's standing with consumers or investors. One subject that worried Ortenberg was imports. Like many fashion companies, upscale and downscale, Liz Claiborne has most of its clothing manufactured abroad, and he didn't want to see his company singled out for attack by the domestic textile and apparel industries. So I was relieved when he agreed to a formal interview and added that he would do his best to get "Her Lizness" to attend. I was further relieved when, as soon as lunch had been set out, he raised the question I was preparing to ask—why, after starting out as a purely domestic company, had Liz Claiborne gradually come to do the great majority of its production overseas?



"Nobody enjoys spending twenty-four hours on an airplane when he can spend two hours on a train or a few minutes in a cab for the same purpose," Ortenberg said. "Nobody enjoys being away from home weeks on end, which is the fate of most designers who put lines into work overseas."

"Not after the first few trips you don't enjoy it," Claiborne said.

"Whether it be to Hong Kong or wherever," Ortenberg said.

Neither of them had been involved with imports before the company was formed. What got them involved, they said, was the difficulty of finding domestic suppliers able or willing to give Claiborne the variety of fabrics and the careful tailoring she wanted now that she was designing under her own name.

"It was like pulling teeth to try to get small stitches and neat finishing and so forth," she told me. "We worked with one of the last of the fully-fashioned-knitwear companies down South, where they still did needle finishing. But even there I was severely limited. I never got a decent placket out of them. I was reduced to doing stripes, or these funny tuck stitches that simulate cables. They didn't do real cables. I remember the

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first shirts we made. All I could afford was to put double-needle stitching on the collar—I couldn't afford plackets. And we had to design within the limits of their machinery."

Claiborne and Ortenberg had been grappling with these problems for a few months when someone told them, "You should be offshore." So they went to a company that was in the business of servicing American firms too small or unsophisticated to send their own buyers to the Far East. "We started experimenting—not in knitwear, originally, but in blouses, which are also a relatively high-labor garment," Claiborne told me. "And I was appalled."

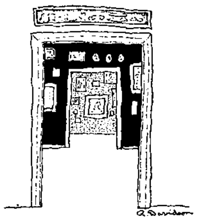
"She was appalled that she hadn't looked into it earlier," Ortenberg put in.

"I was appalled by what you could get offshore—the prices, the good quality, the tiny stitches, the beautiful buttonholes. I had never seen fine little buttonholes like that before. I could make any shirt pocket I wanted to. I could put double-needle stitching all over the place. I could make two pockets instead of one pocket."

The company had been founded with the idea of carving out a market niche between the world of the pants suit and the world of high fashion. It turned out to be a far bigger niche than anyone had figured. It was also a niche for which the American textile and apparel industries were singularly ill equipped. Variety, refinement, clothing to express personality rather than occasion—these things called for labor rather than capital, and for factories that would do whatever it took to satisfy their clients' needs. "In the fifties, there were certain styles," Claiborne said. "If you went to work, you had to dress in suits. Sportswear was truly sportswear—it was something that you wore on the weekends either to perform sports or to watch sports. And dresses—you had spectator dresses and business dresses and evening dresses. When short skirts were in, everybody wore short skirts; when shoulder pads were in, everybody wore shoulder pads. But by the beginning of the eighties you could dress almost any way you wanted to. There are still parameters, but dressing has be come almost a kind of entertainment. And part of it, I feel, is because of imports: because of all the possibilities they provide—washed silks, and crinkled linens, and God knows what else."

After a year or so of working through intermediaries, Claiborne, Ortenberg, and Leonard Boxer began travelling to the Far East and dealing for themselves. In Hong Kong, they took to renting a hotel suite and sitting down with a team of design and production people—some from their own company, some from the factories with which they were doing business. They discovered that they could get samples made on a few days' notice and without complaint—generally, as many samples as they wanted. They began to do more and more of their line planning in Hong Kong.

Dana Buchman, the company's chief knitwear designer, had joined us for lunch, and, at Claiborne's urging, she explained what it was like to go through the sampling process with an American manufacturer. "I've been to several American knitwear factories where they would hardly give me the time of day," she said. "I went with one of the other designers to a knitter in upstate New York. I think the guys there had made three samples—that was nice—but the samples didn't come out right. They had the normal problems that any first protos might have, and I wanted to start correcting them, and the guys said, 'What do you mean? We're ready to go into production.' There was lots of 'Oh, honey, you don't need to know that.' There was lots of snickering. I'd say, 'This rib is too flimsy—it just doesn't look good,' and they'd throw around a few technical terms instead of saying, 'Let's try to solve it.' I was pretty careful not to say, 'Well, over in the Orient we can do this.' Because all they wanted to do was knock the Orient. They didn't want to understand why they were dying out."



I had heard similar tales from Jack Listanowsky, Liz Claiborne's senior vice-president for knitwear manufacturing. "We met with a supplier—to be nameless—about doing some fleece, and we showed them what we were making in terms of the composition of the fleece," he told me. "Ours was eighty-five/fifteen cotton/poly. Their business at the moment was fifty/fifty cotton/poly. And I said to them, 'Listen, we would like to do a lot of business in the U.S.—maybe even fifty or sixty thousand pieces per month.' And that's a substantial quantity. But we would need them to develop *our* fabric. We were talking about a long-term commitment, not just one order. I said, 'Let's think in terms of a minimum of six months.' And they kind of looked at me and said, 'Well, we're not in the fabric-development business. Our business is real strong right now. Unless you're interested in *our* fleece, we would really not even entertain the idea of developing the fabric.' That, to me, is the wrong mind-set."

In Ortenberg's opinion, the attitude problem was tied to an image problem. "If you ask someone 'What do you do for a living?' and he answers 'Oh, well, I run a knit factory in Brooklyn,' that confers no status," he said. "But in Hong Kong for a young, educated man to go into the sweater business is considered consistent with the family's purposes; it certainly doesn't lower his social standing. People in textiles in the Far East seem to view their relative position vis-à-vis other people in those societies quite differently from the way those activities are viewed here."

Delivering designs, specifications, and materials to factories, monitoring quality, bringing finished goods into warehouses and shipping them out to retailers—and doing all this on a coordinated schedule—becomes a labyrinthine challenge when a company imports clothes from all over the world on the scale that Liz Claiborne does. "It takes a certain turn of mind," Ortenberg said. "You have to enjoy logistical problems—the more complex, the more fun."

Early in the company's history, Claiborne recalled, she would say something like "I know we're making these two garments in two different countries, but wouldn't it be nice if we could face the collar on this one with the print fabric from this other one?" And the production people would answer "Liz, just tell us what you want, and we'll figure out how to do it."

"It also takes a certain amount of courage," Ortenberg said.

"Because it's all out-of-pocket," Claiborne said. With a domestic factory, she explained, a buyer can pay a fraction of the agreed-upon price up front and withhold final payment until the goods are delivered in satisfactory form. Before a foreign factory will begin production, the buyer must deposit a letter of credit for the whole amount.

"So you have to be willing to risk, and accept the downside if you're wrong, and not try to put the downside off on somebody else," Ortenberg said. "It takes a willingness to make definite commitments and live by them."

One of the most formidable obstacles facing the clothing importer is the quota system, a set of rules limiting the right of various countries to export various types of garments to the United States. The system is administered largely by the governments of the exporting countries, which apportion the quota—that is, the right to export—among their factories, usually using the previous year's trade figures as a guide. Liz Claiborne owes much of its success to having established, over the years, stable relationships with factories that have large quota holdings. This, in turn, according to Ortenberg, stems from the company's determination not to fit the negative preconceptions that some Asian business people have about Americans. "The Asiatics—for very good reasons, I would assume—tend to question the reliability, the constancy, of Western buyers," he said. "We have been reliable, constant customers. It's part of our religion not to hurt a supplier but to absorb as much of any loss ourselves as we can, and to be as fair as we can when error occurs—and, of course, it occurs quite often. We try to make ourselves desirable in terms of both financial integrity and professionalism in the handling of details. There is nothing worse for a supplier anywhere than to allocate production space and quota to a screwed-up customer who keeps on saying 'Well, I've approved the colors for the yarn' when he hasn't, or 'The yarn should be in your factory' when it isn't, or 'The orders are on the way' when they're going to be changed five times. And all that is the rule rather than the exception, because this is such an entrepreneurial industry."

As I listened to Ortenberg explain these things, it occurred to me that the difficulties he cited tended to winnow out potential competitors and thus made the rewards of success all the greater. The quota system, especially, had this effect. Americans, it stood to reason, paid more for their clothes than they would in a quota-free world, and though some of that extra money wound up in the hands of the domestic textile and apparel manufacturers and

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their employees, a lot of it went, in the form of enhanced profits and salaries, to importers and overseas manufacturers who had mastered the system. The quotas, in this sense, amounted to a government program that, among other things, had helped Art Ortenberg and Liz Claiborne buy themselves a private jet. I put it to Ortenberg that, what with one thing and another, his company was almost in the position of belonging to a cartel.

"Almost," he agreed. "But you have to remember we're dealing with nervous suppliers all over the world. And we do have competitors. The retailers are now very much involved in their own private-label programs. Macy's, for instance, has its own design staff, and a substantial production staff around the world. If retailers do their own manufacturing, they cut out one of the cost components along the way—namely, us—and very often, in their zeal to take our productive base away from us, they will offer a supplier more money for the product than we will offer. So there is no guarantee that when you go to the pantry tomorrow morning it's going to be full. But, by and large, the quota system has worked to our advantage." Liz Claiborne, he added, would soon be opening retail outlets of its own.

"We'll be going up against a combination of the Gap and the Limited in terms of what we'll sell, but with more of an emphasis on related separates," Ortenberg said.

"And a little more upscale," Claiborne put in.

"The industry has changed," Ortenberg said. "One analyst sees it five years hence—in somewhat exaggerated terms—as being Macy's, the Limited, the Gap, and Liz Claiborne. Everybody else will have been absorbed, overrun, pillaged, or diluted."

Liz Claiborne, Inc., was founded with the business and professional woman in mind and on the assumption that this "target consumer" yearned to arrive at the office in something other than a female version of the clothes that male executives wore. Paris Knitting Mills and its guiding light, Al Paris, staked their fortunes on another class of working woman—the middle-class mother who decides to take a sales or office job to help make ends meet. Her taste in clothes was assumed to be conformist and her budget to be tight. "The end of the market that we were in was sort of the moderate to low end," Joseph Lombardo, who spent fifteen years as a presser at Paris, told me. A high-spirited and highly communicative man with slick gray hair, beetling brows, and a gentle manner, Lombardo now works for the Knitgoods Workers' Local 155 of the I.L.G.W.U.

"Paris did not sell to the designer group," he said. "Paris made doubleknit suits for your mother or my mother—three-piece suits, with a blouse, a Chanel-type jacket, and a skirt or a pair of pants. They sold for thirty-five or forty dollars. The blouse was what they called a shell—sleeveless, with no collar on it—usually white, with, let's say, a navy skirt and a navy jacket. For a forty-year-old woman who was going back to work after raising her kids it was ideal, because she could have three suits for a hundred-dollar investment. She could mix and match. The beauty of Paris was that the jackets were all so much alike that the girls could sew them with their eyes closed. And the firm was smart enough so that as labor costs and rents went up, Mr. Paris converted from fabric to fabric. We were in hot fibres when they were hot. We went from being a hundred-per-cent-wool shop to a wool-synthetic blend, then to an acetate, and then from acetate to polyester. But we continued to make the same suit, and we continued with just about the same good quality of workmanship. In 1963, we made a three-piece suit that retailed for thirty dollars, and the factory cost was maybe seven-fifty. In 1978, the factory cost was maybe eight-fifty or nine and the suit retailed for thirty-five to forty."

When Paris switched over to polyester doubleknit, it joined an epic shift in American fashion. Polyester doubleknit looked like the fulfillment of a long quest for an all-purpose, inexpensive, indestructible, wash-and-wear fabric. It was the breakthrough that would enable the textile and apparel industries of the United States and Europe to fend off competition from the Far East. It was, in short, a stunning victory of technological wizardry over cheap labor. "There was virtually a natural marriage between the international knitting-machinery manufacturers and the large chemical companies in the United States—mainly Du Pont," Art Ortenberg had told me. "The French, the Swiss, the Germans, and the English all made equipment for the rapid production of doubleknit fabric. An enormous capital investment in this equipment was made in the United States. Almost every textile-maker of any decent size had banks of doubleknit machines, all banging away at a mile a minute. Du Pont and the knitters got together and found a mass-producible yarn size that could be run on all these machines; it was a hundred and fifty denier over thirty-four filaments—meaning that it took thirty-four separate little strands to create one yarn size, which was a hundred and fifty denier. Then they texturized it, in order to give it a human touch, allegedly. And an entire industry grew up around this one yarn size and the dyeing and texturizing thereof. It was wonderful for Du Pont, and before long Celanese got into it, Monsanto got into it, Allied Chemical, Eastman Kodak—all the large chemical companies. And everybody was off to the party."

Albert Hubbell

By and large, designers—Liz Claiborne among them—were not as taken with polyester doubleknit as their colleagues in the financial and production departments. For one thing, the fabric took on a glossy, almost plastic look when it was dyed a dark color, so the garments were restricted to bland pastels—blue, pink, yellow, aqua. Nonetheless, polyester doubleknit was a high-growth industry in the late sixties and early seventies. But while the American chemical and textile industries were having their fling with it, their Japanese competitors, according to Ortenberg, decided that this was not the direction in which the market was headed. "The fabric was heavy," he said. "It could go into outerwear—jackets, skirts, and what have you—but it was not particularly relevant to blouses. The Japanese decided to go toward a lighter-weight feel—a silk feel. The Japanese fibre companies and chemical companies, using polyester in much finer yarn sizes—and with many more differentiable processes—

set out to capture the silklike market. That created a problem for the United States textile industry for many, many years. It locked Du Pont and its competitors into commodity production for a shrinking segment of the market. They're trying to show a little more flexibility now, but they're virtually still locked into it."

When Joseph Lombardo went to work for Paris Knitting Mills, in 1963, the operation consisted of a single plant, in Ozone Park, Queens, which employed about ninety people, including Al Paris's father and brother-in-law, and, from time to time, his mother. "It was really like a mom-and-pop operation, and then it branched out," Lombardo said. "We zoomed with polyester doubleknits. We had big accounts with J. C. Penney and Montgomery Ward. We sold a lot of suits through their catalogues—probably a lot more between the Rocky Mountains and the Hudson River than we did in the more sophisticated places. By about 1973, when we were at our max, the one plant in Ozone Park had four hundred and fifty people, and we had plants in Long Island City, in Maspeth, in Carlstadt, New Jersey, and in Hialeah, Florida. Our suits were so well accepted in Canada that the company opened up a plant in Montreal. We even had a plant in England and a fabric shop in Dublin, Ireland. In the United States and Canada alone, there were probably two thousand members of the I.L.G.W.U. working for Mr. Paris."

By the early seventies, Lombardo was earning twenty thousand dollars a year as a presser. "In Ozone Park, we produced thirty thousand three-piece suits a week—ninety thousand units," he said. "That's a lot of garments, and they were always looking for more." Business was so good that the workers had to plead for the right to take off Christmas week or Fourth of July week. Lombardo recalls wondering aloud, on one occasion, if this success could go on forever. "Year after year, we were producing the same thing, with slight modifications," he told me. "It was like a cookie cutter, and I kind of felt the bottom was bound to fall out. But when I said that, somebody else said, 'Yeah, but you got to realize that every few years we got a new group of women moving into this category.' "

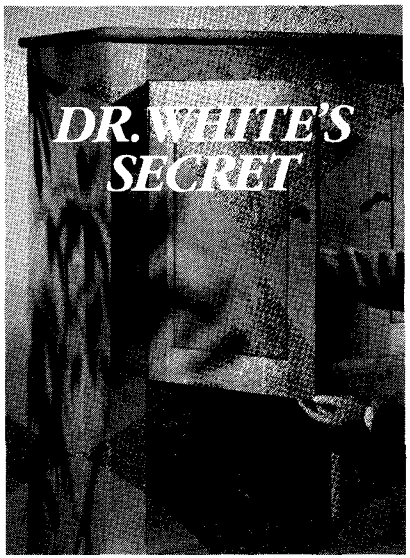
At Paris Knitting Mills, the first intimation of trouble was the arrival of suits similar to its own but made in Korea or Taiwan. "One of our salespeople bought a suit in—let's say, Penney's," Lombardo recalled. "It was selling for maybe five dollars less than ours, and he put the two of them together and said 'Which one is ours?' and we couldn't tell the difference. They were identical, stitch for stitch."

Then—to quote Gabriel Rubaszkin, who has worked for Paris Knitting Mills in various managerial capacities since 1954—"the word 'doubleknit' became a no-no in the market."

Rubaszkin runs the only plant of the former Paris empire still in operation—the knitting factory in Maspeth, not far from Ricke. It was acquired in 1979 by the sportswear house of Jonathan Logan, which, according to Rubaszkin, was moving much of its production overseas. Rubaszkin pinned the problem of consumer dissatisfaction with doubleknits on the corner-cutting to which domestic as well as foreign manufacturers had resorted as price competition mounted. Some companies discovered that they could reduce costs by using a lighter fabric and resinating it. "They would beef it up with additives," Rubaszkin said. The resulting garment looked perfectly acceptable in the store. It didn't start to lose its shape until after a few washings, and it didn't start to fray until after a few more washings. Since consumers found it difficult to tell the cut-rate goods from the well-made ones—until too late, that is—the good name of polyester doubleknit was tarnished for every company that trafficked in it. "It wasn't the Orient that closed us up," Rubaszkin said. "It was the product that closed us up."

Lombardo points to another culprit: bluejeans. Paris was a company that depended on the readiness of consumers to observe a dress code, and the code was breaking down. "All of a sudden, everybody was wearing a blouse and a pair of jeans," he explained. "It started with the kids, and it grew into the moms. It became accepted that women did not have to come into an office dressed in something as formal as our suits were. We became a much more casual-dressing society, and that was probably the last straw."

Hoping to get into the swim, Al Paris tried putting a denim look into some of his suits. He tried combining woven blouses and bottoms with knit tops. He tried to move upscale—toward higher-cost, higher-profit gar-



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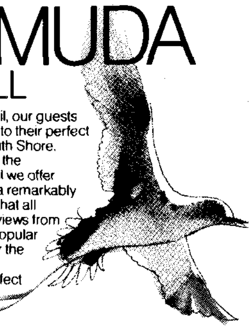

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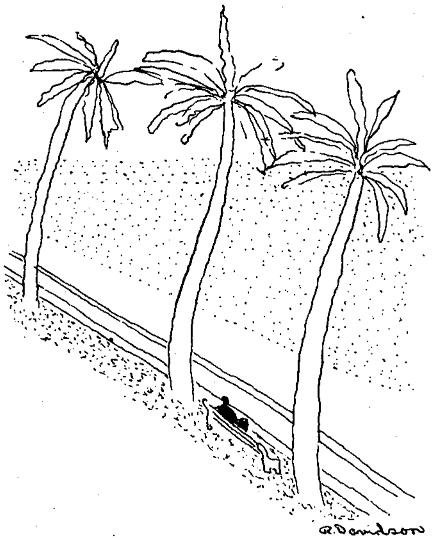
ments, which, in theory, would be less susceptible to price competition. "But we were known as a doubleknit house," Lombardo recalled, "and to say 'We no longer make Chevies, now we make Cadillacs' was very difficult." In the summer of 1979, the Ozone Park factory closed. "And I lost four hundred and fifty friends," Lombardo said.

He had the good fortune to be laid off before Congress sharply reduced funding for a law known as the Trade Adjustment Assistance Act. As an officially recognized victim of imports, Lombardo received an eighty-per-cent bonus above what would have been his normal unemployment check. Two years later, he went to work for Sidney Gould's old company, Village Industries, remaining until April of 1983, a few months before it, too, shut down. Eventually, he became a business agent for the union—a job he compares, fondly, with that of a parish priest. But the parish is shrinking. The membership of Local 155 peaked at seventeen thousand in the early seventies. By the mid-eighties, it was less than four thousand.

THE textile and apparel industries have been accused of being the best-protected industries in the United States. "They're like children," a trade lawyer who represents importers and retailers told me. "No matter how much you give them, they're never satisfied." They were certainly not satisfied in the early nineteen-eighties. Between 1980 and 1986, the volume of textile and apparel imports more than doubled, notwithstanding a program of import quotas that, in general, called for growth of no more than a few per cent a year. How this could be was a hotly debated question, with the domestic industries charging—and the government and importers denying—that fraud, evasion, and lax enforcement were a large part of the answer. There were certainly cases of fraud—cases, for example, in which garments made in one country were falsely labelled as coming from another. But, statistically, most of the increase involved categories of imports which—by a literal reading of the law—were quota-free. The rise of ramie was the sort of thing that the domestic-industry people found hard to bear. In 1981, when delegates from dozens of importing and exporting countries met in Geneva to revise the Multifibre Arrangement, or M.F.A., which sets ground rules for textile and apparel quotas, nobody even mentioned ramie—a variety of hemp. Carlos Moore, the executive vice-president of the American Textile Manufacturers Institute, explained the oversight to me thus: "If somebody had come running in and said 'You've gotta control ramie!' we all would have looked at each other and said 'What's ramie?' " But by 1985 one out of every ten sweaters that came into the country was made of a ramie blend. The United States, it seemed, had become a softie in trade matters, taking an absurdly slow-footed and legalistic approach to the M.F.A. and the various bilateral quota agreements arrived at under it, while other countries interpreted every rule to their advantage. "The Europeans use the M.F.A. very effectively," Moore said. "Their import growth since 1980 has been about ten per cent. Not ten per cent a year; ten per cent total over those six years. Ours has been over a hundred and twenty per cent. And the Japanese—they claim they have no quota arrangements with anybody. But the Japanese don't let anything in unless they want to let it in."

Imports had become a "tide," a "wave," a "flood," even a "deluge," according to the textile and apparel people, who resorted to the same aquatic vocabulary that earlier generations of worried Americans had used to decry the influx of immigrants. Between 1973 and 1986, the number of workers employed in making textiles and apparel in this country decreased by six hundred and thirty-seven thousand, and hundreds of factories shut down. Unemployment in the textile and apparel industries didn't get as much attention from the press as unemployment in the steel and automobile industries, but, as the leaders of the I.L.G.W.U. and the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union observed, that was largely because many of the victims were poorly paid women widely dispersed in rural areas, instead of well-paid men concentrated in a few urban centers.



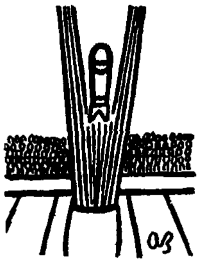
As always in times of adversity, there were people who for a while considered themselves beyond harm's reach. The textile industry, for example, was in better shape than the apparel industry, and the major textile companies, which had large and highly automated factories turning out huge quantities of a few basic products, were healthier still. Feelings between the textile companies and the apparel companies were not altogether comradely; they had a buyer-seller relationship, after all. As the apparel industry's problems worsened, however, the textile companies saw that they might not always have an apparel industry to sell their products to, and as they began to contemplate that unhappy prospect a more immediate threat presented itself, in the form of cheap print cloth from China. In the textile business, the cost of labor was not as large a factor as in apparel, and the big-name companies—Burlington, Milliken, J. P. Stevens, Dan River, and the rest—had many of their plants in the South, where wages were low and unions could be kept at bay. Even so, they were frightened by the thought of China, with its vast labor pool, plunging into the textile business in earnest.

Some of the more prominent apparel-makers—companies such as (in menswear) Phillips-Van Heusen, Robert Bruce, and Arrow, which marketed clothes under their own names—consoled themselves initially with the thought that a certain class of customer and retailer would always be willing to pay the extra dollar for a high-quality American-made product. Imports might be popular with the people who shopped at J. C. Penney, Woolworth, or K mart, the theory ran, but better-heeled people and the retailers who catered to them would stick with the brand names they knew. By the early eighties, however, the department stores, like the discount chains, had begun sending buyers to the Far East, to contract for clothes to sell under house brands. And the brand-name fashion companies, suddenly finding themselves in a frantic struggle to remain competitive, had moved some of their production overseas.

At the I.L.G.W.U.'s triennial convention in 1983, imports were the main issue, and the goal was a Sense of the Congress Resolution calling on the President to cut the volume of apparel imports to no more than twenty-five per cent of the market. A year later, as the complaints against the Administration mounted, the decision was made to go for binding legislation instead. Soon after the Ninety-ninth Congress convened, at the beginning of 1985, Representative Ed Jenkins, a Democrat from Georgia, introduced his bill. It would cut back that year's exports from Hong Kong, Taiwan, South Korea, and nine other countries to a level twenty-seven per cent above the 1980 export figures; thereafter, these countries would be allowed an annual growth of no more than one per cent. A number of other exporting countries would also have cutbacks to contend with, but they would be granted a six-per-cent annual growth rate. Jenkins represented a district of twenty-two counties, each with at least one textile or apparel plant. In his mind, the small towns in the hills of northern Georgia were "a Third World of our own, right here in this country." He had grown up in one of those towns, and his mother had worked in an apparel plant—a plant that, like many others, was no longer in operation. After eight years on the trade subcommittee of the House Ways and Means Committee, Jenkins was tired of the argument that laid-off workers would have to make the transition into other parts of the economy.

"I know my people," he told me, in a recent conversation in his Washington office. "Normally, you'll have the wife working in an apparel plant, you'll have the husband working somewhere else—a hardware store or some local service facility. They'll be seventy-five miles from Atlanta. They'll have a little home, about a third paid for. The children are in school, and then when the wife loses her job, which has happened so often, there is no other employment—there is no other *possibility* of employment. A lot of naïve, well-intentioned people say, 'That person has to shift into another job.' Well, the only way she can shift into another job is for her husband to quit his work so they can move to Atlanta or some other metro area. Often that laid-off woman is trained only in the sewing operation, and there are only so many waitress jobs in a small town."

The well-being of American workers, it seemed to Jenkins, carried less weight with the government than foreign-relations issues and the concerns of the big banks, which had lent a lot of money to textile-exporting countries. He had been meeting regularly with the domestic textile and apparel people since 1977, and he had frequently relayed their complaints to the officials of the Commerce Department and the Customs Service responsible for administering the quota system. "But we could not get their attention until my bill was introduced," he said. "Then we got their attention."



As Jenkins was preparing to introduce his bill, the unions and the major textile and apparel trade associations in the field formed the Fibre, Fabric, and Apparel Coalition for Trade, or FFACT, to lobby for it. The coalition was an extremely awkward one: labor leaders and big-city Democrats from up North found themselves siding with Southern Republicans like Jesse Helms and Strom Thurmond. The union people tended to get hot under the collar when they spoke of the textile companies and their paternalistic style of management; when Burlington or Milliken announced a mill shutdown or a round of layoffs, it invariably blamed the deed on foreign competition, but many workers suspected a different reason—a desire to cut expenses and jack up profits. Moreover, some of the companies that officially supported the Jenkins bill actually had mixed feelings about it. Although Lawrence Phillips, the chairman of Phillips-Van Heusen, was a leading advocate of the bill, his company imported nearly half its product and waged a "constant struggle" to keep the proportion from going higher, according to Bruce Klatsky, the company's president. The way things were headed, it looked as if most of the domestic apparel companies would be on the other side of the issue within a few years. "The apparel industry is not the textile industry," Klatsky told me. "Everybody who writes about this subject lumps them together. They're two distinct industries." At a factory in Alabama, for example, Phillips-Van Heusen made shirts of a fine cotton fabric that the company imported from Japan. The American textile companies were trying to put that fabric under quota, but they wouldn't produce it themselves, according to Klatsky. The problem, he explained, wasn't price; the problem was the textile companies' preference for long production runs of a few basic fabrics. Their foreign competitors, by contrast, made a broad assortment of fabrics and would gladly supply material for as few as fifty dozen shirts.

Such well-known American fashion companies as Liz Claiborne, Ralph Lauren, and Calvin Klein already did much of their production overseas and thus, it seemed, had a lot to lose if the Jenkins bill became law. At first, though, they weren't very worried about that prospect. Congress had seen such "industry specific" pieces of protectionist legislation before. Usually, they had been aimed more at "sending a message" than at actual passage. The Jenkins bill seemed likely to be another in this long tradition: it would be an occasion for passionate speeches denouncing the Administration and the unfair trade practices of other countries; it would help shore up certain legislators' standings with certain disgruntled constituents; and then it would go away. By the late summer of 1985, however, Ed Jenkins and the House textile caucus had recruited almost three hundred co-sponsors—well over half the House of Representatives—and though Sam Gibbons, the chairman of the trade subcommittee, and Dan Rostenkowski, the chairman of Ways and Means, were opposed to the bill, they reluctantly agreed to bring it to a vote on the floor. That October, the House approved the Jenkins bill by a vote of 262 to 159.

In the Senate, support for the bill was also strong, but many people expected it to be scuttled—or modified to death—in a House-Senate conference committee, which would include such opponents as Rostenkowski and Gibbons and a minimum of what Jenkins calls "textile-inclined people." Jenkins anticipated this likelihood, however. On November 13th, by a vote of 60 to 39, the Senate passed a milder version of the bill, and Jenkins immediately announced—to the surprise of many on both sides of the issue—that he was prepared to accept all the Senate's changes (in the drafting of which he had, in fact, played a quiet role). On December 3rd, the House passed the Senate bill without alteration, thus making a conference unnecessary. The opposition then played its trump card: a Presidential veto, which was handed down on December 17th and came

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accompanied by a message of sympathy for American textile and apparel interests and a promise to push for tighter quotas in the coming year.

The veto presented Ed Jenkins with another tactical dilemma. "I knew at that time that I didn't have the votes to override, so I did something that had never been done," he told me. "I decided to try to delay the override vote to a date certain, eight months into the future, and I went to the parliamentarian to ask him if I could do this, and he looked up the rules and told me it was permissible. I decided that if I could postpone the vote till August of 1986 I could continue to put pressure on the Administration. They were renegotiating the Multifibre Arrangement—that had to be done by July—and the elections were coming up in November."

TRADE was in the news more prominently than ever in the spring and summer of 1986, and the coverage began to resemble the last reports from a sinking ship: Compartment C was full of water, there was a slow leak in Compartment F, and so on. As scare story followed scare story, the political momentum shifted against the Administration and its avowed support for free trade. The word "protectionism" remained unpopular, but the need to come across as "tough" on trade was felt with mounting urgency by members of Congress from both parties; the Jenkins bill, as the only major piece of protectionist legislation in the pipeline, suddenly loomed as *the* test of toughness.

In the preceding months, the Administration had engineered a sharp drop in the international value of the dollar, claiming that it would bring an improvement in the trade deficit by the middle of the year. But the middle of the year arrived, and the deficit was bigger than ever. During the first six months of 1986, the importation of textile and apparel products was twenty-two per cent higher than in the corresponding months of 1985, so that, in the words of Dewey Trogdon, the president of the American Textile Manufacturers Institute, "each and every month it now represents one hundred thousand jobs which could have gone to American workers." He called the situation a "horror story." More ominously, the deficit began to spread into areas of the economy that had been considered bastions of strength. Americans had grown used to the vulnerability of the so-called "smokestack industries"—automobiles, steel, and the like. Now, for the first time in fifteen years, the trade statistics showed a deficit in farm products. The world no longer seemed very anxious to buy American corn, wheat, cotton, or tobacco. Once, it would have been possible for the opponents of protectionist legislation like the Jenkins bill to bank on the help of politicians from the Farm Belt, since farm exports would be a natural target for retaliatory action by Third World countries. But the Farm Belt was no longer so sure which side its bread was buttered on. A similar confusion of interest arose in Silicon Valley and other parts of the country with a stake in computers and electronics. The United States, according to some recent calculations, was running a trade deficit in high tech, a field that had been widely cited as a happy exception to the slothful rule of American manufacturing. This startling news tended to undermine a central argument against the Jenkins bill: that textiles and apparel were, after all, "sunset industries," which should be allowed to decline without government interference so that labor and capital could be drawn into "sunrise industries." If computers weren't a sunrise industry, what was?

To hear the Jenkins bill's supporters tell it, the officials who shaped and enforced the textile-quota program were—well, patsies. The opponents of the bill, on the other hand, portrayed them as mindless demons. Laura Jones, the program director of the American Association of Exporters and Importers, tried to help textile and apparel importers stay on the right side of the law, and the government, she told me, didn't make it easy. "One thing they do is move goods from one quota category to another," she said. "Suddenly a category closes, and nobody knows why. And the strange part is that usually you'll hear from your supplier in Hong Kong that there's a problem and he can't get an export authorization from the Trade Department in Hong Kong. It'll be in the papers in Hong Kong before it's public knowledge here. You will call up your government—*your* government—and ask what happened to category six-fifty-one, and your government will say that they can't tell you. The first thing you have to understand about the quota system is that it's insane. If you start from there, you'll be able to grasp the rest of the program."

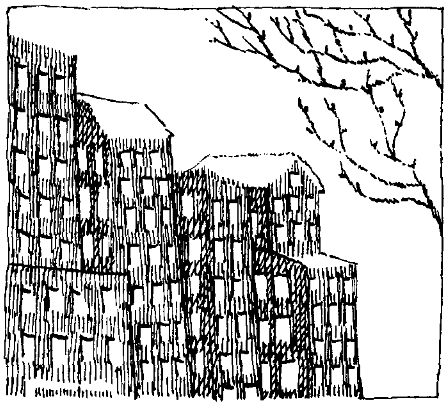
Since the importers and the domestic

industry seemed to hold the system in equal contempt, I couldn't help wondering who, if anyone, believed in it. I got my answer when I went to see Ronald Levin, the director of the Commerce Department's office of textiles and apparel. "Nearly two million Americans are employed in the textile and apparel industries," Levin told me. "Without the textile-and-apparel-import program"—this was how he referred to the quotas—"those two million workers would be a lot fewer." I had grown accustomed to hearing the quota system considered as an alternative to something like free trade (in the ideal world of the importers) or a simple and escape-proof law that would hold imports to a certain fraction of the American market (in the ideal world of the domestic manufacturers). To Levin, however, the alternative to quotas was chaos. "With more than fifty countries trading in textiles and apparel, you can see that there would be an endless cycle of protection and retaliation," he said. "You'd have lots of countries running around putting their own sub-rosa restraints on imports without reference to any standards, and that would really jeopardize the objective of freer trade." Quotas were not the domestic industry's only answer to the import threat, he pointed out. The American Textile Manufacturers Institute, for example, was trying to help American manufacturers learn to be quicker and more flexible in responding to customers' requests. And the Commerce Department was contributing funds to a domestic-industry effort to develop automated apparel-manufacturing machinery for such tasks as sleeve-setting. The quota program, viewed in this broader context, was a way to "buy time," so that a portion of the domestic industry could eventually stand on its own two feet. "One thing is for certain," Levin said. "Once you lose a major industry, you never get it back."

On Friday, August 1st—five days before the override vote—the Administration announced that the M.F.A. talks in Geneva had ended "successfully." Success, in the Administration's terms, was a five-year agreement authorizing, for the first time, quotas on textiles and apparel made chiefly of ramie, linen, and silk, and giving the United States additional leverage for controlling import "surges." The domestic industry was not impressed. "Our trade negotiators have shot a struggling U.S. industry in the back," John N. Gregg, the chairman of FFACT, said in an official industry statement. The agreement, he said, was "an atrocity inflicted on America's textile and apparel industry. . . . America's textile and apparel employees will now see a mass exportation of their U.S. jobs overseas."

The following Tuesday—the day before the vote—FFACT took out an ad in the Washington *Post* denouncing the Administration's trade policy as one of "talk like Rambo, act like Bambi," and the Jenkins bill was the main item on the agenda of a meeting of Republican congressional leaders at the White House. An override of the President's veto would "have the effect of shattering these important agreements and our hopes for broad participation" in future international trade discussions, the *Times* quoted the President as saying. Strom Thurmond gave an "apocalyptic" speech in favor of the bill, according to another senator who was present. An account in the *Times* described the meeting as "pretty electric and action-packed."

The House would take up the issue first, and on Wednesday morning I went to see Barney Frank, a Democratic representative from Massachusetts, who was backing the bill. Frank said he might not be doing so "in a better world, a different world"—a world in which the government had taken other steps to ease the dislocations caused by imports. "I'm not—in the abstract—for a trade policy that tries to hold back the tide," he said. "I think you can manage these transitions. You can say, 'Look, given what's happening in raw-material prices, labor prices, and comparative advantage, it is very probable that in ten years we will have a much smaller steel industry, or textile and garment industry, or what have you. So we're going to discourage new people from entering these industries, and we're going to provide relocation and retraining help for some of the people who will lose their jobs. And we're going to give contracts to some of these companies from the federal government for a five-year period, to give them a chance to attrit out.' But one of the first things Reagan did when he came into office was to virtually wipe out the program of trade-adjustment assistance for displaced workers. And Congress, of course, went along with him. Another thing Reagan did was to cut unemployment compensation; the percentage of people who get unemployment compensation is way down from what it used to be, thanks to his policies. If you slash trade-adjustment assistance, if you cut back unemployment compensation, if you make it harder for people on Medicare and Medicaid, if you cut back on student loans, if you take away all the things that help people cope with excessive imports, you shouldn't be surprised if they then get angry about excessive imports. Jack Kennedy used a line that I never quite understood until Ronald Reagan came along. Kennedy said Franklin Roosevelt could be a good neighbor abroad because he was a good neighbor at home. And that absolutely sums up what's gone on in trade. Ronald Reagan attacks us—Congress, Democrats, liberals, unions, whomever—for not being good internationalists, but he makes it almost impossible by being such a bad neighbor at home."



From Barney Frank's office I went to see Thomas Downey, another Democrat, who represents part of Long Island. He had been one of a handful of Democrats from the Northeast to vote against the Jenkins bill on the first go-round, but just as Barney Frank was uncomfortable in his support for the bill Downey was uncomfortable in his opposition. "My grandmother on the Italian side was an organizer for the I.L.G.W.U.," he told me. "She came to this country in 1904 and worked very hard in the garment industry. My great-uncle, as it has been recounted to me, saw the Triangle Shirtwaist fire in 1911 and personally witnessed people leaping to their deaths. So I've had a kind of historic closeness to the I.L.G.W.U. It goes back to the first time I ran for Congress. They were one of the few unions to support me, and they were fairly prominent in the district." If the Jenkins bill had come up several years earlier, Downey said, he might have voted for it. "But my understanding of markets has changed over time. I've come to the conclusion that a bill like this would be inimical to American interests in several ways. One, it would invite retaliation. Two, it would cost consumers a lot of money, without saving very many jobs in the long run. I think that ultimately the jobs we would save would be saved at a much higher cost than we could realistically afford to pay. Three, the Orient—China in particular—is where I think the future of American trade lies, and I recognize the need for Asian countries to be able to have industries that will do well, that offer a competitive advantage. Unfortunately, we need to be the example setters in the area of open markets, not the naysayers or the protectionists. I mean, the irony in this is to have a lot of progressive Democrats take the free-market approach and a lot of conservative Republicans take the socialist approach. It's a living example of how district interests outweigh ideology."

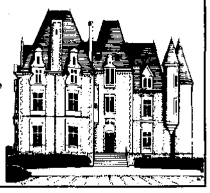
MAYBE Sam Gibbons was exaggerating when he described the business before the House on August 6, 1986, as "perhaps the most historic vote this Congress will cast—this year, next year, last year, or any year in this time frame." In terms of public awareness, the Jenkins bill was a minor-league affair compared with tax reform, aid to the Contras, or the Strategic Defense Initiative. But many of the legislators who were about to vote to override or sustain the President's veto seemed to believe, as Gibbons did, that they had come to an important fork in the political road.

Although no one expected the final round of debate to influence the outcome, dozens of members insisted on giving speeches, and dozens of others asked for "permission to revise and extend my remarks"—a euphemism for the practice of inserting an undelivered speech in the *Congressional Record*. Just as the country had got worked up over imports in general, Congress had got worked up over the Jenkins bill. The rhetoric of some of the bill's supporters was reminiscent of times when military rather than economic action had been called for. "Mr. Speaker, the President's policies are making the American worker cry uncle," James Traficant, a Democrat who represents Youngstown, Ohio, declared. "The only uncle we should be concerned about today is Uncle Sam. Without the American worker we will never overcome our budget deficit or our national debt problem. . . . We must put our foot down today."

The debate exposed a sharp division in Congress over the value of twenty-five years' worth of trade agreements with other countries. An override of the President's veto would make Uncle Sam "Uncle Welsher," Sam Gibbons warned, and he spoke of "the almost eighty agreements that will be broken unilaterally by this one act." Don Bonker, a Democratic representative from Washington, said that the bill raised the question "What is our word worth today?" and he asked, "As the most powerful and respected nation in the world, are we going to simply walk away from our international obligations? How on earth can we expect other nations to adhere to our treaties and agreements, which we don't honor ourselves?"

Carroll Campbell, Jr., a Republican from South Carolina, began his speech with a reminder that he had supported the Administration on most issues. "But this time they're wrong," he said. "They have made a mistake. They have listened to the State Department more than they have listened to the Commerce Department. . . . I've heard those that support the veto speak of fair trade. I ask you, why is it all right to use the taxpayers' money from the textile workers to subsidize grain to be shipped to Russia, and you won't vote with us to help keep those jobs? I ask you that." Loud applause greeted Campbell at this point, and, gaining intensity, he continued, "I ask you, why is it not fair to have reasonable rules in America for textiles and apparel, when it was all right to have quotas and rollbacks in the automobile industry? . . . You speak of open markets. Then let me ask you, why is it that the great open market of America takes over fifty-five per cent of the developing world's products while Japan and the European Community close them out? . . . Mr. Speaker, I can only say that we have an extremely serious matter before us. I can tell you that the future of this industry and these jobs rests in the vote today, and I ask each of you to vote your conscience and for God's sake try to help America one time!" With his tag line, Campbell set off another big round of applause.

Dan Rostenkowski portrayed the Jenkins bill as a dangerous precedent. "I seriously doubt that my colleagues are willing to vote such a bill for every industry that has a trade problem," he



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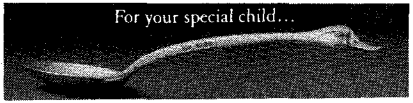

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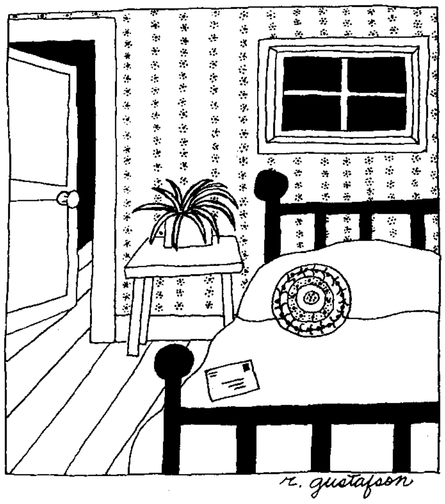
said. But Ed Jenkins pointed out that Congress had cut back—or wheedled the Administration into cutting back—a number of other kinds of imports. "I have helped timber, I have helped microchips, I have helped automobiles, and I have helped wheat," Jenkins said. "I'm calling in the chips." This line provoked a wave of laughter, which was swallowed up by an even bigger wave of applause. The need to protect basic industries from imports was not "a partisan fight" but "an American fight," Jenkins went on. "You can decide to do it today, or you can wait and do it on some other issue. At some point, it must be done." He concluded his speech with a not so delicate allusion to the two million American workers employed in the textile and apparel industries and their possible effect on the elections coming up in November. "Whatever you do," he said in a subdued voice, "you be able to defend it in your districts two months from now."

When the time came for the final vote, members came drifting in from all directions—four hundred and twenty-seven members in all, out of four hundred and thirty-two who were eligible. (Three House seats were vacant.) One of the first members to cast his vote—a vote to override—was the Speaker, who, by tradition, rarely votes; this was Tip O'Neill's way of indicating the great importance he attached to the cause. In the end, the tally stood at 276 votes for the bill, 149 against, and two abstentions. The President's veto of the Jenkins bill had been sustained, with eight votes to spare.

The next morning, I went to see Carroll Campbell. A sandy-haired, solidly built man with a boyish face, Campbell (who is now the governor of South Carolina) had been the main organizer of Republican support for the Jenkins bill. He was a few minutes late for our appointment, as a result, he said, of being "waylaid in the hall by a crowd of textile people" and berated for releasing some of his votes at the last minute. He had tried to tell his waylayers that the two votes at issue would not have been released if they had meant the difference between victory and defeat. "A lot of people who come to Washington don't understand how Congress works," Campbell told me. "Those votes were people who didn't give a damn about textiles—they were personal commitments." He was obviously upset at the suggestion—from some of his own constituents, no less—that he hadn't worked hard enough for the bill; and, listening to him talk about the role of the textile industry in his part of South Carolina (Campbell himself had briefly worked in a mill in Greenville, a city that used to be known as the Textile Capital of the World), I decided that he had got a bum rap. The opposition, Campbell said, had made much of the fact that employment in South Carolina was increasing, not decreasing. "But the textile industry is down, and has been except for a little bit of growth after the recession," he said. "The jobs that are coming along—a lot of them are service-oriented jobs. We're building a tourist industry; we've got a lot of people down there who work cleaning up hotel rooms and as waiters in fast-food restaurants, and things like that. They traded jobs that paid six and seven and eight dollars an hour for jobs that pay three and a half and four dollars an hour. So when they talk about the number of employees in a state, that's not the story. The story is what it means to go from being a loom fixer to a fast-food-restaurant waiter. You know, textiles is the largest employer of women and minorities going into the work force for the first time. So the economic impact is tremendous. I hear people saying, 'Oh, we're becoming an information society, we're a service economy, we're this, we're that.' I hear it all the time. That's fine if you're going to talk about everybody finishing college and becoming a stockbroker or a computer expert or a doctor or a lawyer. But that's not America. That's the top. What are you going to do with the people who drop out in the ninth grade and have to go to work? We have to worry about those people. I don't think you can operate as a great nation without your agricultural base and your manufacturing base. I do not subscribe to the theory that America can make it with all of us running computers or selling each other hamburgers or taking in each other's wash."



In truth, I had heard some of the people on the other side suggest that the nation could get by without the textile and apparel industries. This was not the sort of thing they said in their conversations on the Hill, though. It was a notion that tended to be expressed after hours, and off the record. "If those are the industries of the future, God help us!" was how one lobbyist for the importers put it. "The apparel industry essentially belongs to developing countries—low-wage countries," he said. "We shouldn't be protecting those industries. To hell with them!"

AT the end of August, I paid a return visit to Ricke Knitting Mills, and to Richard Goldman and his brother Joseph. "It's a very difficult time right now," Richard said. "I see twenty per cent of the domestic sweater sources folding up. One thing I can tell you: the buyers were on their toes watching that vote. I don't want to mention names, but some companies had their production men making samples domestically. They were trying to set up a domestic sweater resource, just in case. They were sampling, they were interviewing production help. One company hired somebody to make the arrangements, and the day after the vote the management said, 'Forget it, we're not going to do anything domestically,' and they let the guy go, and that production went right overseas. As soon as the veto override was defeated, people went overseas like the airlines were giving away free flights. They must be whistling Dixie in Korea and Hong Kong right now. The people who are running the economy of this country are prepared to sell everybody down the river, because they're not involved in the day-to-day function of making money—they're legislators. A lot of people think we're dispensable. Personally, when I look in the mirror I don't see myself as being dispensable. According to the Administration, seven textile jobs are worth one high-tech job. With that attitude—"

"There are no high-tech jobs left, either," Joseph Goldman interjected.

"With that attitude," Richard continued, "we've got no steel industry, our automobile industry is on its ass, and the shoe industry is nonexistent. I

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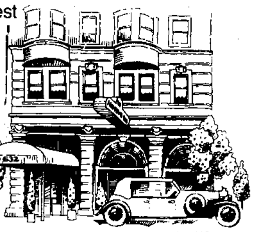

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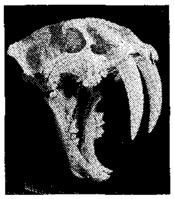

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mean, what do we have that we produce now? We are a country of salesmen, real-estate brokers, stockbrokers. In my generation, it was romantic to own your own business, work real hard, make some money, own a house, raise a family. If you ask people today, they'll say, 'I want to get a good job, make a lot of money, and buy a fancy car.' Owning your own business? Nobody will ever mention to you that one of the things he wants to do is own his own business."

"The ambition of this country is going down the tubes," Joseph observed.

"God forbid we have to wage war!" Richard exclaimed. "We'd have to buy our tanks from Japan, we'd have to buy our bombs from Germany, we'd have to get steel sent in from somebody else. What do we have left? We became a world power because of our manufacturing."

"Now we're just a marketplace," Joseph said. "We're a big flea market."

ONE afternoon a few months later, I accompanied Jack Listanowsky, the man in charge of knitwear production for Liz Claiborne, on a visit to Macy's—which still calls itself "the world's largest store" and won't get any argument from me. The corner of Thirty-fifth Street and Seventh Avenue was teeming with reminders of unemployment, homelessness, and other forms of distress. As soon as we had passed through the revolving door and into Macy's proper, however, the demographics improved noticeably, and so did the mood.

We rode the escalator to the third floor and plunged into a jungle of women's wear—dresses, pants, blouses, sweaters, suits, T-shirts, and sweatshirts, subdivided into designer fiefdoms bearing such names as Calvin Klein, Ellen Tracy, Adrienne Vittadini, and Perry Ellis. A time traveller from the nineteenth century would be as startled by all this frockery, I suspect, as by television sets, vacuum cleaners, air-conditioners, or any of the more celebrated blessings of modern free enterprise.

Sleek sculptured felines stood guard at the gates of some departments; in others, customers could watch fashion shows on television monitors suspended overhead; mannequins were everywhere—mannequins that ran the gamut of hair colors and skin tones, although their body language and facial expressions fell into a narrower range, roughly between supercilious and contemptuous. Striding down the aisle from the east building to the west, Listanowsky told me that he was just back from Peru, where he had been smoothing out some problems with a Brazilian-owned factory that was starting to manufacture for Claiborne; tomorrow morning, he added, he would be off to the Bahamas, where he intended to give up smoking and get back into running—a project to which he had allotted six days. (He had been hoping for two weeks off, but had decided to cut the trip short in order to be back in New York by the time Art Ortenberg returned from *his* vacation.)

From afar, the Liz Claiborne department was all oranges, reds, and yellows, and brightly lit and bustling. Macy's was doing a brisk business for a workday, and a disproportionate number of customers seemed to have wound up in Liz Claiborne's corner. Listanowsky walked over to a group of handknit sweaters and, readjusting one that had gone askew, remarked, "Here's something I've always found crazy about the ladies'-wear business—they *hang* sweaters. To me, it's breaking the garment. It's stretching it out. I just wish they would do it more like menswear—fold them and stack them. But it's a different way of selling, men's and women's."

He about-faced to examine a group of coördinates made of a sweatshirt-like fabric that goes by the name Toughknit. They had come from Fantastic, one of the Fang brothers' factories in Hong Kong, and I remembered that there had been some scheduling problems involving these garments. I asked how the problems had been worked out.

"From a retail point of view, these should have been here two or three weeks sooner," Listanowsky said. "But I'm amazed that they got here at all. The top is out of Hong Kong, the skirt was made in Thailand"—he was checking labels as he spoke—"the dress is from Thailand, the pants are from the Philippines, and then you have a cardigan from Panama. There are five pieces—maybe two hundred thousand units. And there go two more out the door."

Looking where he was pointing, I saw a young woman approach the cash register carrying an orange bottom and a yellow top.

"And there goes some of our Taiwan product," Listanowsky said, indicating a cotton dress with a floral pattern, which another customer was preparing to pay for. Still another customer walked off with a Toughknit and, en route to the cash register, paused to check out a different rack. Listanowsky beamed. "I love to see people holding the garments they're going to buy as they go to look for more," he said.

Clutching a sweatshirt by its shoulder, Listanowsky called my attention to the seam—to its absolute evenness. "This is one of Vincent Fang's," he said. "Vincent's product always says 'Buy me! Buy me!' " He sidled across the aisle. "This was made in Brazil," he said, "and I remember this garment very, very well. It's O.K.—it's commercially acceptable. But if I had my druthers I would have been more insistent with the factory about the workmanship. The seam wavers a little bit—it's not clean."

I took this opportunity to ask Listanowsky about his often expressed desire to produce more knitwear in the United States.

"That's something I'm making a big push on," he said. "We're constantly looking for new domestic sources we can develop."

Did that mean that the small proportion of American-made knitwear in the Liz Claiborne line was increasing?

Listanowsky looked uncomfortable. "It might not necessarily work that way," he said. "Let's say our domestic production increases fifteen per cent and our over-all production increases forty per cent; then the proportion will decline, and people will say we're doing less domestically, even though we're really doing more."

His assessments of the clothing on the racks became sterner when we drifted away from the Claiborne department to check out the competition. "This is the same price as one by Liz Claiborne—forty-four dollars," he said, running his fingers over a blue top that, as he pointed out, wasn't very different from an item in the Claiborne Toughknit collection. "They're both cotton. But this is a lighter-weight interlock, and they didn't bother with the cover-stitching. To me, also, the ribbing and the body don't match. They're different shades of blue. As a merchandiser, I would be embarrassed to sell this garment. And then I look at where it's made, and that embarrasses me, too—as a person—because it says 'Made in the U.S.A.' "

—JAMES LARDNER

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

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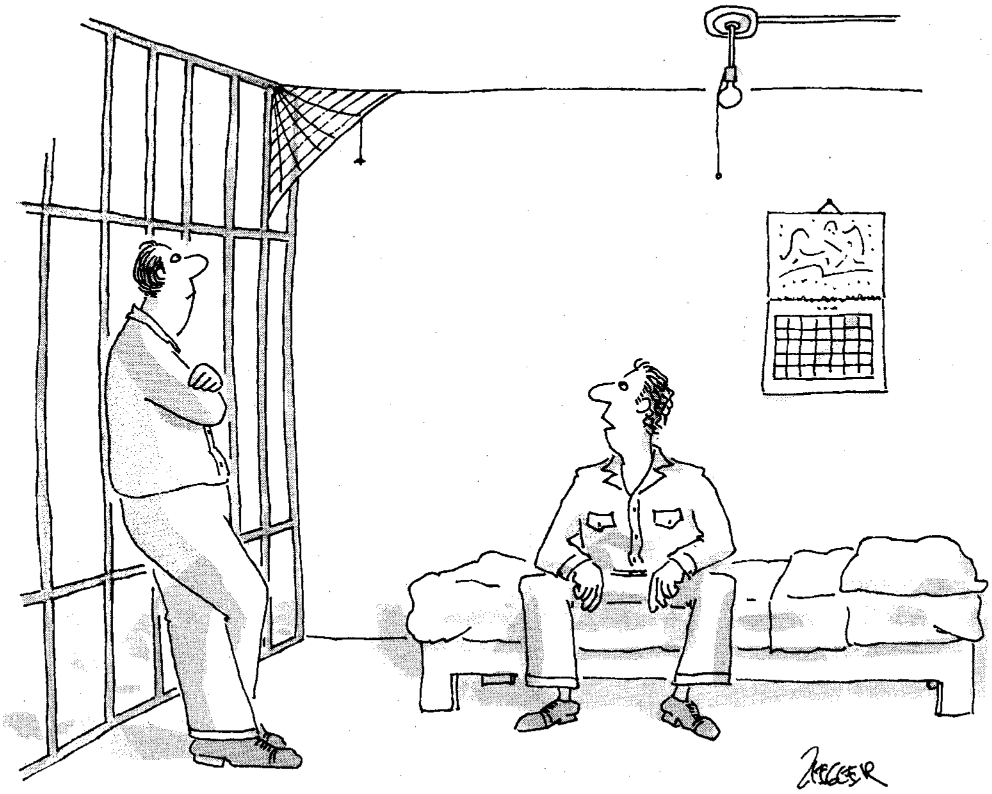
THE THEATRE

The Boys from Williamsburg

"THE CHOSEN," which opened (and closed) last week at the Second Avenue, is perhaps best described as a play with music—not quite a cantata and surely not a musical in the usual sense. It is based, of course, on the 1967 novel by Chaim Potok, which has sold millions of copies and been made into a movie. I must say at once that I have never read it, and decided not to ahead of time. Since Mr. Potok supplied his own libretto, one assumed that the book was in safe hands. "The Chosen" tells the story of the friendship of two boys in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, during and after the Second World War. Danny Saunders is the son of a stern Chassidic rabbi, who has always been silent with him as a matter of policy; Reuven Malter is the son of a friendly, chatty American Orthodox teacher. The boys meet at a baseball game—the Chassidim vs. the Orthodox—when Danny, purposely, it seems, hits Reuven in the eye with the ball. Danny is boiling over with emotion, especially anger at his own severely cloistered life, in which education is largely confined to studying the Talmud, and in a fit of rage has tried to do Reuven in. "Those Chassidim play like murderers," Reuven says to his father. At any rate, Danny comes to apologize, and the friendship is launched—a friendship that opens up a whole intellectual world to Danny and introduces Reuven to the stark world of the Chassidim. The friendship comes apart over the creation of the state of Israel, Reuven and his crowd being fervent Zionists, and the Chassidim being even more fervent anti-Zionists. All this is rather special material and, as it unfortunately turns out, not at all dramatic. A lot of instruction of the audience is necessary, and although the emotion between the fathers and sons and between the two boys is clear enough, the women, all of them Chassidim, are severely cut off. No flirting, no fooling around, no contact whatever before marriage, Danny explains to Reuven, who is attracted to Danny's pretty sister. There could never, in the history of the world, have been more explaining wedged into a musical. The friendship is resumed, by the way, when the Chassidim (at least the ones in Mr. Potok's book) become reconciled to Israel after its independence, in 1948. And who cares? By this time, tedium has enveloped all.

That I have devoted all this space to the libretto, usually the least important aspect of a musical, should give you some idea of the trouble. The performances, all things considered, were generally good. That George Hearn, who, as the Chassidic rabbi, was burdened with most of the instruction, could hold our attention at all is a tribute to his power as an actor, which is considerable. Hearn has played the title role in "Sweeney Todd" and a transvestite in "La Cage aux Folles;" there is apparently nothing he cannot do as an actor and a singer. Richard Cray and Rob Morrow were all right as Danny and Reuven, and I also enjoyed charming Lynnette Perry in the perforce abbreviated role of Danny's sister. Everybody sang well enough—Mr. Hearn, of course, better than that. The score, by Philip Springer, sounded agreeable, though not especially strong, and Mitchell Bernard's lyrics were O.K., too. The distinguished scenery was designed by Ben Edwards and lighted by Thomas R. Skelton, and the very good costumes were designed by Ruth Morley.

THE four gifted singers and instrumentalists of the entertaining "Oil City Symphony," at Circle in the Square (Downtown), are Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Debra Monk, and Mary Murfitt. Mr. Hardwick and Miss Monk are actual alumni of the blessed "Pump Boys and Dinettes," which brightened our lives some years ago, and all of them play the alumni of Oil City High School, from which they graduated sometime in the sixties. They have come together, presumably in the school gym, to give a recital in honor of their old music teacher. The audience files in to the sound of Caruso records, and then the members of the quartet take their places. The characterizations of these dedicated hicks—Mr. Craver (synthesizers and vocals) and Mr. Hardwick (piano, accordion, and vocals), as two milksoppy men, and smiley, vivacious Miss Monk (drums and vocals) and tense, serious Miss Murfitt (violin, flute, saxophone, and vocals)—are very funny in contrast with their proficiency and sophistication as they suddenly break from ballads into jazz and rock. That is the joke, and it made me laugh; if it is not for you, just shut your eyes and listen to the music. The next-to-closing number, "In the Sweet Bye and Bye," done absolutely



"It's a sort of Birdman of Alcatraz situation, except that Martin here isn't a bird."

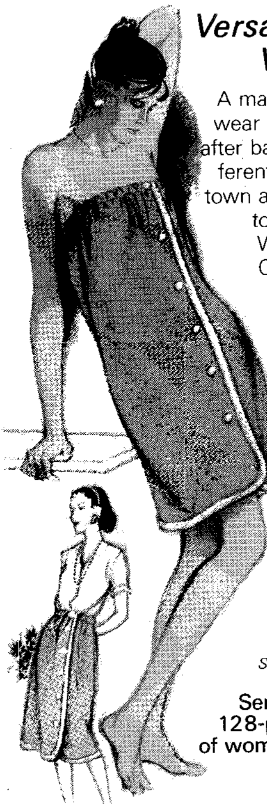
straight, sounded absolutely lovely.

—EDITH OLIVER

Everything Shipshape

THE New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players' recent production of "H.M.S. Pinafore" at Symphony Space was a triumph and a delight. Running—briefly, as the year changed—in repertory with "The Yeoman of the Guard," it gave New York audiences a chance to see professional-level Gilbert and Sullivan straightforwardly performed—not condescendingly souped up with pop stars, rock music, and gimmicky references to contemporary politics. Under the charismatic leadership of Albert Bergeret, the company's artistic director and co-founder, NYGASP has been performing at Symphony Space since 1979, and for the last five seasons New York audiences have had the good fortune to see John Reed, for twenty years the principal baritone of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, join the group as a guest artist. This season, Mr. Reed performed the roles of Sir Joseph Porter and Jack Point in the NYGASP productions. His is an adorably bumbling rather than a forbidding Sir Joseph, and Mr. Reed himself possesses all the elasticity of mind that Gilbert's melancholy jester lays claim to: like Jack Point, Mr. Reed can be (among other things) "merry, wise, quaint, grim, and sardonic, one by one, or all at once."

That Mr. Reed knows all the jests ("ancient and modern—past, present, and to come") should be no surprise. More significant is the discovery that many of the resident members of NYGASP—notably Keith Jurosko, Jayne Lynch, Linda Milani, Katie Geissinger, Allen W. Lane, Kenneth McMullen, and Nina Heller—either have attained or seem on the verge of acquiring proficiency in that style of deadpan parody which is the essence of the Gilbertian sensibility. Mr. Jurosko, particularly, is an actor of great comic finesse and stylish invention. Watching his Captain Corcoran or his Colonel Fairfax, you wonder how anyone so amusing can possibly keep from upstaging his fellow-performers. Whether delicately lusting after Buttercup's "plump and pleasing person" or wondering what to do with Cousin Hebe's parasol, Mr. Jurosko never tries to ingratiate himself with the audience, the way members of the Light Opera of Manhattan used to do. Raymond Allen, performing the role of Sir Joseph in the LOOM productions of "Pinafore," used to



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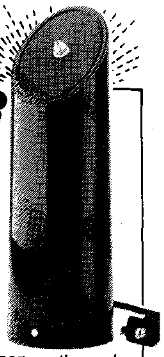

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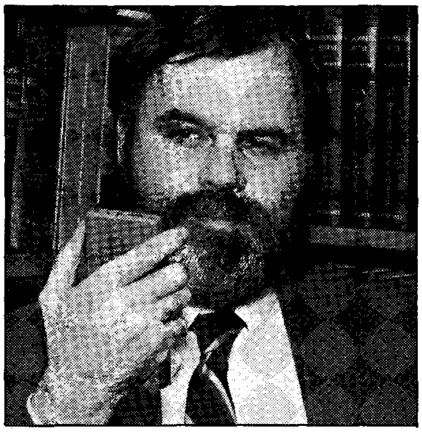

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break into an uncontrollable stammer in the middle of "When I was a lad": "Stick close to your desks-s-s-s and never go to sea." He always got a big laugh by pinching his lips into silence with thumb and forefinger; the implicit message to the audience, though, was "This material isn't funny unless I *make* it funny." The New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players are remarkably free of that sort of hamming. Jayne Lynch's wittily expressive Josephine and Mr. Jurosko's adroit Colonel Fairfax leave you free to ruminate on the absurdity of a line like "The hours creep on apace" or the rhyme of "Phoebe" with "Who the deuce may *she* be?"

The Light Opera of Manhattan—for years the principal outlet for Gilbert and Sullivan in New York—was always strictly amateur in its approach; indeed, amateurishness was part of its charm. People took their children to LOOM not only to see Gilbert and Sullivan performed but also to learn something about the spirit of "little" theatre—the kind that is run on a shoestring budget (a piano and an organ) and that makes up in charm and vivacity what it lacks in polish. Albert Bergeret's New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—with its full orchestra, its stylish acting, and its professional sets and costumes—is clearly of another order. It takes time—years—to put together a company of professional calibre. Symphony Space has given NYGASP a chance to grow into the Savoyard troupe that New York requires and deserves. But the company has reached a turning point. Assuming that a suitable replacement could be found for the irreplaceable John Reed, it merits a longer season. It may even be time for the New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players to have a home of their own. —MIMI KRAMER

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DANCING

The Magician

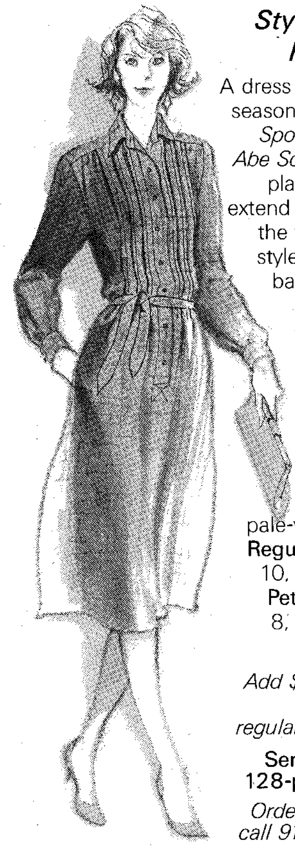
THE story of "The Nutcracker," first told in 1816 by E. T. A. Hoffmann, is a variation on a fairy-tale theme: an elderly magician gives his goddaughter a nutcracker doll for Christmas; in a nocturnal battle with some mice under the tree, it comes to life and, with the little girl's help, defeats the Mouse King. This breaks an ancient spell, and the Nutcracker is changed back into a prince, who shows his gratitude to the heroine by escorting her to his kingdom, Candyland. The Hoffmannesque twist is the elderly magician, not a fantastic character in a pointed cap but a familiar real-life friend of the family. Depending on which translation or libretto you read, he is Herr-Doctor-Uncle-Judge-Councillor Drosselmeier or -meyer or -mayer, a clockmaker and, like Hoffmann's Dr. Coppelius, an inventor of marvels. But while Coppelius is a main character in the ballet "Coppélia," drawn from Hoffmann's "The Sandman," Drosselmeier in the ballet of "The Nutcracker" does little more than set the plot in motion and establish its atmosphere. Like one of his clocks once it is wound up, the ballet goes by itself, and Drosselmeier retires halfway through Act I, never to be seen again.

At least, he did in the original production, of 1892, which had a libretto by I. A. Vsevolozhsky, the director of the Imperial Theatres of St. Petersburg, and Marius Petipa, the ballet master. But though Drosselmeier disappears, Petipa intended his influence to be felt in the supernatural events that follow the Christmas party. Most productions have Drosselmeier appearing, as specified in the original libretto, on top of the owl clock and flapping his coattails to strike midnight, when the supernatural events begin. But is it right that he should remain to stage-manage each miracle as it occurs? The longer Drosselmeier stays on, the more of a problem he becomes for the audience: Who is he, anyway, and why is he doing all this?

The Joffrey Ballet's "Nutcracker," new this season, is the latest in a series of productions with lingering, domineering Drosselmeiers. Alexander Grant, of the London Festival Ballet and formerly of the Royal, plays the part with a good deal of cape-swirling and "Hey Presto!" gesturing, flinging about handfuls of glitter dust at every opportunity. He not only dominates the party scene and all the transformations, he also turns up in the fir forest, leading the retinue of the Nutcracker Prince, and he's still there in Act II, setting up each individual dance as it comes on. Grant, who looks these days like a portly Claude Rains, has undiminished authority, but his pompous, jovial, humorless Drosselmeier wears thin. In the context of the ballet, he becomes an overbearing grownup forcing kids to enjoy themselves his way. Building up Drosselmeier's role is a producer's way of making "The Nutcracker" more "interesting," but the arbitrary dream logic that dictates the course of events in the ballet doesn't fit this image of a dictator. What would be acceptable in its own terms as agreeable nonsense seems pointlessly manipulative, even sadistic, as *planned* nonsense.

The producer takes as an excuse the fact that there are no stars and no classical dancing until very late in the first act. This excuse doesn't hold up in Baryshnikov's "Nutcracker," at American Ballet Theatre, where the little heroine is played by the ballerina, yet the Drosselmeier is the most manipulative of them all. This is Drosselmeier as Big Daddy—a man with a scheme so pure it's unintelligible. Does he want to teach the heroine a life lesson, giving her a prince and then taking him away so that she can see what growing up is all about? Or does he want her for himself, like the Joffrey's Drosselmeier, who, if he has a plan, doesn't reveal it to us. This is Drosselmeier as Dirty Old Man—a rude notion, but what else can we think? The production abjures psychology (it abjures just about any line of development), but it stumbles full tilt into the trap laid by the music for old parties who hang around on the pretense of enlivening the show. Sooner or later, the trap is sprung, and how to get them off? It is Tchaikovsky who springs the trap—Tchaikovsky working to a detailed minutage provided (or suggested) by Petipa. For sheerly practical reasons, there's no use exaggerating Drosselmeier's powers or extending his presence beyond the limits Tchaikovsky so clearly imposes. In the music, any lingering Drosselmeier spell is broken the moment the Nutcracker is transformed into the Prince. From then on, the ballet is his: Clara, the heroine, is his, the snow is his, and, after the snowstorm that literally clears the air and remakes the world, we come into the kingdom—*his*, not

SALT MILL ?
John O'Brien



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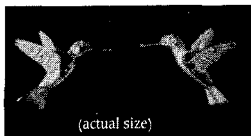

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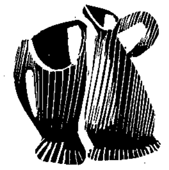
Drosselmeier's. How do we know? The music tells us. And why should Tchaikovsky have called his ballet "The Nutcracker" if it is all about Drosselmeier? Not that the Joffrey worries about Tchaikovsky. To justify the functioning of Drosselmeier in Act II, it violates the score by bringing in snatches of music from Act I to accompany the cape-swirling. And stopping the music every so often in Act I to let the clock chime may once have been part of Tchaikovsky's score, but, like the intrusive fanfares in the ballroom waltz in "Swan Lake," it has long been discontinued.



Balanchine's production for New York City Ballet, Peter Wright's for the Royal, and now the Joffrey's provide Drosselmeier with a nephew who becomes the Nutcracker; yet in the Joffrey's Act I this nephew is upstaged by Drosselmeier, and in Act II he is paired with Sugar Plum, while Drosselmeier sits with Clara on the throne, fusses over her, dresses her, and, in the end, departs with her. Yes, he does want her for his own. Even Hoffmann did not go this far.

Like the makers of "Coppélia," the makers of "The Nutcracker" took only as much from Hoffmann as would provide a credible foundation for a ballet. Petipa had his formula components: character mime and folk dancing of one sort or another served as a contrast and complement to dancing in classical style. In "The Nutcracker" he planned for ballroom dancing in the nostalgic German tradition, national dances in a second-act divertissement setting forth the exotic treats of Candyland, a classical grand pas de deux with variations and coda, and not one but two ballabiles in waltz time: snowflakes, then flowers. In addition, there would be magical transformations: small toys into life-size ones, drawing room into fir forest, Nutcracker into Prince—all to be set off by a Christmas tree growing like Jack's beanstalk. In spite of all this, the ballet failed. Even today, with some hundred and fifty productions danced annually in the United States alone, "The Nutcracker" has its critics. It is thought to be a gutless wonder—a theatre classic markedly untrue to the literary classic it stems from. The actual source material of the ballet was not Hoffmann's story but a reworked French version of it by Alexandre Dumas père, who eliminated anything too harsh for the sensibilities of French schoolchildren. Vsevolozhsky and Petipa, editing for the theatre, tended to play up the elements that resembled other fairy-tale-ballet plots. Their Drosselmeier occupies the same function in "The Nutcracker" that Carabosse does in "The Sleeping Beauty"—he gives it a reason to happen. He's not meant to be another Von Rothbart, part of the show to the bitter end. In the deterministic universe of "Swan Lake," Von Rothbart, the sorcerer, engineers the destruction of the lovers. But because Tchaikovsky doesn't characterize Von Rothbart musically it will always be a matter of debate how small or large his actual stage role should be. (It has been everything from principal to walk-on.) Carabosse and Drosselmeier are there in the music. In fact, Drosselmeier's presence, the exact weight of it, the charm and the menace, is something Tchaikovsky calculates with delicate precision. He controls the eccentricity of Drosselmeier the way he controls the rage of Carabosse, without domesticating it. Unlike Carabosse, though, Drosselmeier has no motivation for what he does. Keeping him around only exposes the fact that he has no great stake in the action, no prescience, no plan; and if you go back to Hoffmann you will find none. The great magician is bound to the little girl by reason of his childlike nature and her imaginative sympathy. Both view the world as a place where natural and supernatural happenings form one continuous reality. The continuity of the music reflects that. All phenomena, from the most grisly (the Mouse King) to the most beautiful (snow), are perceived in a vision of unbroken ecstasy. And the continuity of the ballet ought to reflect that of the music. Among "Nutcracker" restorers, "going back to Hoffmann" has become a vogue. But Tchaikovsky was there first.

To Tchaikovsky, Drosselmeier's feelings are of more concern than they are to Hoffmann, and their containment by society is part of what the ballet is about. Ceremony versus anarchy, the bliss of formal restraint set against the blood-warm urge of appetite—we feel those tensions obscurely but constantly in the party rituals and dances of the first act, in their commodious yet hectic atmosphere. And in the peaceful formality of the second act, where nothing but dancing happens, we feel with direct force the love of ceremony which has contended throughout the ballet with its blood-brother opposite. Drosselmeier, one might say, is both good and evil, sacred and profane, but these are not "Nutcracker" categories; the ballet's synthesis is sensually complete without them. The amazing part of it is that Drosselmeier is there at all—that he should be not a ballet character, exactly, but a ballet atmosphere. Many reasons have been advanced for the failure of the first production: the lack of an organic connection between Acts I and II; the choreography, which was by Ivanov, not Petipa (and was substantially revised by Ivanov's successors); the casting of the Sugar Plum Fairy. It seems more than possible, though, that the problem was a Drosselmeier who wasn't as integral to the drama onstage as the music wanted him to be.

Drosselmeier or Drosselmeierism is Tchaikovsky inventing out of Hoffmann things of the heart that can sensibly be put on a stage. As a loose frame for action that explains itself to the imagination of children, the story of an elderly bachelor uncle and the prepubescent girl whose ear he whispers in works just fine. Parents sitting in the audience can see the implications and appreciate their transparency: the whole enthralling mystery of the ballet starts right there, yet the children won't be asking questions. And, without forcing psychology on the audience, everything about the nineteenth-century German bourgeois setting becomes transparent, too. It is only the critics who ask questions like why a nutcracker, why a *mutilated* nutcracker, and what does it all have to do with Christmas? Drosselmeierism anchors the strangeness of the story in a view of staid domesticity—you cannot have the one without the other. Dancing and anarchy, dancing and civil restraint go hand in hand.

In "The Nutcracker," a short ballet, there's a lot to take in. But producers overload it anyway. Who Drosselmeier is and what he wants become an obsession. In the A.B.T. version, Drosselmeier wants, perhaps, to be God. In the Royal Ballet production, he's a cold-blooded homosexual who uses Clara to get his nephew back. (Yes, Tchaikovsky was himself a doting uncle, and, yes, he had a nephew with whom he was in love, and what of it?) In Nureyev's version, now produced by the Paris Opéra Ballet, Drosselmeier is the impresario Nureyev. The screwiest "Nutcracker" of them all may well be the Maurice Sendak production for Pacific North-

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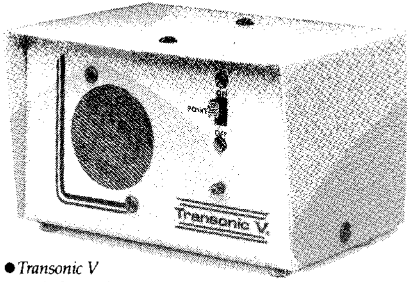

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west Ballet—the one that was made into a film a little over a year ago. Drosselmeier is a lunatic with a kind of telepathic hold on Clara. To "explain" him, the libretto backpedals through Hoffmann's tale to include Princess Pirlipat and the story of how the Nutcracker became the Nutcracker. It's like those bygone productions of "Swan Lake" which thought it necessary to explain how Odette became a swan.

The Joffrey version is a comparatively tame affair. Apart from its flagrant Drosselmeier, it doesn't make much of a point. The basis of it is the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo production of 1940, the one that toured the land with dancers like Danilova, Markova, and Eglevsky, and with décor by Alexandre Benois. The Joffrey tries to prop up the old framework with new décor by Oliver Smith, in gingerbread Victorian style (the locale is now mid-nineteenth-century America), and new ballabiles by Gerald Arpino, in Gerald Arpino style. Clara and her brother Fritz are played by company dancers; the rest of the children are student dancers. The grandparents are a credible older couple, not two juveniles in gray wigs. Clara and Fritz's parents double the roles of the Snow Queen and Snow King, who perform, to the "journey" music, a remarkably vacuous duet, the first of two classical adagios retrieved from the past. The one for Sugar Plum and Nutcracker is more eventful, but much of it resembles the third-act adagio in "The Sleeping Beauty," and it doesn't include the ballerina's pose on a sliding track, a part of the original choreography which is reproduced by both N.Y.C.B. and the Royal. Sugar Plum's variation is choreography of distinction. Next on the list I would place Marzipan, then Tea. The rest is kitsch. For Mother Ginger, Kermit Love has designed an effective and appealing puppet giantess. (But Drosselmeier gets in the act.) An anomaly of this production is that though Clara is the dancer Mary Barton, she doesn't get to dance. The perfect moment arrives with the Snowflake Waltz, but, this being an Arpino ballet, the soloist is Fritz (Edward Stierle or Mark Goldweber). In Candyland, the libretto awards the Nutcracker Prince to the Sugar Plum Fairy, and Clara is sidelined once more. (There's a pas d'action, brief but unsettling, for the three of them before the divertissement gets going.) With half the corps of snowflakes and flowers men, the male principle is emphatically enunciated in this ballet—things can't have been like that in the forties. As an example of Joffrey nostalgia, this "Nutcracker" has been subjected to quite a lot of colorization.

It is still a two-ballerina ballet. Charlene Gehm, a charming hostess in Act I, hasn't the technique to be a Snow Queen. As Sugar Plum, Leslie Carothers addressed the role stylishly but was tentative in execution. Tina LeBlanc, a dancer of unusual technical command and (for the Joffrey) purity of style, carried it off superbly. With her compact physique and large face, she even resembled a ballerina of the forties. Of course, there was no one like Alexander Grant's Drosselmeier way back then; in the midst of such an inconsequential vaudeville, he would have looked like Major Bowes gone mad. Doesn't it occur to any of these Hoffmannites that inflating Drosselmeier's role reduces his magical effect on the audience? His purposes become so inscrutable that we can't share in the illusions he creates—we can only look on and wonder what's happening.

BALANCHINE'S production passed its thirty-third year as big a hit and as much a joy as ever. Drosselmeier is no problem here—at least, no more of one than he should be. He sneaks back into the household when the lights are out, finds and fixes the wounded Nutcracker, waves a magic wand, then sneaks out. A moment later, we—and the child—see him atop the clock, and the wild fun begins. We don't see him go, and in a sense he doesn't go—he dissolves into his atmosphere.

Balanchine staged this wonderful transition to a stray piece of Tchaikovsky's, an entr'acte violin solo deleted from the score of "The Sleeping Beauty." Drosselmeier, as in no other production, returns expressly to repair the Nutcracker, but at first we don't realize that. We don't know why he has come. I noticed this season a curious new note in Shaun O'Brien's performance—when he approaches the couch where the girl lies asleep, the Nutcracker tucked under her arm. As the violin rises eerily high, he creeps forward, a picture of stealth, with predatory arms raised above his head. Silence in the house. Then slowly, slowly, the tender descent, lay back the cover, pause, slowly, tenderly take up . . . the doll. It's enough to scare you, but it's a genuinely ambivalent, not a cheap, moment. And the erotic mystery of it restores an element to the characterization which fits better than the unrelieved gemütlichkeit we had been getting for years.

O'Brien has been portraying Drosselmeier almost since the beginning. This season, his performance—musically attentive, spry, sagacious—seemed to have risen to a new plane of asceticism. (In an interview in the *Times*, he told Jennifer Dunning that Balanchine once suggested he model his appearance on Robespierre.) Andrei Kramarevsky is a completely different Drosselmeier. He lacks O'Brien's stillness, but he doesn't try for it. He's excitable and mischievous. And he fills every requirement of the part. My only quibble is over the excessive wand-waving he does in the entr'acte scene, not only magicking the place but discoursing extensively on the shape of things to come. This Drosselmeier is a charmer, but he has too much to say.

The two ballerina roles in this production are Sugar Plum and Dewdrop, the soloist in the Waltz of the Flowers. Just about every female principal in the company was on "Nutcracker" duty this season, and I saw exciting performances in one or the other of these roles by Kyra Nichols, Darci Kistler, and Maria Calegari. Among the season's débutantes, Lauren Hauser, who has long brightened her corner in demi roles, brought her prettiness, her warmth, and her keen projection to Sugar Plum. In the same role, young Margaret Tracey, whom I had admired for her clean, strong style as the Marzipan Shepherdess, was not only clean and strong but radiant, with finely spun phrases in the adagio and firm control of all the other aspects of the role.

Pre-"Nutcracker" performances of "La Sonnambula" revealed a number of changes that went far in both letter and spirit to correct the wrongheaded revival of last spring. A revised set by the revival's designer, Alain Vaes, now shows an archway through which garden and sky may be glimpsed; new lighting spells out an ending more in keeping with Balanchine's conception; newly restored details in the staging pull the drama into sharper focus. Best of all was the reshaped performance of Darci Kistler—she now dances the Sleepwalker in such a way that the character's inner life is before you—and the impassioned response to her of Robert La Fosse as the Poet. Their vibrancy together made the drama's outcome all the more affecting.

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Taradiddle or Tragedy?

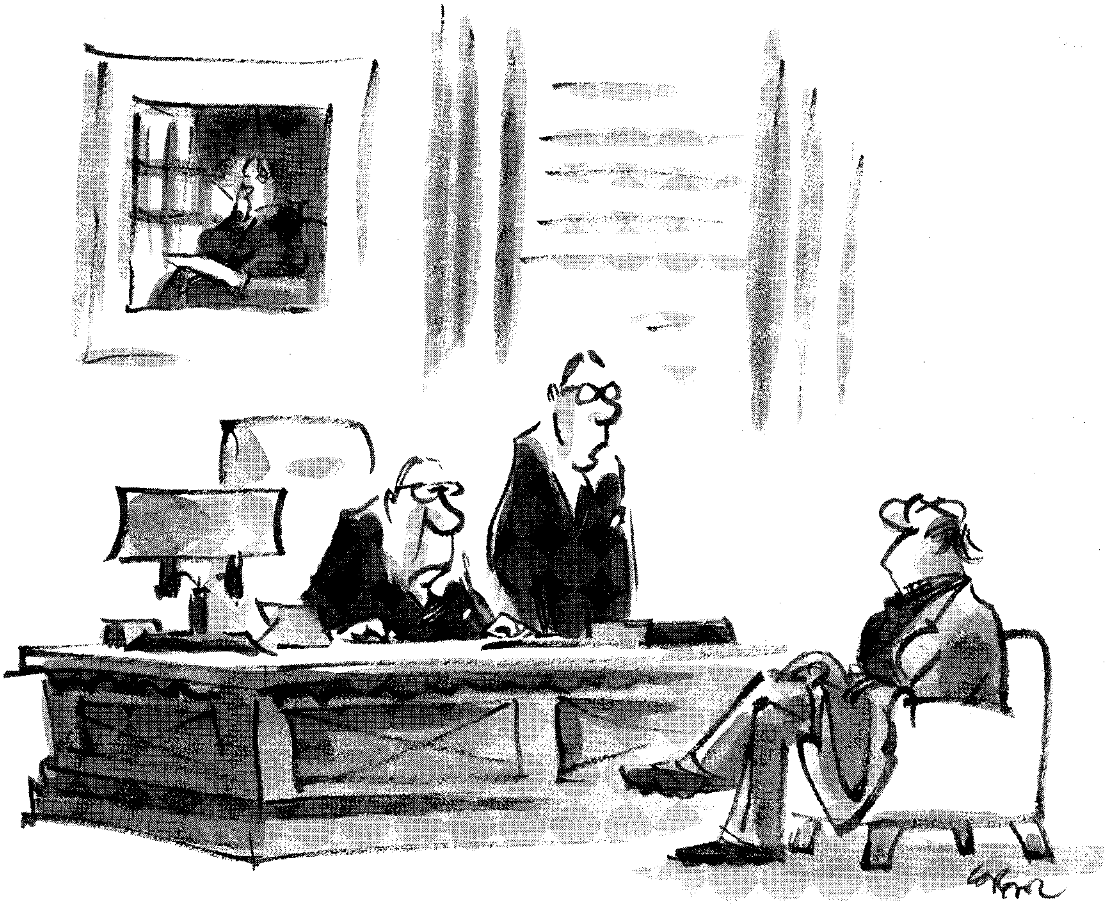
IN Rossini’s opera seria “Bianca e Falliero” (1819), which was given its American première last month by the Greater Miami Opera, Bianca (the soprano) loves the young general Falliero (the contralto), but her father, Contareno (the tenor), wishes her to marry Capellio (the bass) and thus secure for the Contareno family a disputed inheritance. Contareno applies a mixture of blustery paternal authority and emotional blackmail (“I lose all if you oppose me: in despair I shall die”). Twice, a wedding of Bianca to Capellio is broken off in the nick of time: in Act I by the irruption of Falliero, accusing his beloved of infidelity; in Act II by Bianca’s hesitation, followed by the news that Falliero has been arrested leaving the Spanish Embassy and proclaimed a traitor. (The opera is set in Venice soon after the Spanish Conspiracy.) Obstacles to the match fall away: Falliero is proved innocent; the generous Capellio renounces his claim on Bianca. But we embark on the soprano’s rondo-finale, “Teco io resto,” with Contareno still obdurate: sadly, Bianca announces that, although her heart is breaking, she will obey her father. Then, in a bridge passage, Contareno sings:

> Ah! I am not such a tyrant.
> Bianca, you have prevailed; Falliero is yours.
> Your heart has suffered enough.

And the way is clear at last for Bianca’s joyful cabaletta.

At Contareno’s last-minute capitulation, the Miami audience (alerted by supertitles to the gist of the lines) broke into happy cheers, applause, and laughter such as at the pantomime greets the foiling of the dastardly villain and at old-style adventure movies greeted the hero as he galloped in to rescue the heroine from some dreadful fate. It was mocking but not unkindly laughter; it represented fair criticism of the dramaturgy. The librettist, Felice Romani, seems to have been uneasily aware of the clumsiness when in a preface he apologized for the need “to give the show a happy end, and to observe the laws of musical theatre, so different from those of tragic theatre.” (His source was a French tragédie, “Blanche et Montcassin.”) A dozen years later, audiences were readier for tragic closes, and Romani (in “Anna Bolena,” “Norma,” and many other librettos) was a more skillful dramatist. It could be argued, of course, that the pathos of Bianca’s “Teco io resto” prompts Contareno’s opportune change of heart. That would be investing the music with protean powers, for “Teco io resto” is “Tanti affetti,” the rondo-finale of Rossini’s previous opera, “La Donna del Lago,” to a new text. The music was composed for the lines “In such a moment so many feelings revolve in my heart that I cannot express my immense happiness.”

Specialist audiences, steeped in conventions of the past, ready to approach old operas with historically attuned ears, can take such dénouements in their stride. They may smile but do not roar with laughter when at the close of Handel’s “Rinaldo” the Crusaders’ implacable foes Armida and Argantes suddenly embrace Christianity, and then one another, in two brief bars of recitative before the final happy chorus. But the Miami audience’s spontaneous, natural reaction to the dénouement of “Bianca e Falliero” made such enthusiasts realize how much they take for granted, and forced believers in opera as the most potent of art forms to think anew about the revival of dramas unsatisfactory not only by



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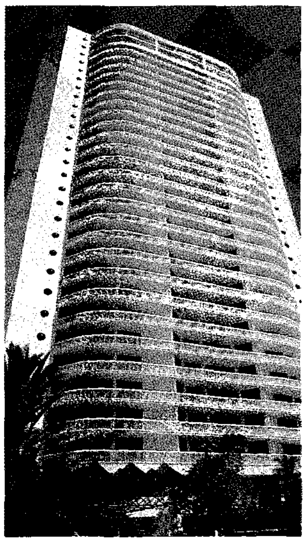

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modern standards but by tenets that have obtained since Aristotle.

It is famously easy to make fun of "Il Trovatore." There are even people who cannot take "La Forza del Destino" quite seriously: a few years ago, a Seattle colleague wrote, "The code of honor that is presented seems beyond reason. . . . Without much effort, one could laugh one's way through the four acts of the opera." "Forza" is easily defended: only a touch of historical imagination is needed to perceive that destiny's incredible coincidences and Don Carlo's unreasonable thirst for vengeance propel a drama telling any sensitive listener that attempted retreats from involvement in the world's strife bring no lasting peace. "Bianca" is harder to defend: only tortuous special pleading can relate its actions to a contemporary listener's life. Yet its revival before an audience of more than specialists and enthusiasts can be justified, for it is very well composed. It is not opera on the high level where music and drama join—as they do in Rossini's "Mosè," his "Donna del Lago"—to provide inspiring, luminous revelation. It is not a new, vivid enactment of a classical tragedy, as Rossini's "Ermione" is. "Bianca" puts conventional puppets through contrived dramatic paces. It was composed for La Scala during Rossini's Neapolitan years. In Naples, with his own company, he was vastly daring. To Milan he offered a formal display of his musical mastery. Mastery it was: a presentation of three virtuoso soloists (the bass role is less important) in extended, taxing numbers that draw on every resource of vocal art, that are fashioned on a large scale, with carefully balanced contrasting movements, that are accompanied with choice, delicate instrumental inventions. I described the large formal scheme, some of its details, and some of the instrumental textures last year, in reviewing the first modern production of "Bianca," at Pesaro's Rossini Opera Festival.

For Pesaro, Pier Luigi Pizzi designed handsome, colorful stage pictures after Veronese. The Miami presentation was less well suited to the tone of the work. Neil Peter Jampolis's set was mainly brown and black. The costumes, designed by Charles R. Caine and executed by Casta Diva, Inc., were mainly black or white. Francesca Zambello's staging began with an added pantomime—the expulsion of the Spanish conspirators—incomprehensible to anyone who did not know the plot in advance and unnecessary for anyone who did. (Since the Doge took part in it, the splendid Dogal entrance that Rossini composed to begin Scene 3 lost some of its effectiveness.) Tiresome "time-suspended" lighting effects signalled reflective episodes. Sometimes the choristers, ranged at the sides of the stage, gazed into the wings, pretending to be invisible, and then turned round to sing when their entries arrived.

The *Gazzetta di Milano* critic of 1819 complained about Rossini's excessively elaborate, florid writing and hoped to hear the singers "less jugulated, in simpler and thus far more beautiful song." There is hardly a Rossini opera without passages of regrettably formulaic roulades. Distinguishing between, on the one hand, coloratura that aptly characterizes joy, flashing anger, or (as in "Semiramide") majesty and, on the other hand, taradiddle-twiddle-twiddle is often difficult. Moreover, one singer may make thrilling what another

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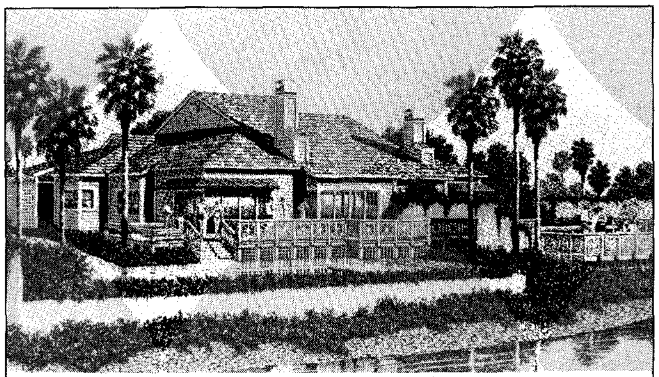

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leaves meaningless. It is the interpreters' task to add still more notes to those hundreds on the printed pages: to add cadenzas, decorate and vary reprises, essay personal embellishments. The Miami embellishments were created under the guidance of the Rossini scholar Philip Gossett. They were stylishly conceived, if not always convincingly executed. There were two casts, and, rightly, alternate singers decorated in individual ways. But almost all of them added *final* high notes, disagreeably pressured and shrill, that would have been better omitted.

Gianna Rolandi, as Bianca, was fleet and accurate, able to shape and use coloratura for dramatic effect. Her command of a role has grown. I still miss charm of timbre and, to some extent, charm of presence; admire her but am not melted. I should add that she was unwell at the performance I heard; this seemed not to have affected her technical prowess but may have distempered her impersonation. At any rate, she sang the music with high accomplishment. Juliana Gondek was a pleasing Bianca, except when she opened into or suddenly let fly with ugly, impure high notes. She shrieked a hideous C at the close of the duet with Contareno. Mr. Gossett should have forbidden it: if not on absolute style grounds, then because it sullied the sound of an otherwise attractive young voice. Both Fallieros, Kathleen Kuhlmann and Luretta Bybee, made much of the hero's tremendous Act II number: a scena with solo flute, a cavatina, then a three-movement aria (agitato, andantino, allegro vivace). Miss Kuhlmann was more forceful, Miss Bybee more even. The first Falliero, Carolina Bassi, was termed a contralto, but Rossini wrote for her up to high C. In Pesaro, Marilyn Horne took both Falliero's numbers down a tone; in Miami, the first-act aria, the scena, and the cavatina were sung at pitch, and only the second aria was dropped a tone. The tenors, Gary Bennett and Robert Swensen, were overtaxed; the latter had his moments. Both basses, Jeffrey Wells and John Kuether, pushed beyond the limits of refined, supple line. Willie Anthony Waters was a spirited conductor, except in andante 6/8, 9/8, or 12/8 movements; these tended to induce in him an uninflected, metronomic chug.

The Pesaro "Bianca" was played with big voices—Katia Ricciarelli, Miss Horne, Chris Merritt—in a small house, the auditorium of the Rossini Conservatory, which holds perhaps seven hundred people. The Miami "Bianca" was played in the Dade County Auditorium, which holds twenty-five hundred people and is the drabbest and least lovable American opera house I know. The rows stretch back to JJ (three more rows than at the Met). A single balcony is pushed back to begin above Row X.

Two, staggered supertitle screens are installed (reminiscent of the repeated movie screens in a jumbo jet, when blinds must be pulled down to blot out the shore-to-shore views of this continent which Whitman and Hart Crane ecstatically envisioned and which air travel—if one can find a movie-less flight—has made visible). The company has plans to build a new, waterside opera house. It deserves that better home, for it is doing serious work. The season that began with "Bianca" continues with "Tosca," "Don Giovanni" (Cheryl Studer as Anna, James Morris in the title role), Stephen Paulus's "The Postman Always Rings Twice," and "Otello" (directed by Giancarlo Del Monaco). National Public Radio will broadcast the "Bianca" in June.

THE Lyric Opera of Chicago plays in an even bigger house, the Civic Opera, which holds thirty-five hundred people. Despite its size, this is one of two American houses that bear comparison with those of Milan, Paris, Vienna. (The other is San Francisco's War Memorial Opera House.) It opened in 1929. The architects were Graham, Anderson, Probst & White, a firm that created several of our more exalted public spaces: in Chicago, also the Continental Illinois Bank, Union Station, the Field Museum of Natural History, the Shedd Aquarium. Entering the Civic Opera's tall, pillared foyer and then an auditorium that, although immense, directs all attention toward the stage is an invitation to high pleasure. The architects (like those in San Francisco) combined the theatre flair of the great movie-house designers with classical grandeur.

The Lyric Opera is riding high, drawing full houses to a not unadventurous season: "Trovatore," Philip

Glass's "Satyagraha," "Faust," "L'Italiana," "Figaro," "Lulu," "Così," "Tosca," and "Forza." On a November visit, I saw "Figaro" and "Lulu": two intelligent, carefully cast, well-rehearsed, exciting performances that dispelled some gray clouds of wondering whether big-house opera in our day could still merit serious musicians' attention. "Figaro" was directed by Peter Hall as a quicksilver play of fully rounded characters. Andrew Davis was an alert, sensitive conductor. John Bury's sets brought the action well forward, out through the proscenium arch and into the house. The production was based on the famous Hall-Bury "Figaro" at Glyndebourne, first seen in 1973, but was thoroughly reconceived, not simply enlarged, so as to remain vivid and direct in the big Chicago auditorium. The Met should borrow this staging.

Figaro remains Samuel Ramey's best role. He sang it at the City Opera in 1975, joined the Glyndebourne production the following year, and chose Figaro for his débuts at La Scala, in Vienna, at the Aix-en-Provence Festival, and at Covent Garden. Experience has not staled the portrayal. Mr. Ramey, sometimes a dull stage presence, is a lively Figaro, and in Chicago he sang the music with marvellous clarity and beauty of tone. Frederica von Stade—the Cherubino of Hall's 1973 production—was as fresh, poignant, and mischievous as ever. Maria Ewing was a bewitching Susanna, alive in every word, musical in every phrase. Ruggero Raimondi was a polished, dangerous Count. The Countess, Felicity Lott, seemed in this company a trifle shallow in tone and thin in character, but gave an accomplished performance. Patricia Kern, once a captivating Cherubino, Ugo Benelli, once a dashing Rossini hero, and Donald Adams, a veteran Savoyard, were the splendid, unexaggerated Marcellina, Basilio, and Antonio. (Marcellina's and Basilio's arias were not cut; there was only one intermission.) Tricksy lighting in the ensembles of Act IV—on-and-off effects to distinguish Figaro and Susanna's "acting" from their "real" remarks, or to throw hidden watchers' asides into prominence—did not work. Otherwise, this was a supremely natural, unaffected account of the opera, executed on the highest level.

The "Lulu" production, directed by Yuri Ljubimov and designed by David Borovskij, Ljubimov's frequent

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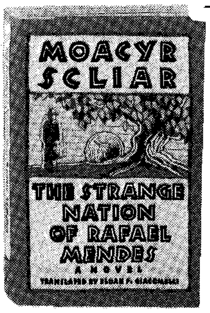

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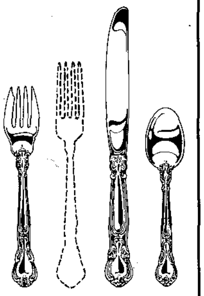

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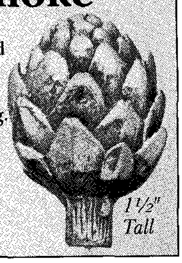

collaborator, originated in Turin in 1983. Since Berg "composed" most of the stage action into his score and Ljubimov did not respect the composer's scenic details as accurately as Dennis Russell Davies, conducting, respected his notes, there were things for Bergians to object to. A death mask of Berg, watching over the proceedings, struck a false dramatic note; so did the representation of Lulu's portrait by a living Pierrot mime. The unit set, though very striking, and excellently resourceful in open-stage transformations, diminished the musical impact of orchestral interludes intended for the ear alone; in the score, curtain fall and curtain rise are notated to the beat. Staging not Berg's opera but, to the accompaniment of incidental music, the Wedekind plays—however brilliantly—is not enough. The opera is already a particular, precise interpretation of the plays, and the director who invents new actions for it is like a singer or instrumentalist who writes in new melodies. That said—and in fact Ljubimov did not stray so far from the original as Patrice Chéreau strayed in the notorious Paris production—the Chicago "Lulu" must be acclaimed as a wonderful evening, both musically and theatrically.

In a very strong cast, new performances and familiar performances newly conceived (Evelyn Lear's Geschwitz, Andrew Foldi's Schigolch, Hilda Harris's Schoolboy) came together. Catherine Malfitano's Lulu was new to me. (She sang the role in Munich in 1985.) She was exhilaratingly exact: the voice steady, confident, and never squally, the interpretation thoughtful, disciplined, and arresting. More about it after Miss Malfitano's Met Lulus in March. Other performers of especial note were Victor Braun (Schön), Jacque Trussel (Alwa), Richard Cowan (an Acrobat who could sing while standing on his hands), and Michael Myers (the Painter). The intricacies of the Paris scene were brought into sharp focus for the first time in my experience; Mr. Davies laid it out convincingly. There was eloquent instrumental playing. The London scene was less moving than usual, partly because of Ljubimov's innovations, partly because Miss Lear now has to strain for the high notes.

—ANDREW PORTER

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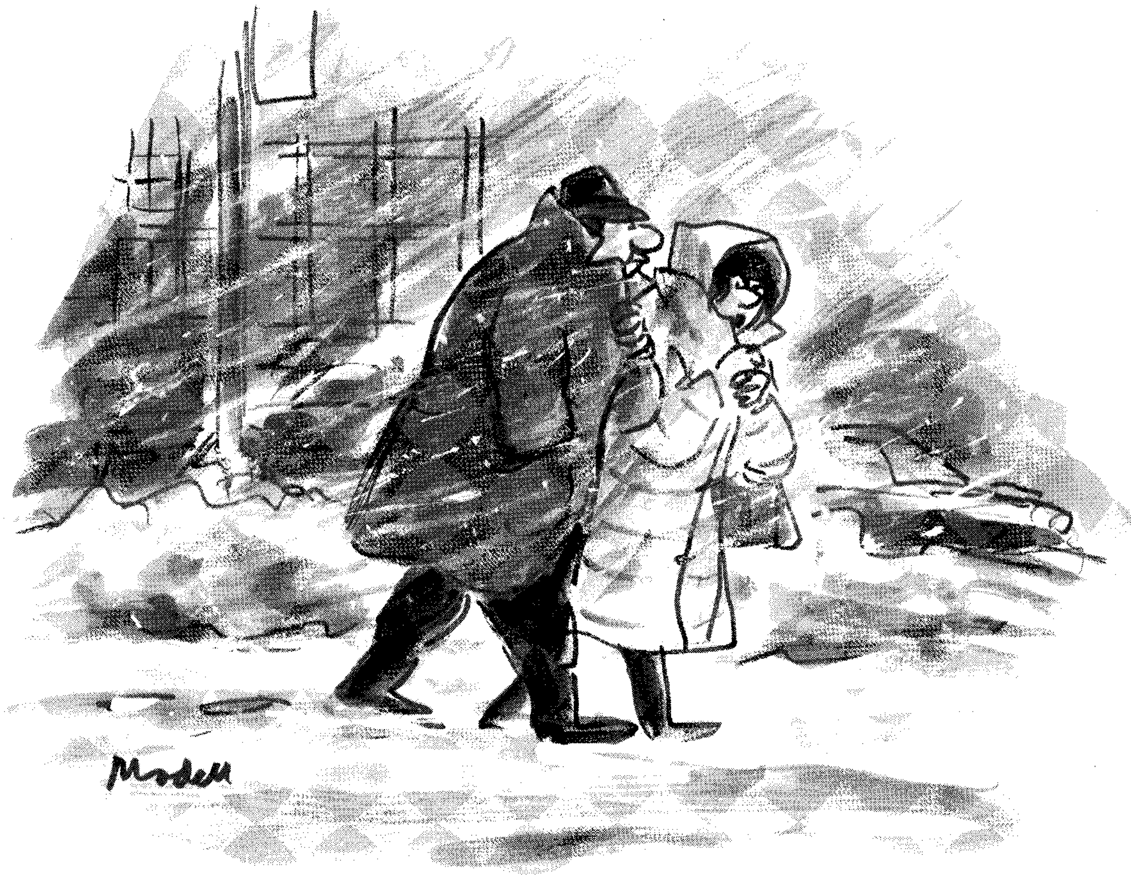
After the Iliad

JOHN KEEGAN'S "The Mask of Command" (Viking; $18.95) examines the changing nature of generalship as exemplified by three winners—Alexander the Great, the Duke of Wellington, and Ulysses S. Grant—and one loser, Adolf Hitler. Keegan, as readers of his 1976 book, "The Face of Battle," recall, is a military historian who understands that military history is not about arrows and phase lines on a map but about human behavior. Keegan tells us why men fight (for God or loot), how they fight (how, for example, the cavalry controlled their mounts before the invention of the stirrup), and why and how they flee (panic often starts in the rear). He places conflicts in their time and relates them to the societies that fomented specific wars and raised the armies that fought them. Sometimes only nobles have gone to war, sometimes mercenaries and professionals; the Muslims experimented with slave armies; and many of the archers at Agincourt were criminals. Commanders' styles of leadership have reflected the societies that created their armies, and therefore their methods have been diverse; but every commander, Keegan maintains, must dramatize himself and his leadership. Every general must create a mask that portrays the leader his particular army will follow.

"The Mask of Command" also investigates the concept of heroism. For Keegan, Alexander's leadership was arch-heroic, setting an example of all-or-nothing risk-taking. Wellington, he thinks, presented himself as an antihero, a gentleman going about his business; and Grant pretended to be an unheroic common man. Keegan considers Hitler's leadership false heroism. Alexander fought for glory, Wellington for his king and government, and Grant for the Union. Hitler, Keegan thinks, went to war to outdo the Kaiser. Alexander dressed up for battle in elegant armor, a brilliant cloak, and a plumed helmet. Wellington and Grant were ostentatiously unostentatious—Wellington fought in civilian clothes. Alexander's army included specialists (siege artillerymen, for example) and mercenaries, but the heart of his fighting force was the Macedonian nobility, whom he led by the example of his daring and the persuasiveness of his oratory; their dignity ruled out physical coercion. Though Keegan argues that the Duke's description of his soldiers as "the scum of the earth . . . enlisted for drink" misrepresents the Duke's assessment, he admits that these men had chosen the army as a lesser evil, and were flogged into competence. Grant's men thought of themselves as citizens equal to any other citizens, and, Keegan says, "it was their willingness to accept discipline, rather than their officers' power to impose it, that ultimately kept them under arms." Hitler's relation to Germany's army was subversive. The enlisted men were conscripts, their officers professionals, and Hitler undermined the professionals' cohesiveness and disregarded their skills. Like Gilbert and Sullivan's Duke of Plaza-Toro, Hitler "lay concealed throughout the war," at posts remote from the fighting, while propaganda blared his claim to understand his soldiers' ordeals.

Keegan's commanders had strengths in common. They were physically brave. Alexander managed the entire conduct of his wars, from strategy to logistics, and he also led his men into hand-to-hand combat. His fearlessness may have stemmed from his belief that he was a god, but, in any case, demonstrations of physical courage were essential to leadership in his warrior society. However, Alexander's disappearance into the melee limited his control over his army once the fighting started, and Keegan mentions that



"Think spring."

classical writers, among them the historian Xenophon, had begun to consider the advantages of a commander's staying out of the fray in order to direct it. Even so, generals down the centuries continued to violate common sense in the name of heroism, frequently at the cost of their lives. Wellington ran his battles by moving up and down the English lines under fire; he may have lost fear in concentration—"While in the thick of it, I am too occupied to feel anything," he said—but Keegan suspects that he was also "driven by an ethic, of which the heroic was still a strong element, to share the common soldier's predicament." Grant discovered his fearlessness as a junior officer in the Mexican War, but in the Civil War he came under fire only by accident, for new weapons had made a general's regular presence in the front line irresponsible rather than heroic. Always fair, Keegan recalls that Hitler, though a skulker as commander-in-chief, had been a brave enlisted man, who earned his decorations in the First World War.

The winning trio were formidably energetic. They were early risers whose days were long and active. They could function with little sleep, but they were also sound sleepers. They could mentally organize a great deal of information that arrived in no particular order, and they expressed themselves with clarity and economy. (Grant's memoirs, of course, are a classic.)

Hitler lacks the victors' brilliance. Keegan's portrait suggests a crackpot who could use his experience and reading only to reinforce his preconceptions. Convinced that he knew all about war, he seems never to have suspected that his experience as a private had taught him nothing about handling large bodies of men. His indiscipline—he stayed up all night eating pastry and haranguing his drowsy secretaries about the baneful effects of Christianity—contrasts with the victors' diligent attention to their job of running a war. They were fascinated by geography and topography, but Hitler knew nothing about the Eastern Front and never visited the terrain he set out to conquer. Keegan's account of Hitler's mismanagement of the Stalingrad campaign shows how his combination of crackpot assurance and solid ignorance created that debacle.

Keegan's emphasis on the particular produces some stunning passages; one, describing what Wellington listened for at Waterloo, enables us to appreciate the Duke's ability to interpret the noises that reached him during the battle, and tells us, besides, just what European war sounded like on Sunday, June 18, 1815. The author's specifics also serve to criticize the abstractions and generalizations that bedevil military history and military theory. Keegan insists that strategic doctrines, quite as much as armies, reflect their cultures, their contexts. Although modern military doctrine, like all theory, pretends to universal validity, Keegan argues that modern doctrine is mistaken in identifying the art of war with the search for the decisive battle. "For enormous periods of time," he tells us, war has been "cautious, local, piecemeal, protracted, and indecisive."

Keegan's factual meticulousness, besides, pricks the reader into uneasiness. When he points out, for example, that the troops who smoked marijuana in Vietnam were not behaving very differently from the men who nerved themselves to battle with liquor before Agincourt, or remarks, in discussing prehistoric combat, that "ethologists are not of one mind at all as to why primitives fight," he suggests, without preaching or sneering, what a peculiar activity war is. Yet by choosing heroism as his theme Keegan makes us aware of how profoundly war has engaged our emotions. A celebration of martial heroism opens our literature—Alexander got his values from the Iliad—and there is scarcely a page in this book that does not evoke a work, or a scene, or a line, like Hopkins' "Why do we all, seeing of a soldier, bless him?" Over millennia, our best writers have assured our admiration for the heroism of warriors. When the other side gets a hearing, the effect doesn't seem to stick: Shaw's delightful sendup of military heroics, "Arms and the Man," may have entertained Englishmen before the First World War, but it did not convert them into slackers in 1914. Keegan cites the classicist M. I. Finley, who pointed out that among the ancient Greeks heroism entailed "no notion of social obligation." The glory pursued was self-glorification. Though Alexander was Macedonia's high priest as well as its king, he made no contribution to its religion or its government; his historically unparalleled conquests were works of sheer destruction, Keegan thinks, and "his dreadful legacy was to ennoble savagery in the name of glory." The legacy has proved enduring; Keegan considers Wellington's daring "the adaptation" of the heroic value system, "not its supplantation." This adaptation, of course, has been true of men who fight for a cause: Oliver Cromwell's "plain russet-coated Captain, that knows what he fights for, and loves what he knows," is the spiritual ancestor of the soldiers in Grant's populist army, who, like Stephen Crane's Henry Fleming, equated their manhood with physical courage. Other streams of feeling, I think, contribute to the repeated adaptation of the heroic ethic—humanitarianism, for instance. Though the Charge of the Light Brigade was military nonsense, and Pickett's division fought on the wrong side at Gettysburg, humaneness forbids our belittling those fighting men. And it seems to me that heroic values underpin even ostensibly antiheroic fiction, such as Harry Brown's "A Walk in the Sun," in which a Second World War American platoon, having lost its lieutenant and several of its sergeants and having been separated from other units, follows a corporal toward its objective instead of taking shelter and trying to make contact with the rest of the army. The latter

UNSAFE
2 TONS
Albert Hubbell

procedure would have been more rational—and, I suspect, more likely in the real war—but the heroic ethic demands that men seek combat.

Art, of course, is not necessarily true or good—we may admire, as statuary, idols of religions we think false, or even wicked—but art does reveal ongoing human preoccupations and hierarchies of value. We think a symphony subtitled "Eroica" more important or serious than one subtitled "Pastorale." Keegan wants to change this—to change the way we feel. His concluding chapter is a call—really a plea—for us to prefer prudence to boldness, and defense to attack. If I should unfairly sum up his message as asking us to vote for Chamberlain instead of Churchill and to develop a Maginot mentality, I would demonstrate the hold that heroism has on our imagination, and reinforce Keegan's point about the way our aggressive military theory reflects its period. Or—as Keegan insists—the period just past: he argues that nuclear weapons have initiated a new epoch in history, in which we can no longer afford the heroic ethos. Nuclear weapons, he points out, have compelled a retrograde step—the unification of political and military leadership in one person, like Alexander or Hitler. Unlike Alexander, though, the leader of a nation in a nuclear war—President, Prime Minister, or General Secretary—runs the least risk. Every nuclear power has arranged to protect its leader during a nuclear exchange, and although Keegan cites the rationale for preserving a government while its citizens are being eradicated, he also notices that there is "no way by which democracies can bring nuclear launch procedures within their system of accountability."

Since that is so, he thinks that democracies must seek a new kind of leader. "The advent of nuclear weapons," he argues, "has put a term to the semi- and anti-rational style" of political leadership. "Mankind, if it is to survive, must choose its leaders by the test of their intellectuality; and, contrarily, leadership must justify itself by its detachment, moderation and power of analysis." He thinks that the Kennedy Administration's resolution of the Cuban missile crisis demonstrated such leadership, but Kennedy, of course, got himself elected by appeals to heroic action. Keegan's concluding pages are intellectually refined and lucid but impassioned. They are packed

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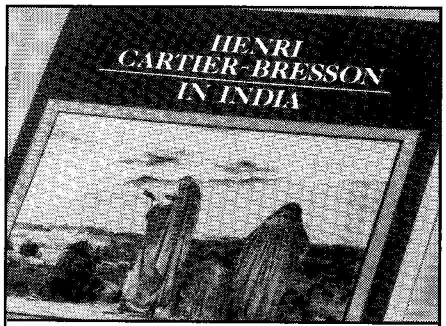

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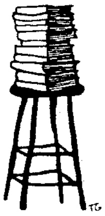

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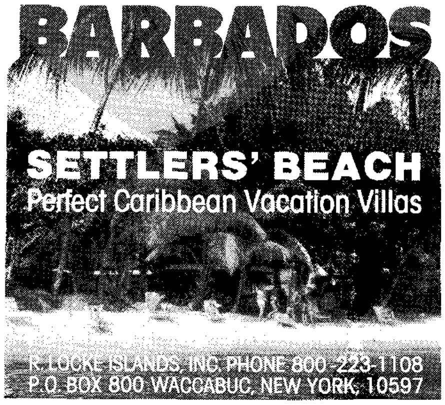
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with surprising ideas. He suggests, for example, that the Strategic Defense Initiative should be thought of as atavistic rather than futuristic: a common human response to aggression has been to take shelter. He thinks S.D.I. might be useful in buying time during a nuclear confrontation for the "reflection" that Xenophon recommended, but his enthusiasm is limited: "Mankind needs not new hardware but a change of heart. It needs an end to the ethic of heroism in its leadership for good and all."

Human mentalities have changed through history; the human psyche was different in the Stone, Bronze, and Iron Ages, and a post-heroic mentality for the atomic age may not be impossible. It is hard to imagine a world in which electorates cheer ringing understatements and Presidents are heralded by a saraband instead of a march; and when we think of the pejorative epithets opposed to "heroic"—"minor," "frivolous," "decadent," "effeminate"—we realize that we have a long way to go. —NAOMI BLIVEN

JOHN MURPHY

WHEN those who are familiar with the history of *The New Yorker* meet someone associated with the magazine, they often want to know if *The New Yorker* still harbors people who are—personally, spontaneously, without the polishing of the fourth draft—funny, in the way the people associated with the Algonquin Round Table were said to be funny. Over the years, some of the questioners were given an answer that surprised them. It began, "There's this guy in the makeup department . . ." The guy was Johnny Murphy. There's no telling how Murphy would have fared at the Algonquin—his circle frequented O'Lunney's, an Irish bar across the street—but in these halls he was the wit most quoted.

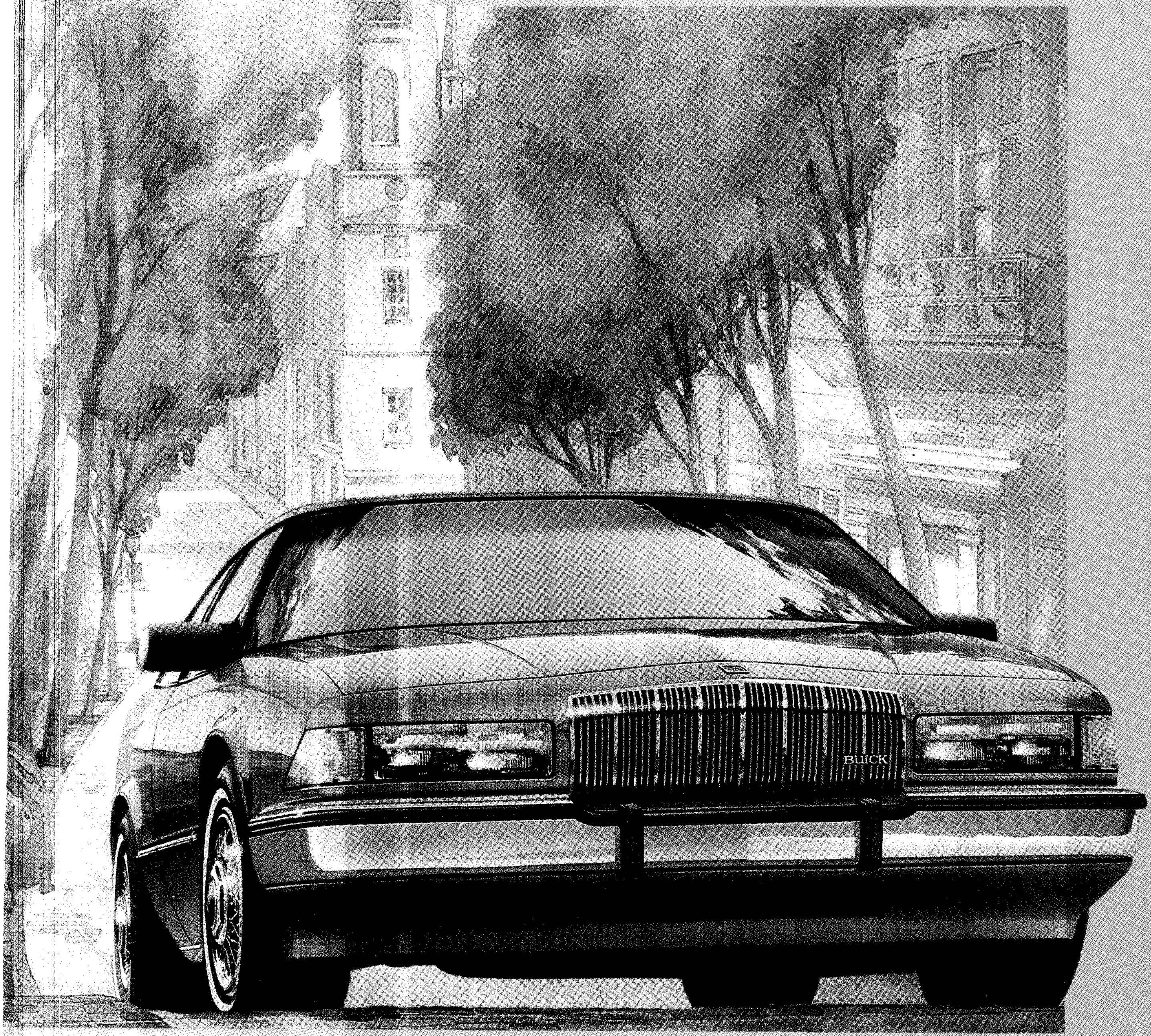
It didn't seem to strike him as ironic that someone who was considered the funniest man at a magazine did no writing. He was from an oral tradition. People who are funny out loud usually have either a gift for the story or the ability to drop a telling remark into the appropriate lull. Murphy had both. He was a master of the instant deflating answer and of the straight-faced hilarious question. He was also a master at telling the sort of joke associated with salesmen and bartenders. The people at the Algonquin Round Table probably weren't much good at those.

He often transformed that sort of joke into an anecdote. He would wave the victim over and draw him close, as if about to divulge some juicy bit of office gossip. Then he would begin to confide what happened to him on the commuter train just the other day, or what he had seen on the way from Grand Central. Somehow, people who had been suckered weekly for twenty years, people who knew very well that nobody could see that many things on the way from Grand Central, would hear half the story before realizing that they were being nudged toward the punch line of a joke—maybe even a joke that had drawn groans at the Knights of Columbus when told by someone without the gift.

Murphy came to *The New Yorker* at seventeen, and went to work on the switchboard. After a couple of years of combat duty with the Marines in the South Pacific, he began working in the makeup department—the small band of people who put the magazine together each week. At *The New Yorker*, the task of the people who lay out the magazine is not to make a weekly design statement but to accommodate the words and the drawings. When it's done gracefully, which is the way John Murphy did it, it's a form of sleight-of-hand—an art that succeeds by being invisible. Eventually, Murphy became head of the department. On some magazines, the person who has the responsibilities he had is called the art director—a title that would have struck him as riotously funny. He was nobody's art director. He considered himself a working man who did his job and took pleasure in his family (he and his wife, Helen, raised seven children) and didn't bellyache about whatever the good Lord sent his way. When a doctor told him that he had six months to live, he said, "Well, that's sixty cases of beer."

He lived longer than six months, but last week John Murphy died, at sixty-two. Except for the two years he spent in the Marines, he worked at this magazine, without interruption, for forty-five years. He was a joyful presence the whole way.

Even its reviews are beautiful.



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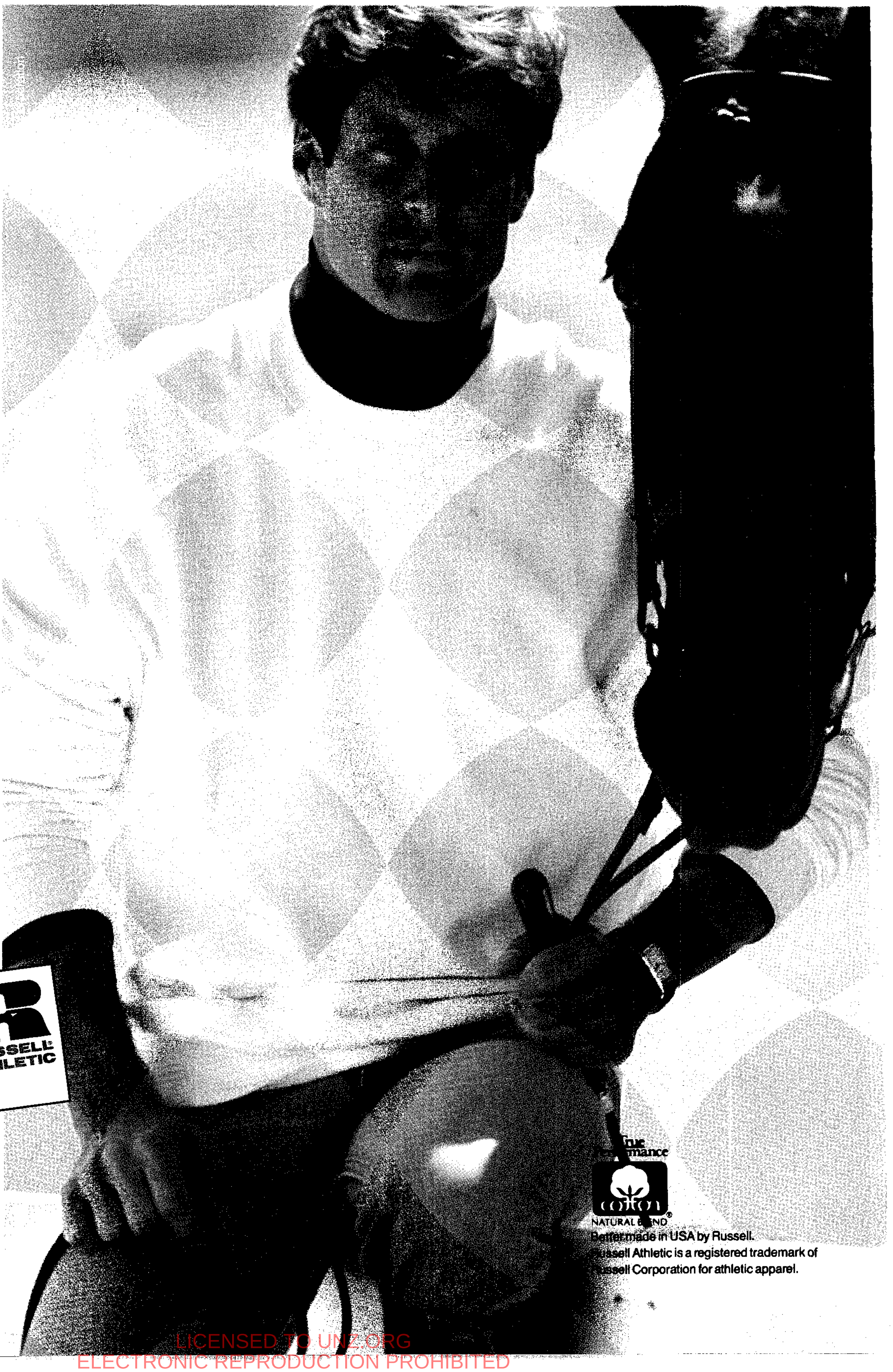

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